

SCREENLAND

March

15¢

Rita
Hayworth

*Real Story of
Rita Hayworth's
Reunion with
Orson Welles*

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LIQUID 'lipstick'
can't smear!
won't rub off!

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more thrilling!

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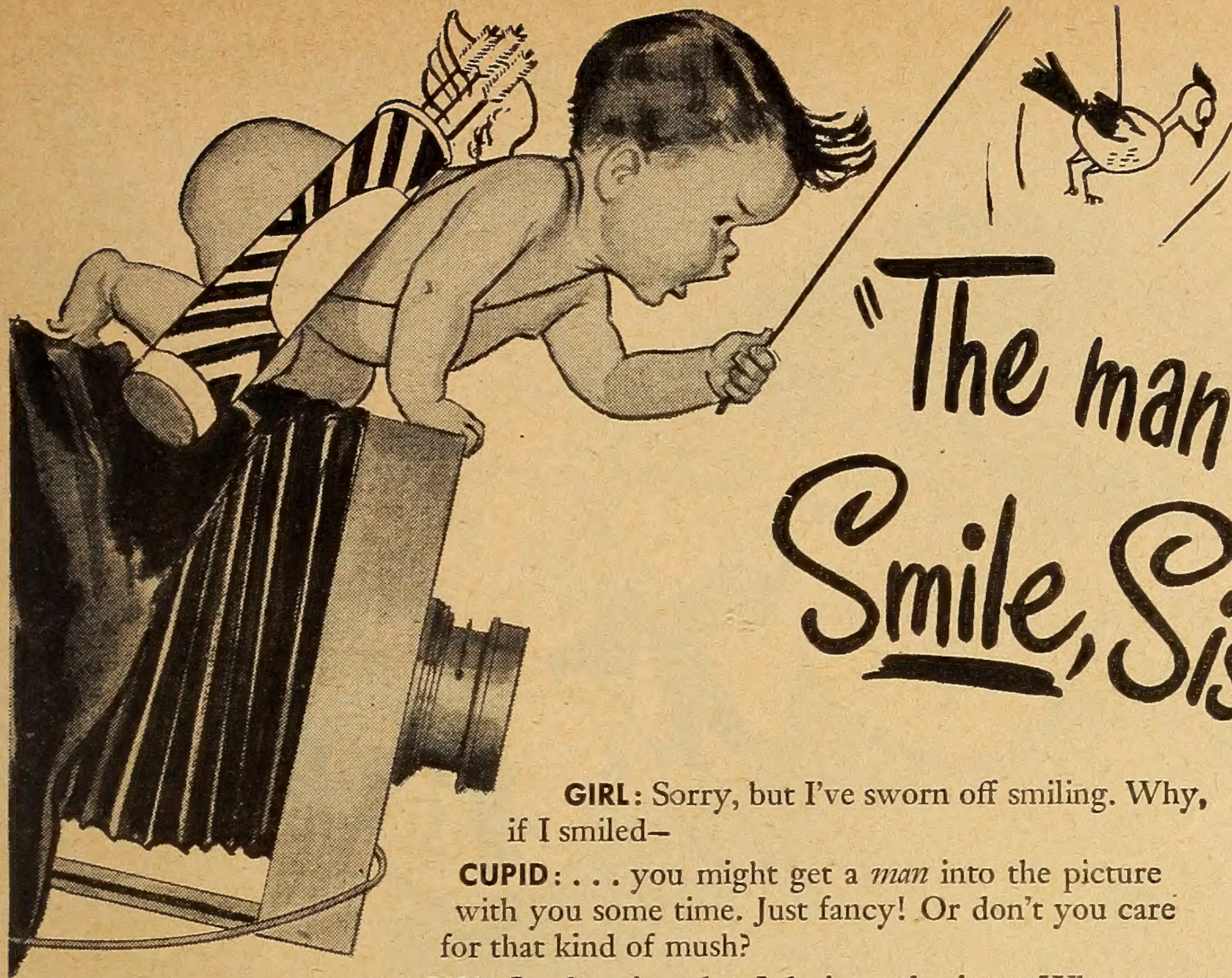
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"The man said
Smile, Sis!"

GIRL: Sorry, but I've sworn off smiling. Why, if I smiled—

CUPID: . . . you might get a *man* into the picture with you some time. Just fancy! Or don't you care for that kind of mush?

GIRL: Look, snip, what I do is my business. Why don't you go attend to your *own*?

CUPID: It so happens, scrap-happy, that smiles *are* my business. Men go for smiles. If you think that sour puss of yours will ever make a man look twice . . .

GIRL: Well, my smile is worse than my sulk. It would frighten away even the photographer. No high-lights . . . no glitter. I brush my teeth regularly but—



CUPID: But your tooth brush often shows a tinge of "pink"?

GIRL: Pink, green, blue . . . we were discussing the rainbow, perchance?

CUPID: Listen, sister, "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist AT ONCE*. Let *him* decide if it's serious . . . or just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. And if it's *that*, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And then suddenly my smile starts sparkling out loud like the Great White Way—

CUPID: But not in one day, dopey. For sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, get at it . . . and you'll be on the Great Right Way to a smile that'll break men's hearts!

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of Beauty



Ipana and
Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers



HE JITTERBUGS
WITH A
6-FOOT HEPCAT!

THE LEAP FOR LOVE
IN THE POOL!

HE ESCAPES
IN
AUNT MILLY'S
NIGHT DRESS!

OUCH!
THAT RHUMBA
MOVEMENT!

LOVE HITS HIM
WHERE IT HURTS!

*Mickey's
back!
And you'll
howl!*

M-G-M's
NEW
and DANDY
ANDY HARDY
HIT!

"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy"

with
**MICKEY
ROONEY**
**LEWIS
STONE**

SARA HADEN · LINA ROMAY · FAY HOLDEN · BONITA GRANVILLE · DOROTHY FORD

Screen Play by HARRY RUSKIN and WILLIAM LUDWIG · Original Story by HOWARD DIMSDALE
Directed by WILLIS GOLDBECK · Produced by ROBERT SISK

A METRO-
GOLDWYN-
MAYER
PICTURE

SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher
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MARCH, 1947

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On Our Cover: Portrait of RITA HAYWORTH, starring next in Columbia's film, "Down to Earth." Kodachrome by Coburn.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".



To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.



BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Roday, his tragic-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.



LINA

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

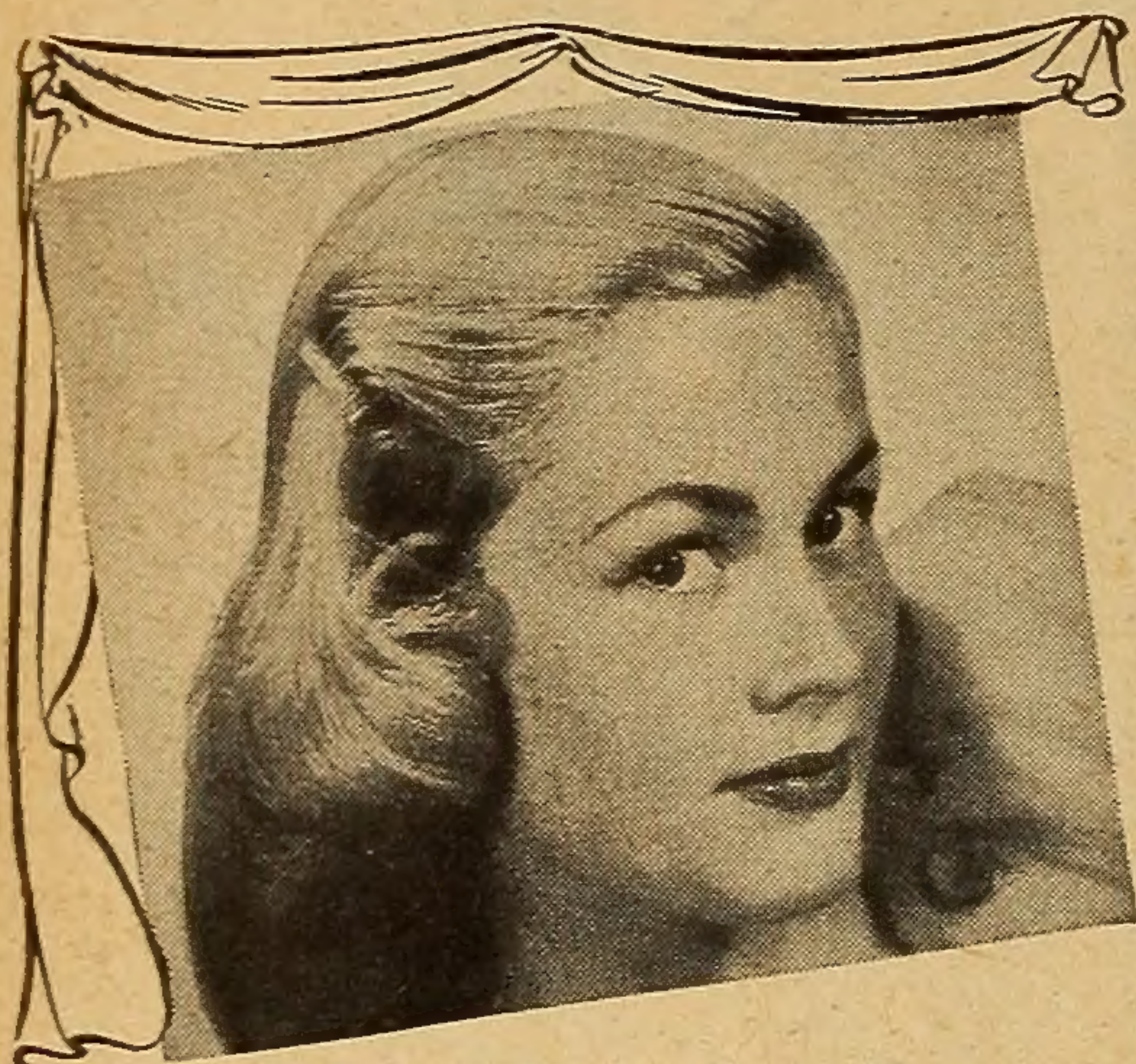
Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.



—Leo

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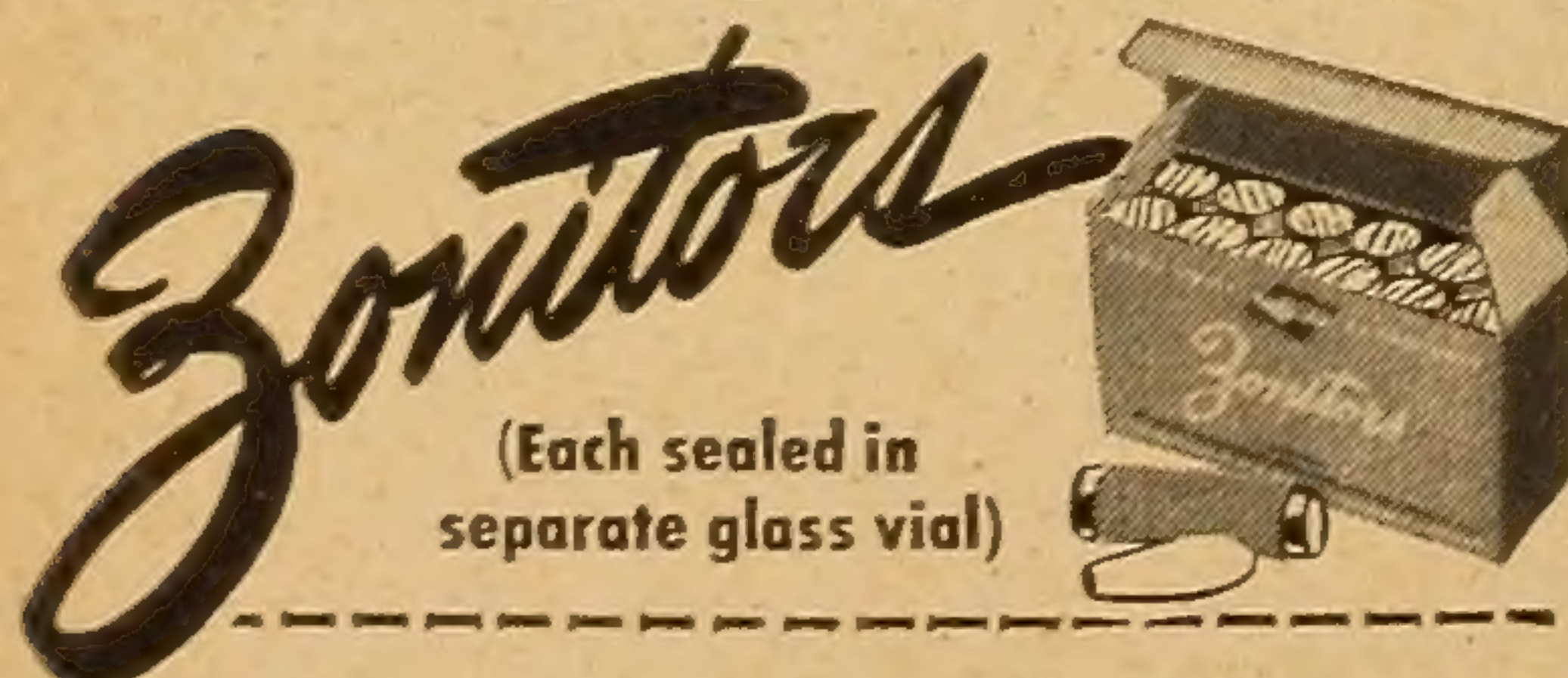
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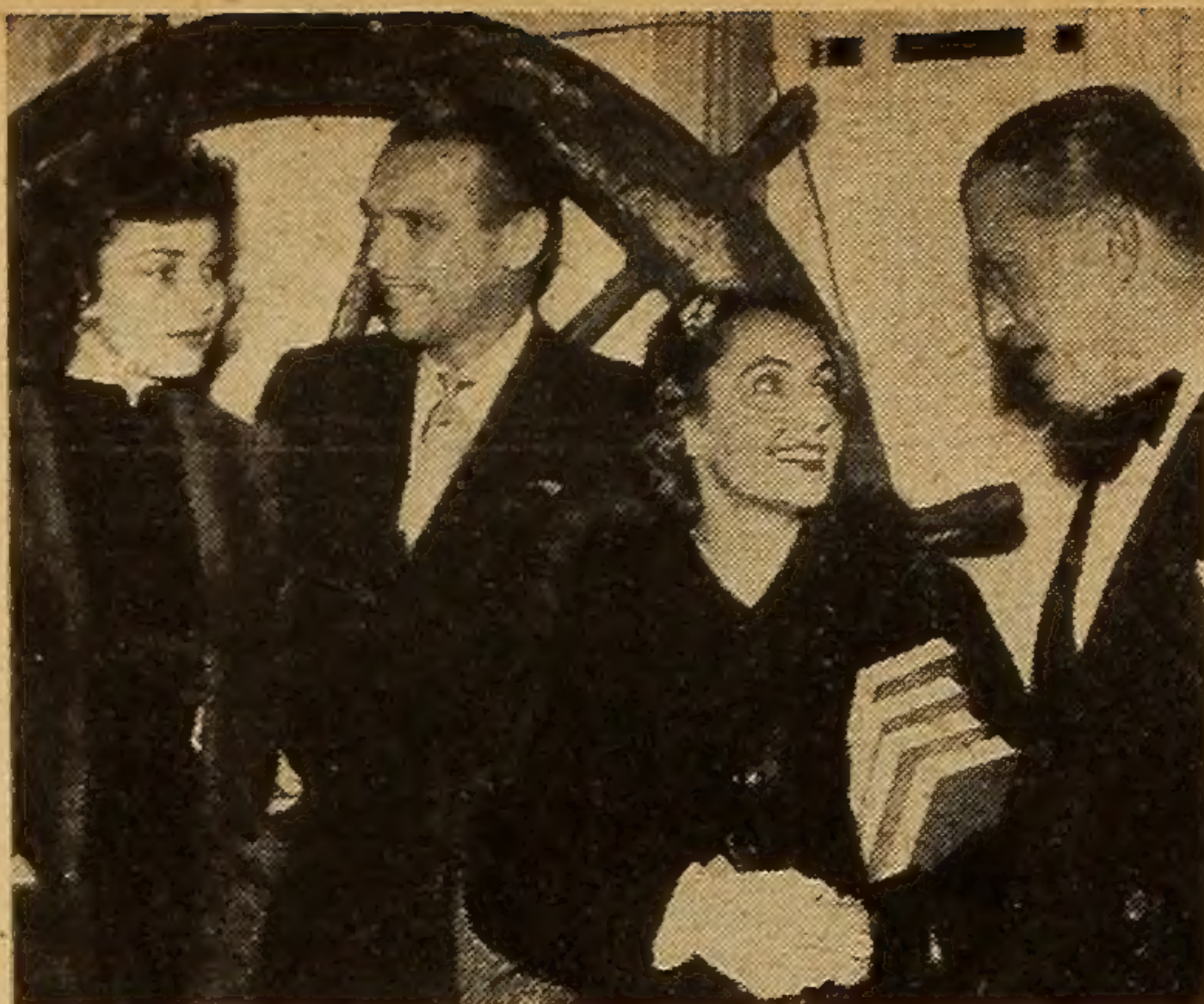
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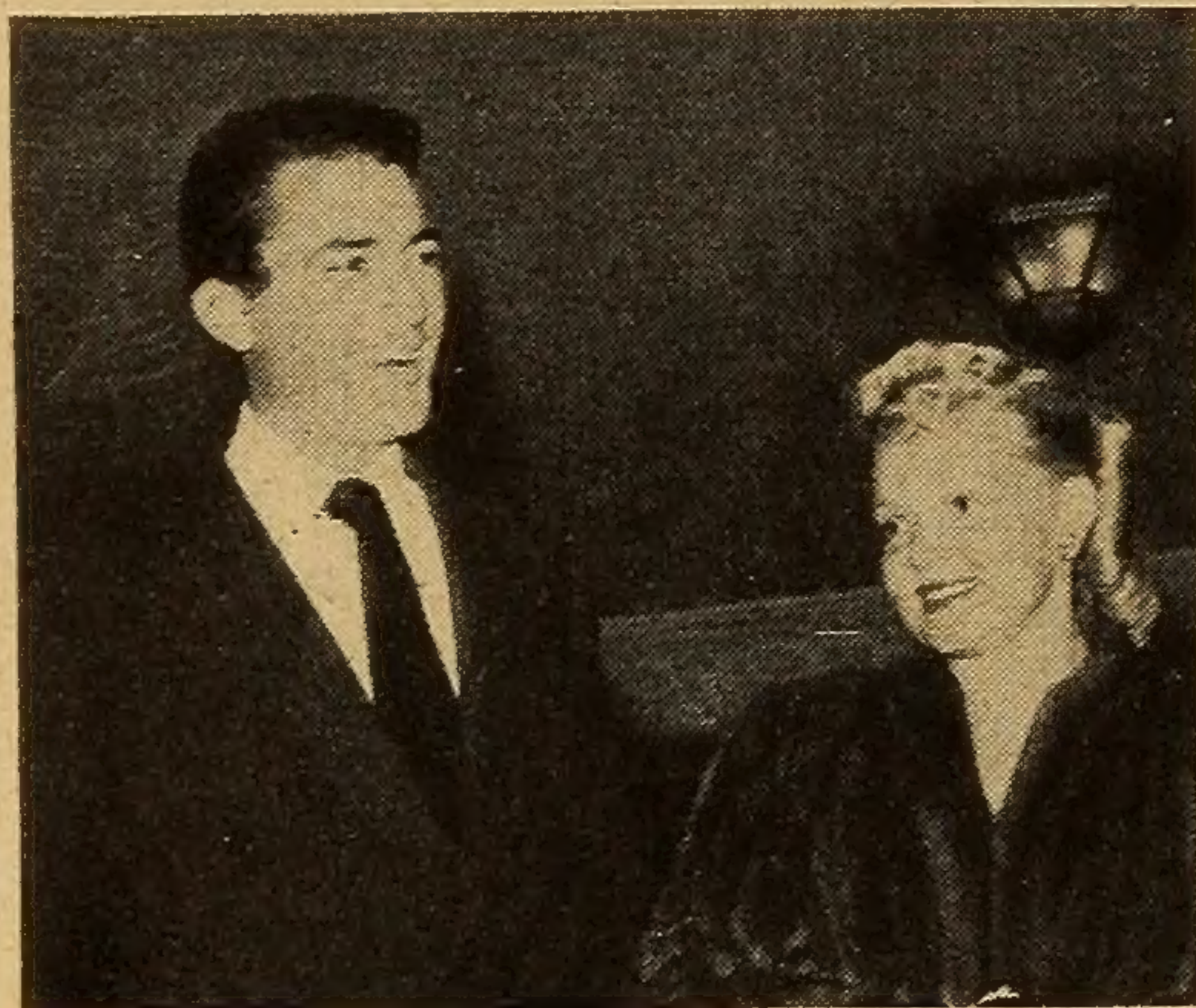
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Jennifer Jones, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife, with David O. Selznick attend a big party for homeless veterans.



Judy and husband Vincente Minelli admire Maggie O'Brien's jewelry while Red Skelton is in the process of cooking up a gag.



Gregory Peck's "best girl" in mink and sleek hairdo is his pretty blonde wife.

BETTY GRABLE'S "secret" would have remained just that, if the dances in "Mother Wore Tights" hadn't been so strenuous. Finally, in order to protect herself, Betty had to admit that she and Harry James were expecting the stork

Bonita Granville and her fiancé, Jack Wrather, act out gag for onlookers.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Jack Albin

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GREGORY
PECK
JOAN
BENNETT



Peck...Bennett...
Hemingway...only all
three together could
create this electric love story
...with a vengeance!

in ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S
"THE MACOMBER AFFAIR"
ROBERT PRESTON

Also starring
with REGINALD DENNY · JEAN GILLIE · Screenplay by Casey Robinson and Seymour Bennett · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA
Produced by Benedict Bogeaus and Casey Robinson · Released thru United Artists



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JOHN

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- ONE OF THE GREATEST

WITH

OSCAR LEVANT

J. CARROL NAISH

DIRECTED BY

JEAN N

FOR 'MILDRED PIERCE' IN ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING ROLE!

RAWL FORD AREFIELD

**ACHIEVEMENT
OF THEM ALL!**



resque"

PRODUCED BY
EGULESCO · JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold • Based on a Story
by Fannie Hurst • Music Conducted by Franz Waxman

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a
blessing!"

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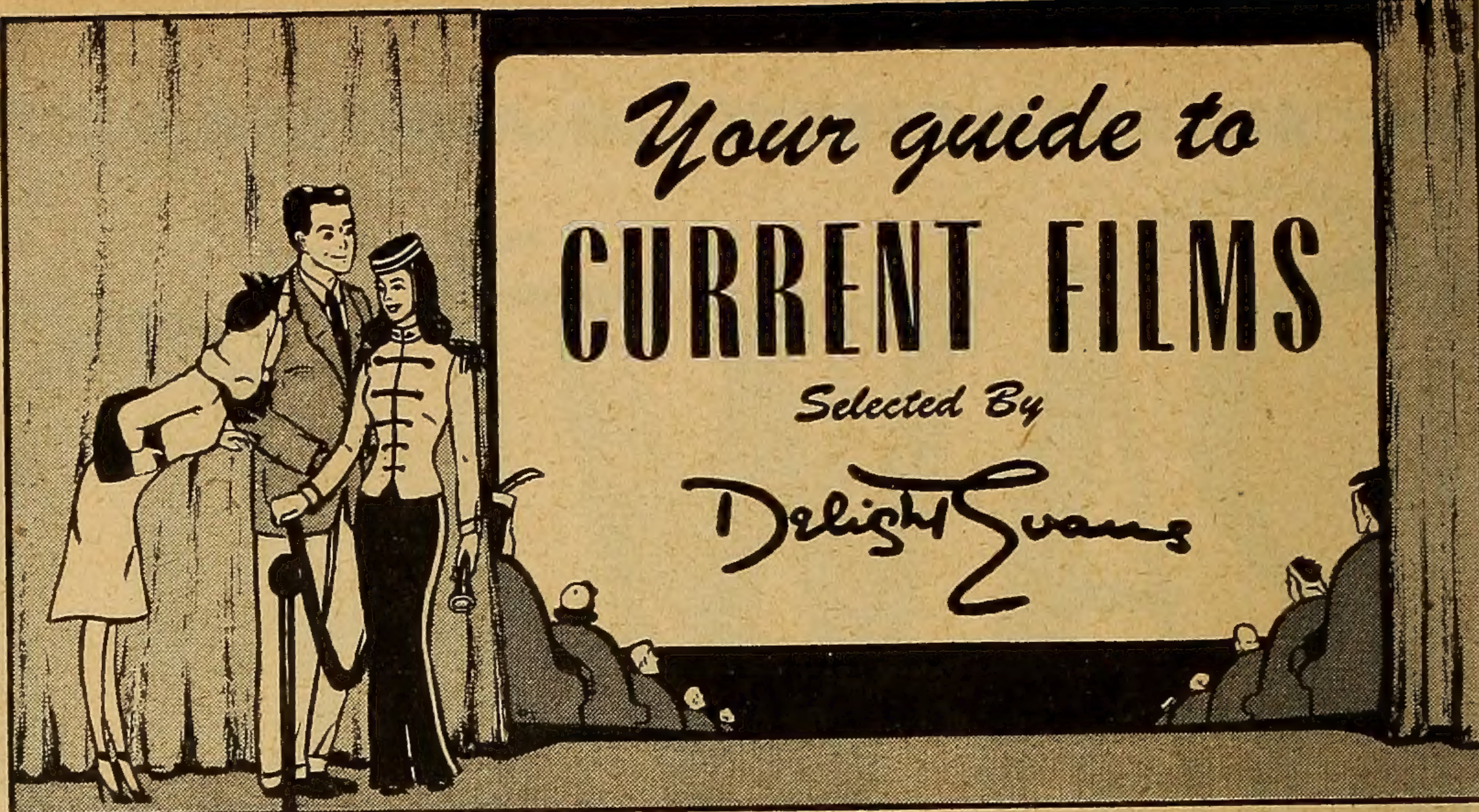
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touch the Tampax, for daintiness is the motto. No odor; no chafing; easy disposal. No embarrassing bulges or ridges under the clothing.

Tampax is comfortable at all times. Just think of the difference as compared with older, more familiar methods. A whole month's quota will slide into your purse. . . . At drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit personal needs on different days. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE



Liberty Films—RKO



TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY



MGM



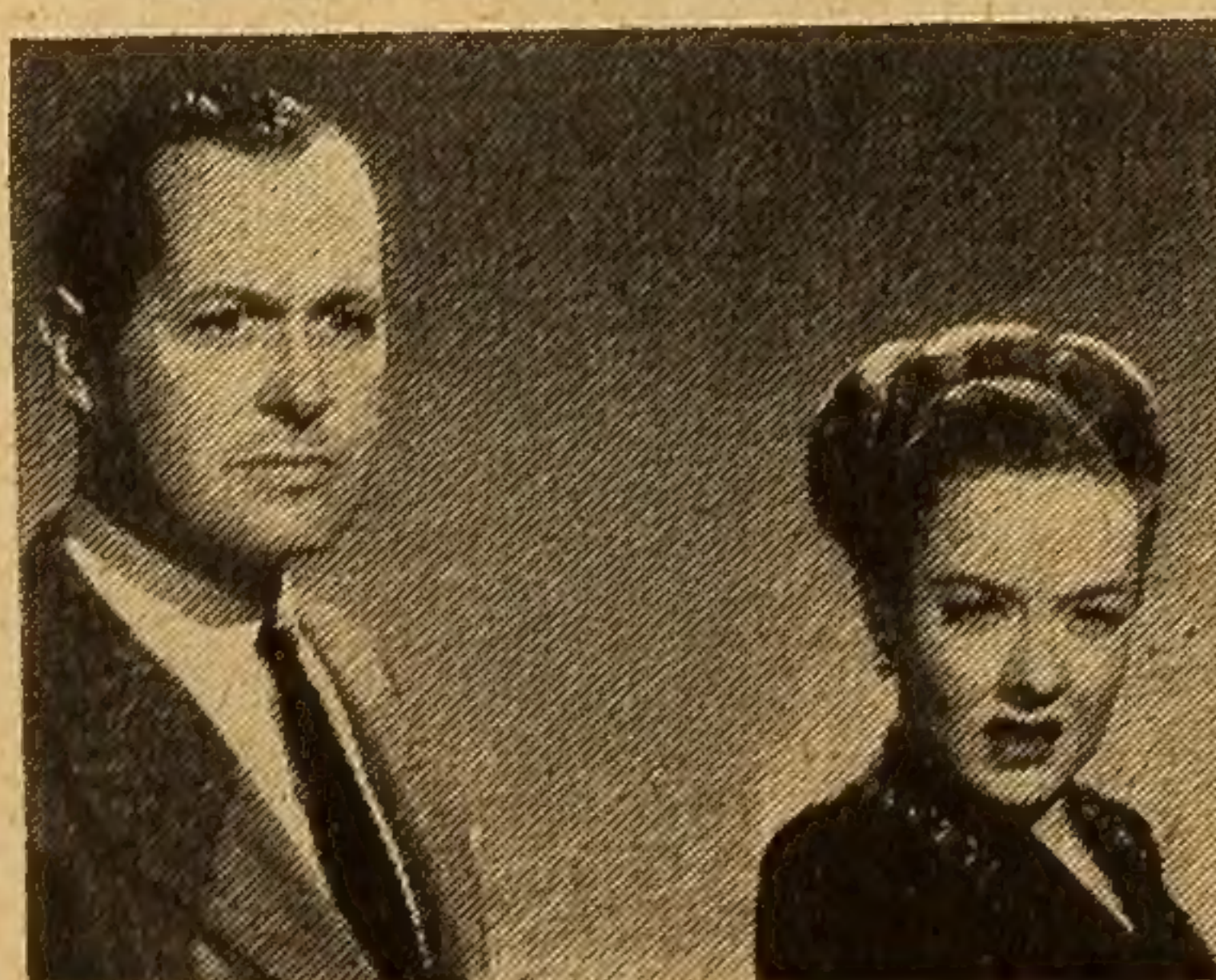
13 RUE MADELEINE



20th Century-Fox



LADY IN THE LAKE



MGM

SCREENLAND

You can always count on Frank Capra giving a warm human touch to his films, and with Jimmy Stewart, back from the Army for his first movie rôle, to enact this fascinatingly contrived story, you can't lose. "They" say it's an Oscar-worthy performance, and you'll probably agree. It all started when Philip Van Doren Stern wrote the essay, "The Greatest Gift." That also can be applied as a critique. Jimmy plays the small-town boy, forced to take over his father's business when he longs to see the world. Donna Reed joins his struggle to provide for their small family and to combat the miserly, power-seeking dealings of the town's wealthiest man, Lionel Barrymore, at his "Scroogiest" best. When all hope disappears Jimmy's ill-expressed wish he had never been born comes true.

Mammoth musical based on the life and ballads of the late composer, Jerome Kern, this great big Technicolor production features just about every star on the Metro lot in lavish specialties: Sinatra sings, June Allyson, Van Johnson, Lucille Bremer dance, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Tony Martin, Dinah Shore and Lena Horne warble—it's a long and glittering list. Though the film is top-heavy with talent, it really cries for a comedian of Red Skelton's calibre. More laughs and less glamor would have resulted in a better show. As it stands, "TTCRB" is a somewhat stodgy biography, with Robert Walker working hard to humanize the sketchily written rôle of Kern. Van Heflin contributes the keenest performance as Kern's faithful friend and arranger. Best number in film: "I Won't Dance."

The trio, Producer deRochemont, Director Hathaway and Writer Monks, who inaugurated the newsdrama technique so successfully in "The House on 92nd Street," collaborates on this exciting film based on the activity of the O.S.S. They use no painted Hollywood sets when they put stars James Cagney, instructor on espionage, Annabella, Frank Latimore and Richard Conte, members of Group 77, through their paces. An added fillip to interest audience is the fact that one of them is a phoney, known only to Cagney and the O.S.S. director, Walter Abel. But there are more thrills per minute when Cagney takes over the mission, completes it, and just at the point of departure from danger falls into the brutal hands of the Gestapo. What happens then? That's what you'll want to see for yourself.

For mystery fans, and those who like a new approach, Robert Montgomery's direction of Raymond Chandler's *Marlowe*, private detective, will meet with avid interest. But for others, not so hep, his new technique, which you read about in the February SCREENLAND, will take a bit of getting used to—it's as strange to the eyes as the talkies were to our ears back in 1929. There's room for improvement, but, as is, it's engrossing film fare. Let's give Audrey Totter a hand, too, for helping Bob carry through his idea with such remarkable success. Throughout the entire film she is required to play directly to the camera, and that's not easy. Leon Ames, Jayne Meadows, Lloyd Nolan and Tom Tully play the important rôles in the case of the missing woman.

**JOHNNY PLAYED
ROUGH WITH
WOMEN WHO
PLAYED
CUTE...**

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**DICK EVELYN
POWELL · KEYES**

in

Johnny O'clock

with
LEE J. COBB · ELLEN DREW · NINA FOCH
S. THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN KELLOGG

Screenplay by Robert Rossen

Directed by **ROBERT ROSSEN**

Produced by

Associate Producer

EDWARD G. NEALIS · MILTON HOLMES



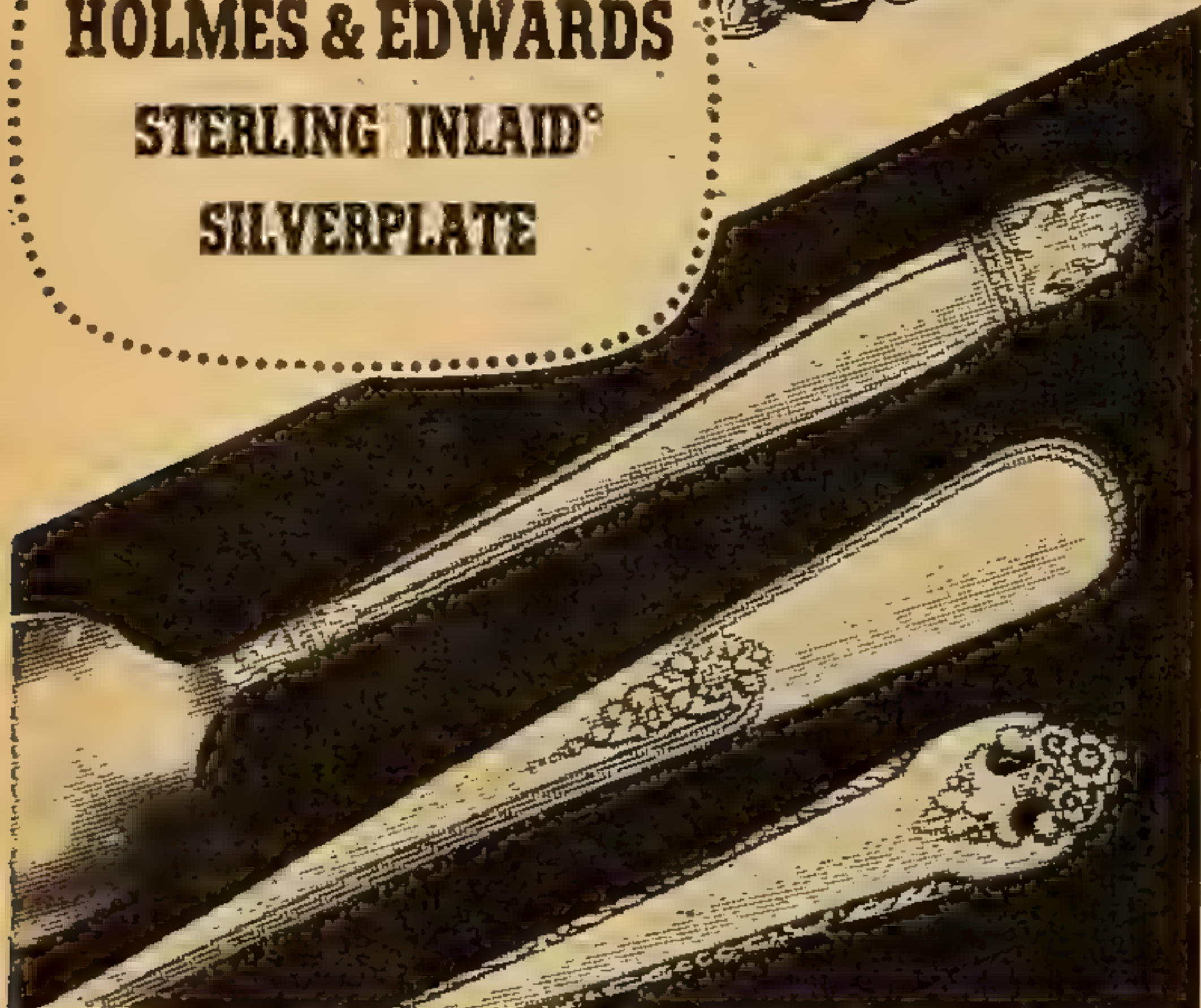
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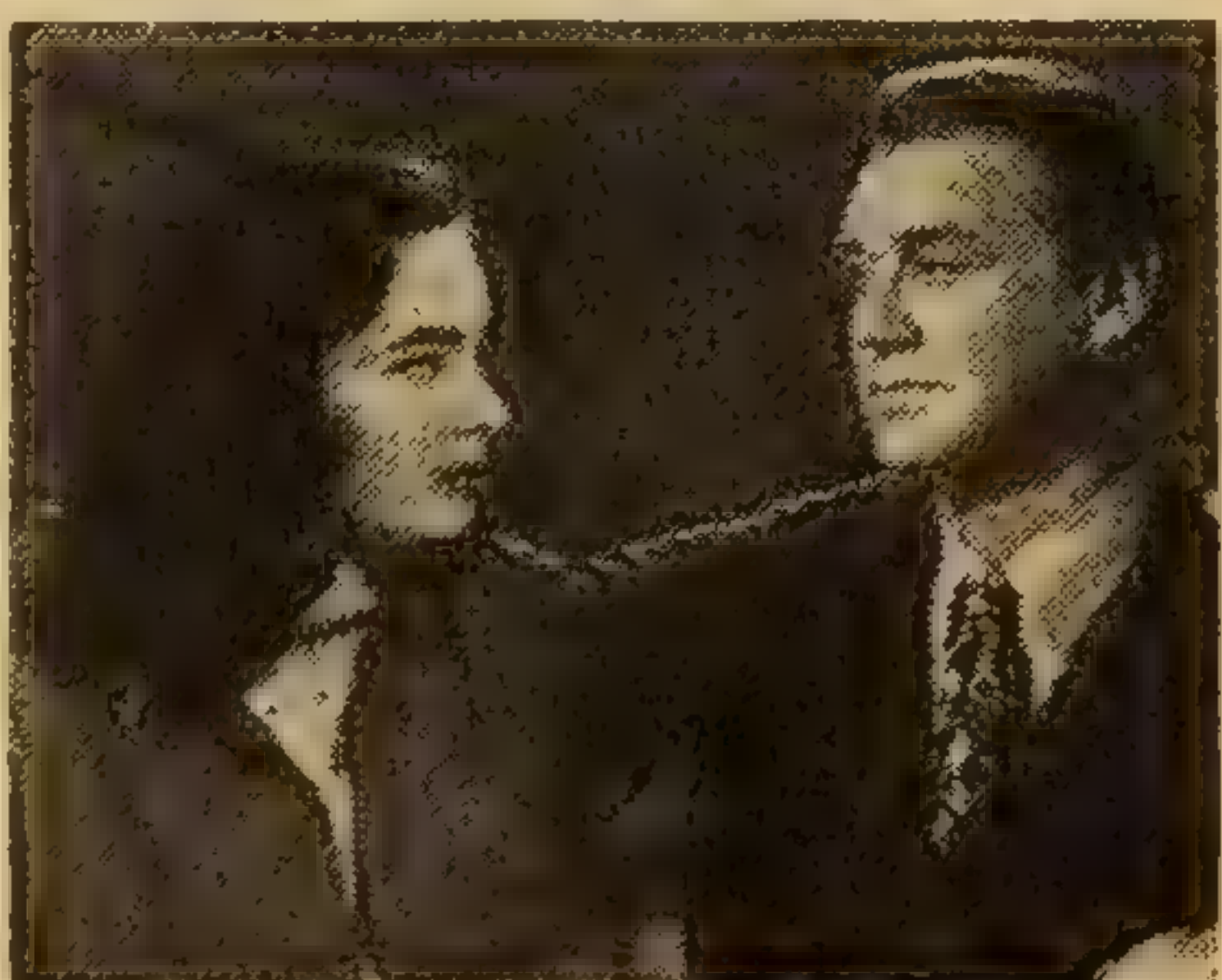


NORA PRENTISS—Warners

This engrossing melodrama marks Ann Sheridan's return to the screen, and while she plays the title rôle with a fine understanding, the story really spotlights her co-star, Kent Smith. His nicely restrained characterization of the doctor, schedule-ridden in his home as well as in his office, grows intense when his infatuation with the friendly warm-hearted nightclub singer turns to a deep-seated love that wrecks his home, career and finally his life. Melodramatic? Yes, indeed! But Ann Sheridan's fans will probably regret that the story doesn't give her a better break. Seen to fine advantage in the important rôles are Bruce Bennett, Robert Alda, John Ridgely, Wanda Hendrix and Rosemary DeCamp.



MAGNIFICENT DOLL—Universal-International Ginger Rogers' starring film for Skirball-Manning, while it may not be authentic in historical detail, is certainly something to see. A free hand has been given to dress up the sets, as well as the star, adding glamor to the already colorful history of Dolly Madison. David Niven, though we'd have liked him to play a more sympathetic rôle, is nonetheless fascinating as Aaron Burr, whose love for Dolly leads him to give up the Presidency of the Union which he intends to turn into a kingdom. He definitely adds excitement with his daredevil ways, and almost wins the fair lady until Burgess Meredith makes his appearance as James Madison, the sincere, faithful and adamant defender of democracy. A new man who'll attract is Horace McNally, as Dolly's first Quaker husband, who dies in the plague.



SWELL GUY—Universal-International

That's just what Sonny Tufts, playing the central character, isn't in this Mark Hellinger production with its tongue-in-cheek title. But Sonny, the actor, gives it everything he's got, as he delineates the flashy war correspondent who comes home in a blaze of glory to work his wiles on the town's playgirl, Ann Blyth, with as little conscience as he corrupts his own brother's wife, Ruth Warrick. Even his mother, Mary Nash, believes he will never be anything but a scoundrel. The only person who brings out the least glimmer of goodness in him is his young nephew, Donald Devlin, whom he rescues from a train tunnel at the expense of his own life. A satisfying finish.



BEDELIA—Eagle-Lion

The only clue that a mystery is about to be unfolded in the film version of Vera Caspary's novel is *Bedelia's* black pearl ring, appraised as a valuable specimen but which she claims to be a cheap gewgaw. But springing from that clue, there are incidents galore which point to the very lurid past of *Bedelia*, the sweet and lovable wife of *Charlie Carrington*. The story is so gradually and capably built that when the climax comes it carries the powerful punch of dynamite. Margaret Lockwood and Ian Hunter (it's good to see him again) deserve a great deal of praise for maintaining the suspense. Barry K. Barnes, too, is fine as the persevering investigator, showing a sympathetic understanding of the culprit's plight.



THE CAPTIVE HEART—Eagle-Lion

Life in a prison camp can't exactly be called jolly, but the English cast of Ealing Studios' version of Patrick Kirwan's original story enact it with their usual and admirable stout-heartedness. Michael Redgrave, emerging as a movie personality who, no doubt, will be listed among your favorites, plays the romantic rôle—that of a Czech patriot who falls in love with Rachel Kempson (Mrs. Michael Redgrave in private life), the wife of the man whose identity he appropriates. Others adding substantially to the love motif are Derek Bond and Jane Barrett. But for the most part this film is concerned in giving a frank report of treatment in a German prison camp—and, incidentally, showing pleasure afforded by welcome services of the Red Cross. Unrelenting hope pulls this film out of the doleful class.



AFFAIRS OF GERALDINE—Republic

Jane Withers' newest opus plays safe with the *Lonely Hearts* theme by a partly serious, partly comic treatment. The story takes Jane from the over-zealous attentions her brothers are giving the problem of "getting her a husband" to the big city where she becomes a valued employee of the Hartwell Matrimonial Club. She's very successful in finding spouses for customers, but is too busy to win one for herself—until she finds Charles Quigley, a smooth operator "working" the Clubs for wealthy wives. However, Jimmy Lydon, her small-town swain, rescues her in the nick of time and they settle down to run the town's fire engine. (More Reviews on page 23)

"What this Country needs is more Farmers' DAUGHTERS!"

Here's the year's biggest laugh
...about a country maid
who lays down the law
to a Congressman!

RKO
PRESENTS

LORETTA YOUNG
JOSEPH COTTEN
ETHEL BARRYMORE

in

**"The
Farmer's
Daughter"**

with

CHARLES BICKFORD

A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

Directed by H. C. POTTER

Written by ALLEN RIVKIN and LAURA KERR





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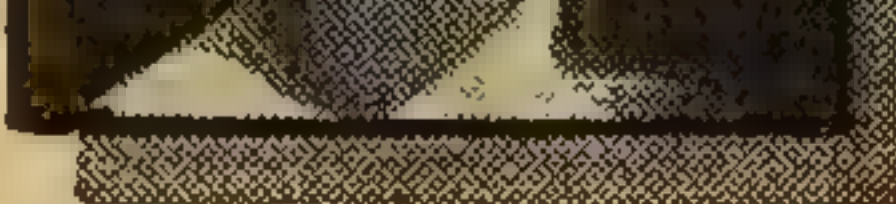
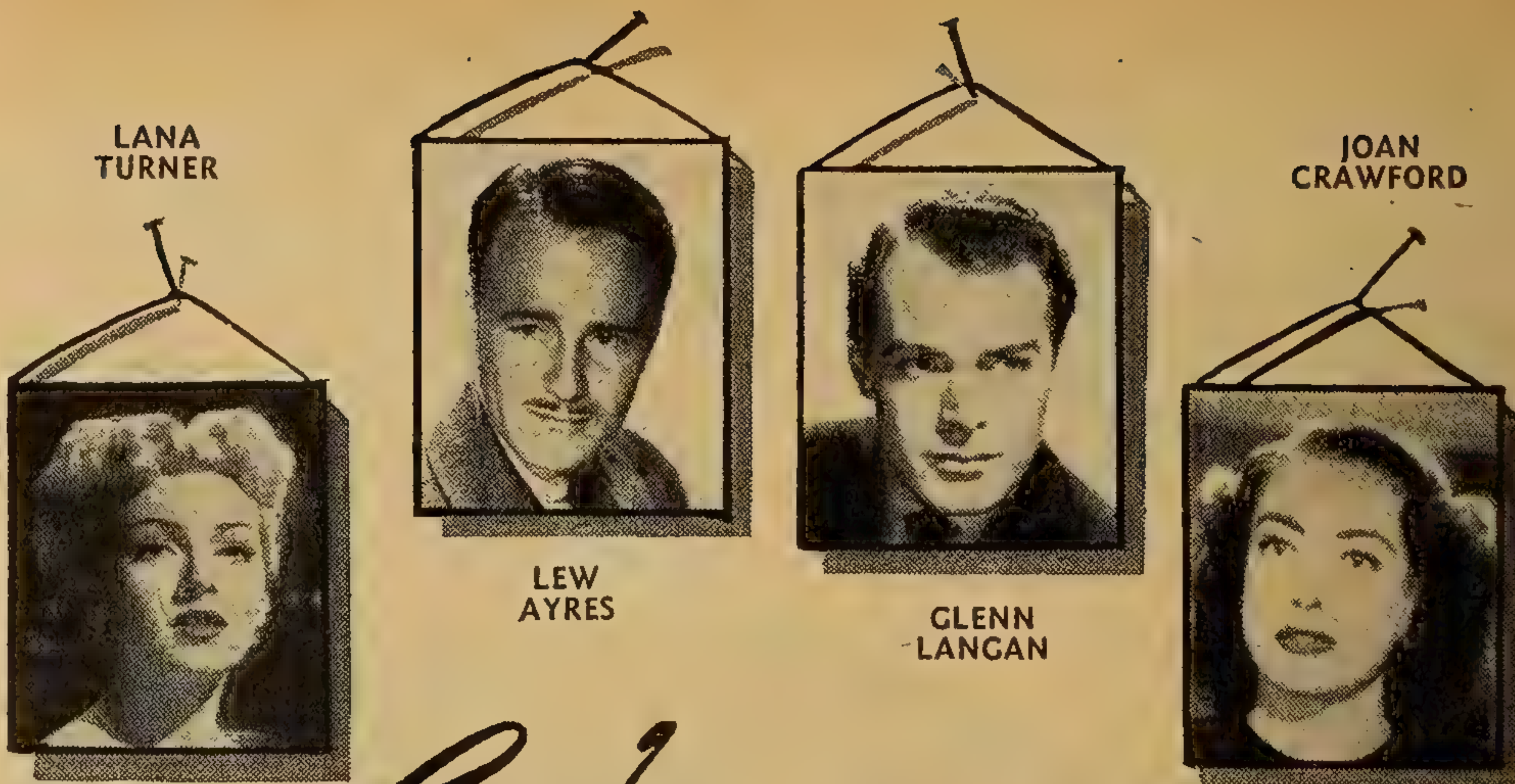
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Fans' Forum



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First Prize Letter
\$10.00

Why is it that stars who say they want to become "better actresses or actors" concentrate on their personal life more than their life in front of the camera? Lana Turner was quoted as saying that she hoped that her studio would give her more chances at some heavy dramatic work, such as her rôle in "The Postman Always Rings Twice," yet in the newspapers and fan magazines she is always in some sort of personal trouble. Either she is worried about the current color of her hair or whom she should marry next. I personally think that Lana could become a very good actress, but why doesn't somebody suggest that she spend some of her time at home studying for a good rôle?

Laraine Day is another girl who has potential ability. But recently there were stories about her marriage split. Deanna Durbin, Carole Landis and a few others have also let their private lives overrule their careers.

Hollywood has the eyes of the world

upon her, and so the stars that compose this magic land can be assured that everyone is ready and eager to soak up stories that concern them. It certainly isn't doing a star's rating any good when you consider that she steadily loses popularity by having so many family rifts before her public.

If you look at the really successful women of Hollywood—Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Dorothy Lamour and others—you see that they are the ones who have kept their private troubles out of the limelight.

Here's hoping that Lana and others get the good rôles they deserve. Let's see them more often on the screen and less before the divorce courts.

PAT KUHNS, Bremerton, Washington

ENDURING "I DO's"
Second Prize Letter
\$5.00

Joan Crawford's continuous progress up the ladder of fame, her ambition to keep going places, delights and wins applause from her thousands of fans throughout the country.

My interest in the Crawford woman's career is deep and sincere. Maybe because I saw and admired her years ago when she appeared at an inn in Chicago. Even then (and she was not one of the most glamorous girls in the revue) she possessed an outstanding something—something the other chorines lacked. Joan's dainty slipped feet seemed to tap determination as she tripped the light fantastic to the tunes of "Vamp Your Little Lady" and "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans."

Joan remains charming and beautiful. She continues to gain wisdom and to profit by her many experiences. But will too many remarriages and divorces rob her of all that's good and fine? Will another matrimonial venture lessen her popularity? Fans are commencing to jabber about my favorite lady.

Our Hollywood pets cannot keep on casting off husbands one after another—bouncing
(Please turn to page 20)

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Screenplay by Anne Nichols • Released thru United Artists

*by arrangement with Howard Hawks

Most beauty-wise stars are also budget-wise. They plan for good looks, make pennies count

BEAUTY," said Arleen Whelan thoughtfully, "is like everything else: you can spend as much or as little on it as you like. And I remember hearing a little verse when I was small," she added with a twinkle. "It went like this:

'Do it yourself and save a dime,
It only takes a little time.'"

We thought this made a great deal of sense and it set our mind running on the idea of beauty budgets. A recent survey of what all of us spend to keep ourselves looking our loveliest discovered that out of every hundred dollars smart American girls spend on personal expenses, clothes, shoes, hats, lipsticks, hairdos, manicure, facials and so on, from seven to nine dollars goes into the cosmetic side of good grooming.

How close is this to what you spend? Are you trying to make a pert little hat

make up for the fact your hair isn't as smooth and shining as it should be? Or a new piece of costume jewelry on your wrist draw attention away from the fact that your nails need a new coat of polish?

Don't do it! No screen star would dream of trying to get away with that, and the chances are you can't, either. Instead, budget your beauty, make it really your "saving" grace. If you haven't quite as much money as you wish you had to spend on yourself, and who has? . . . then after you make up your beauty budget remember Arleen's clever little verse and "do it yourself." This will cut down costs.

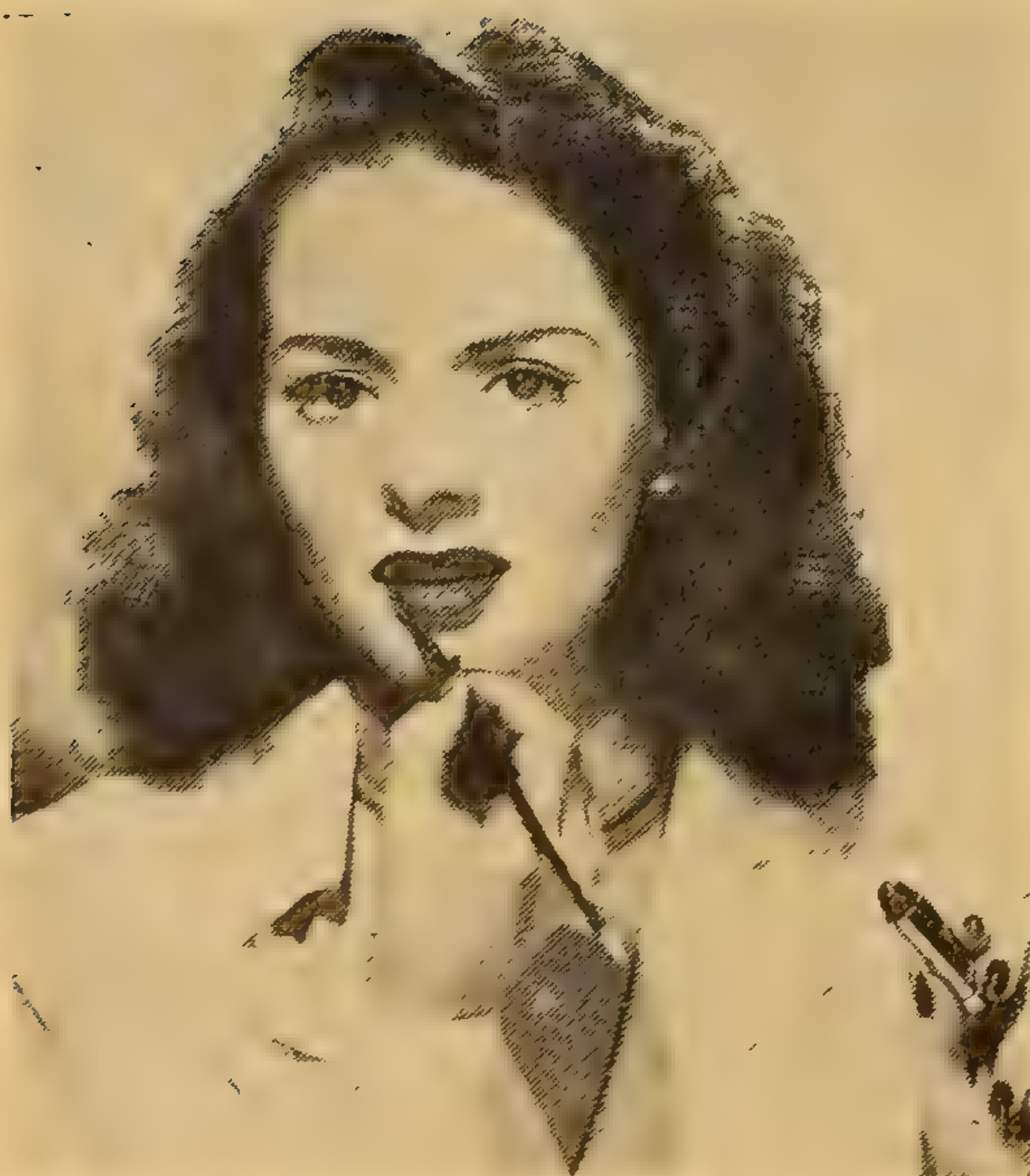
Probably number one on your list, the can't-do-withouts are your lipstick and powder. Your nail polish runs a close second.

For your hair, normally one third of your expenditure should be considered. Lots of people, particularly masculine people, are going to judge your whole good grooming on how well your hair looks. A little (*Please turn to page 18*)

By
**Josephine
Felts**



Arleen knows the beauty value of that whiff of her favorite perfume sprayed behind ears.



With pretty lips like these, who wouldn't take special pains with lipstick brush! Arleen Whelan, famous for lovely hair, is currently featured in Paramount's "Suddenly It's Spring."



Beauty,

Your Saving Grace

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"Green Eyes"

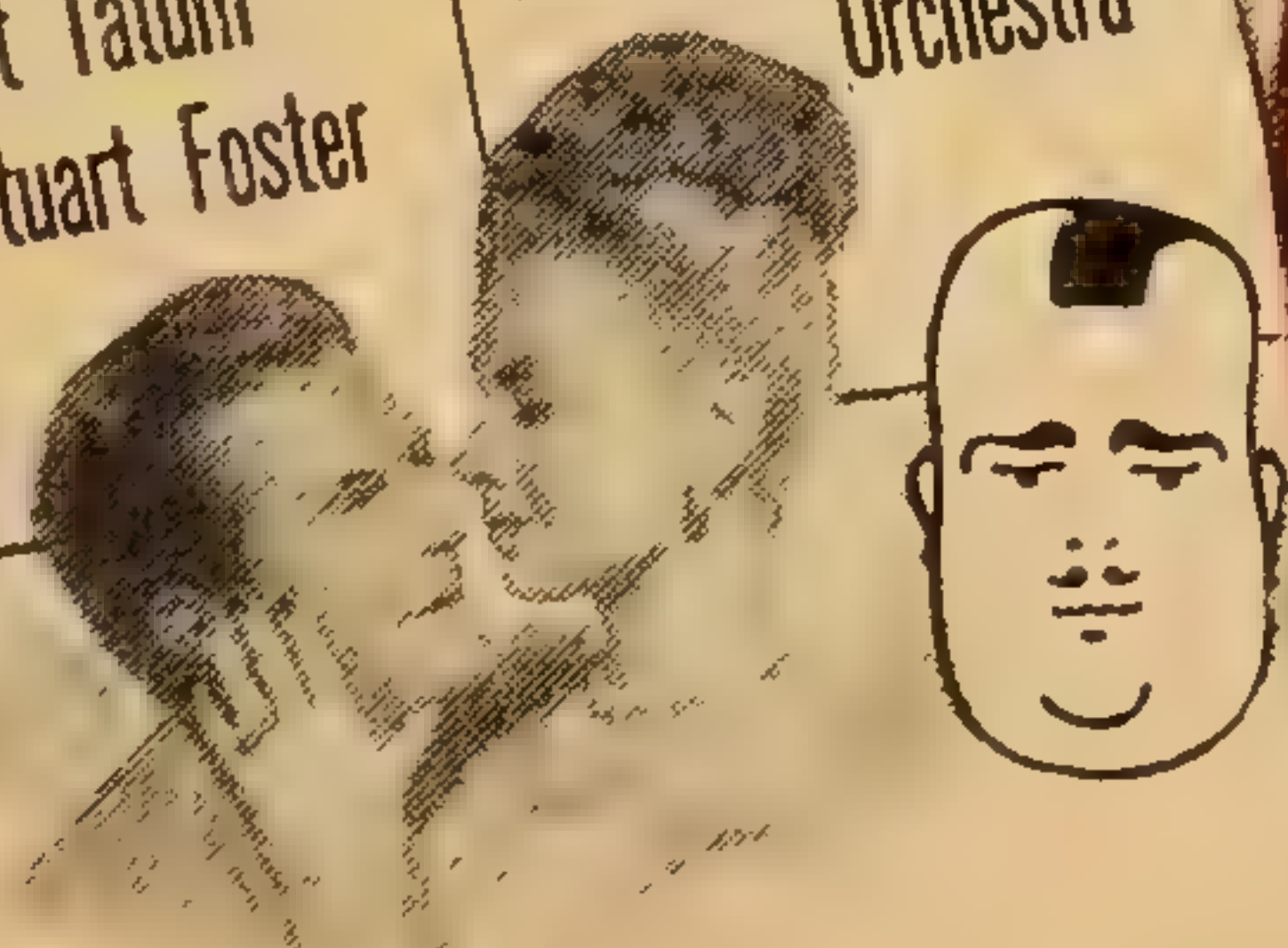
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Beauty, Your Saving Grace

Continued from page 16

elbow power, with a brush to help you, works that natural shine into your locks in a way to give you a beauty reputation, and costs you nothing. Movie stars are agreed that a good permanent is not only basic but a saving. Because with this to work with you can do your own shampooing and setting. Don't overlook the value of using tried-and-true shampoos, either soap or soapless as you prefer, and top off this part of your hair treatment with the right rinse.

Care of your skin is the next big department. If you've an eye for essentials, pick out a cleansing cream that has a rich base and will double as a lubricating aid. Use it generously and regularly. At night after it has left your skin clean, soft, and refreshed, pat a little into the areas around your eyes and mouth to insure against tiny lines. Include, too, a good soapy scrub with mild pure complexion soap. As an important addition to this part of your list, have on your shelf one of those special deep cleansers of either the liquid or mealy types and use it as often as your skin requires brightening. You won't have to buy this as often as your cream, won't use it up as fast, but plan to have it on hand. A few pennies here every few months brings a large beauty reward.

Your hands are in the family, too, so keep your fingers soft and lovable. Your favorite hand lotion or cream does this for you. Its cost is tiny and it is a must on any budget, as are your deodorant and depilatory.

In the glamor aisle comes makeup. And here don't forget that makeup includes nail polish both for fingers and toes. Lipstick and powder are basic musts, but they are not the whole makeup story. "I used to think that was all I needed," confided one popular teen-age starlet ruefully. "But I know better now!" Take a tip from her and as you assemble a lipstick wardrobe keep an eye on that hair-skin-hands section.

Your eyes deserve attention, also, so mascara should line up beside your lip-

stick. Used skilfully, it will take only a little from the budget.

Money you spend for beauty is a very individual matter. In making your plans, take into consideration your very best feature. Spend a little more on it than on other things. The girl with the smile that wins may sensibly go in for more lipsticks than the girl whose mouth is not her best feature. If your eyes are so charming they make people forget almost everything else, you'll want a whole delightful battery of eye beauty aids. While if you're known as the girl with the gorgeous hair, up the hair section of your beauty budget.

Very often a little extra money spent on what I call permanent beauty equipment will be a saving in the long run. Here I mean things you do not buy every month, such things as that good brush, your manicure kit with its convenient and lasting files, orange wood sticks, clippers, and the hand products that go with it. Have good ones and take care of them. This is a little like spending extra money once a year for a good coat that will last and last and do you credit.

No beauty budget is complete without a "just-because" section. In a way it is more important than anything else. In it are such lovelies as perfume, toilet water, cologne, big jumbo bath soaps, bubble bath, sachets and what you like—all the little things that make beauty luxurious. If you are one of the fortunates with a BIG beauty budget, you can spend up to half of it right here. One of my favorite stars does. But if yours is not-so-big-budget, a little money spent here with care will give you a lot of pleasure.

Recently I asked a very pretty starlet with a reputation for beauty wisdom and money wisdom, too, how she managed that expensively fragrant air she seemed to have. "It's a secret," she said.

"But you'll tell?"

"Yes, I'll tell," she laughed. "I pin my favorite little sachet inside my slip and always use toilet water. That is how to make a little go a long, long way."



Jack Benny congratulates two former members of his radio show on the success they've made on their own broadcast: Phil Harris and Alice Faye, and Dennis Day.

Are you in the know?



Which gal can wear bangs best?

- ☐ Babs
- ☐ Sue
- ☐ Pam

A hairdo should fit the face that wears it. The pageboy's okay for Pam's oval face. But for chubby-cheeked Sue, bangs are bad. So-o? Babs could use the bangs: they're best suited to her long features. For coiffure-allure, be sure your hairdo befriends your type of face. And for confidence, on problem days, remember Kotex befriends your daintiness. Yes! There's a deodorant inside each Kotex napkin. See how this Kotex safeguard helps you stay charming!



Could she look bellhop-trim, by—

- ☐ Steaming in a Turkish bath
- ☐ Dusk-to-dawn jitterbugging
- ☐ Wearing a girdle

Now *there's* the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex... and Kotex Belts. For Kotex is made with lasting softness... made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic)... lets you bend freely without binding.



When he admires your dress, do you say

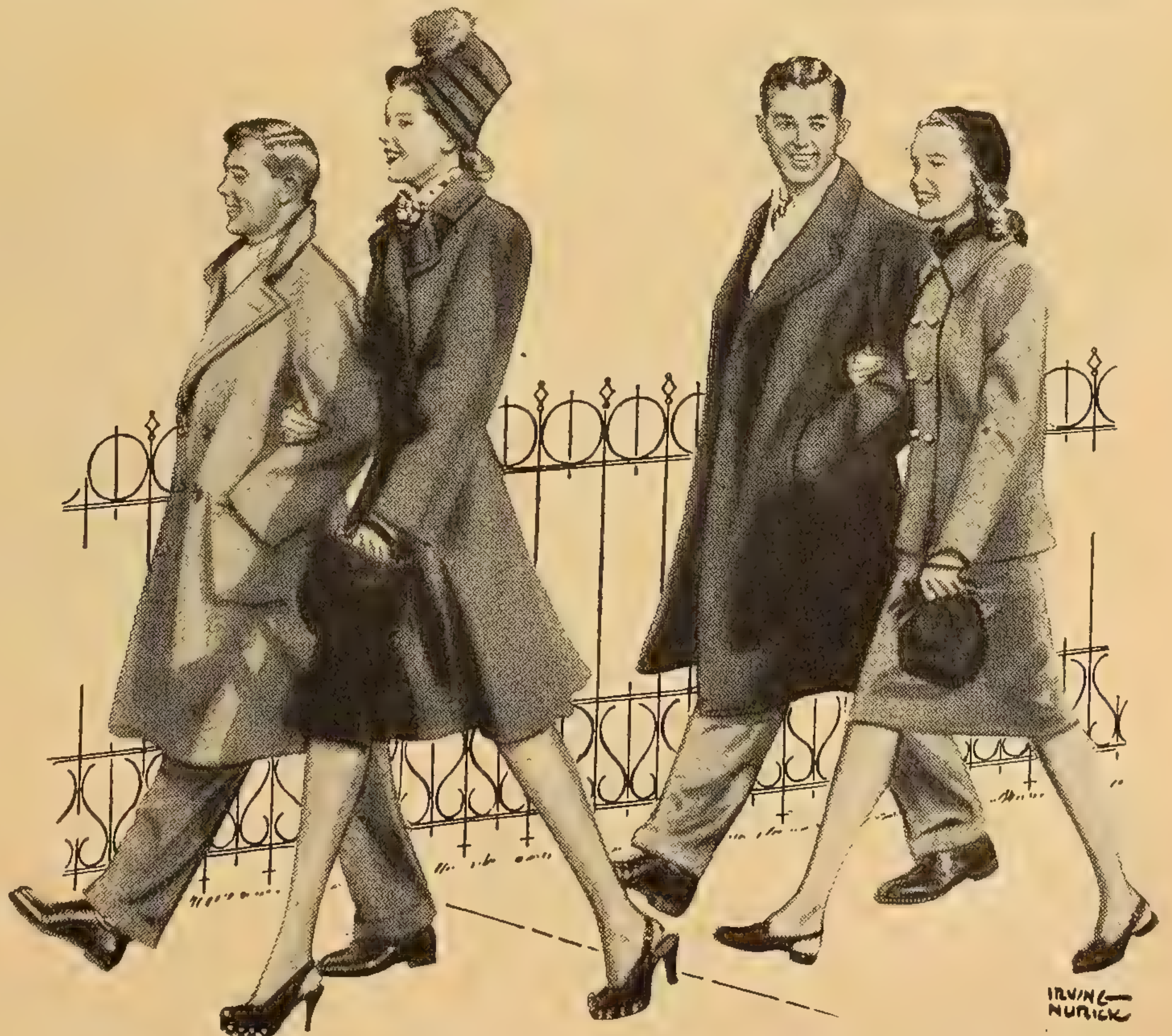
- ☐ "Really? This old sack?"
- ☐ "Are you kidding?"
- ☐ "Thank you"

Some gals imagine they must shrug off a compliment. Such tactics embarrass a fellow! When he tosses a bouquet your way—catch it. Sweetly say, "Thank you." Giving out with the right answers is a mark of poise. It's smooth, too (at certain times) to know the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. Kotex—naturally! Because you get *extra* protection with Kotex exclusive safety center. You're poised because Kotex banishes embarrassment!

If you're higher than your squire, should you—

- ☐ Wait for a taller date
- ☐ Come down to earth
- ☐ Play stooper-woman

What if he *isn't* tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the loose. If you like him, come down to earth: avoid towering hats... swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those" times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with the help of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. Those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines... send your confidence soaring!



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Guide To Glamor

When the beauty spotlight is on YOU,
here are star tips to help you take it



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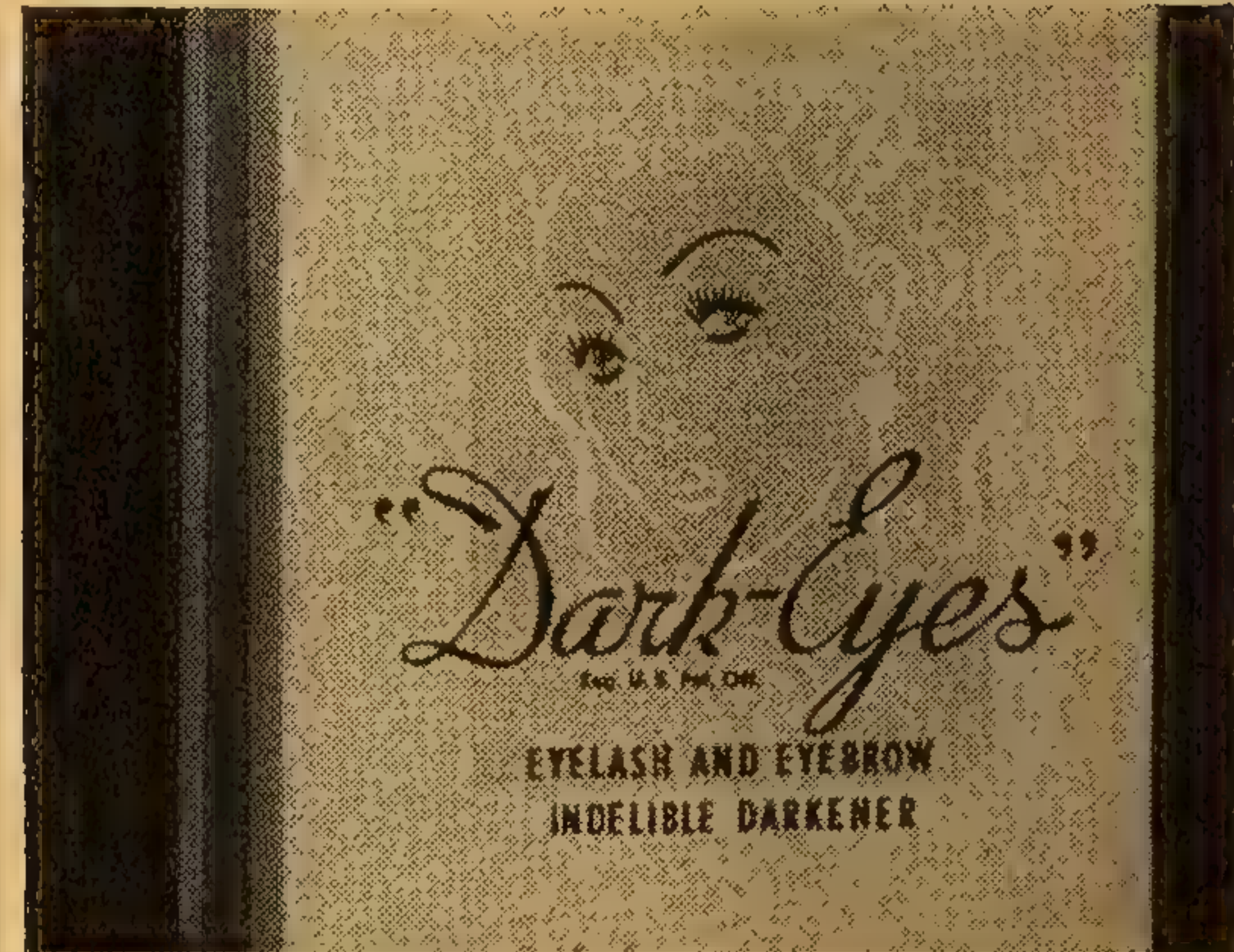
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A present for a new baby (boys, too!) from Dorothy Gray, who knows the right start.



Dark-Eyes, a long-lasting darkener for brows and lashes in chic box, French designed.

SMART girls who, like the stars, live up to what their audience expects of them will swoop with cries of delight on a new beauty gadget, Beau Cake. It is made by Cashmere Bouquet and is a revolutionary cake makeup, in a wide range of colors. The formula is a fine one, and the big special feature is the center compartment (see picture above) for the applicator sponge. Keep this sponge fresh and clean by rinsing it with cold water. The thing we like best about all this is the wonderful non-drying consistency of the cake. And you'll be proud to carry the beautiful pink plastic case.

Have a friend who has a baby? Then you'll want to know about this attractive Baby Box from Dorothy Gray. Can't start a girl off on the right beauty path too soon. Mother and baby will love it. There's baby oil, powder, softening skin cream, and anti-chafing ointment.

There's a good old South American custom that clever stars have made their own this year. The señoritas rub themselves with fresh-scented sachet before they dress for dancing. Use "Nonchalant" sachet powder, made by Varva, in this way and you'll find yourself making a great hit with your dancing partners.

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Continued from page 14

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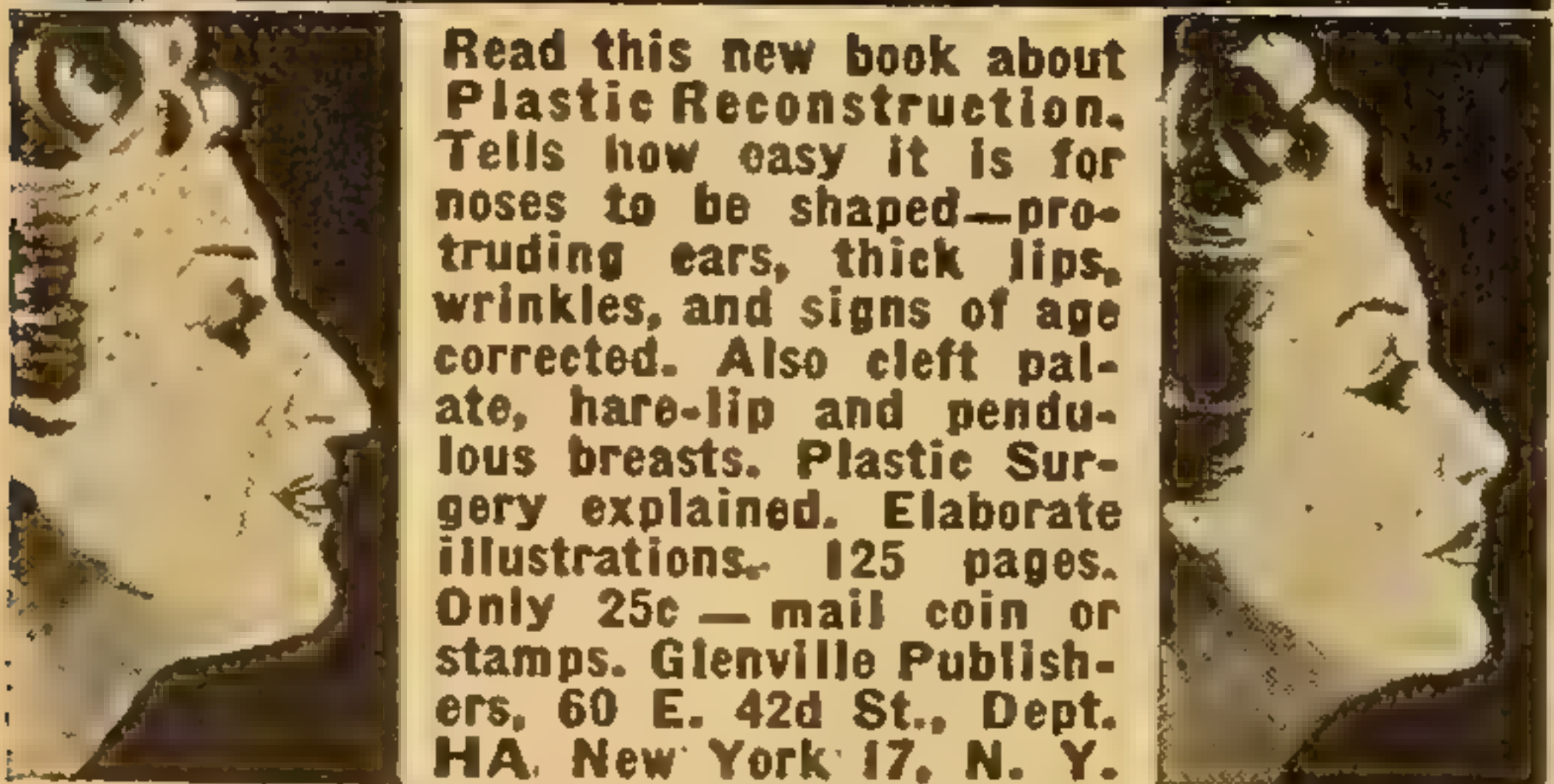
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ing romance about like a rubber ball—and expect to remain in midair. The ball is bound to bounce back and hit dirt!

After all, we smug housewives number a mighty hunk of the percentage of the movie-going audience. And, believe me, we can rebel. (Our husbands fail to voice their lines all through wedded bliss as meekly or as softly as they murmured that "I Do.") Of course, we can't expect to have all of Hollywood's couples be Crosbys, Cantors, Lloyds or Youngs. Nevertheless, this advice to our lovely Joan Crawford: Don't let too many marriages spoil your future or career. We housewives refuse to allow "too many cooks to spoil our soup."

MADELINE DAHL NAGLE, Milwaukee, Wis.

WORTH SIX MILES

\$1.00

Hollywood, you don't know what a thrill you gave us by sending that tall, dark and handsome Helmut Dantine to Quebec to make his next picture. He stayed for only a week, but boy, was he ever super! We came about six miles every day to see him and it was surely worthwhile. Helmut posed for pictures with us and gave us his autograph on pictures of him (thanks to SCREENLAND for them).

We would like more and more big colored pictures of him. How about it? He surely deserves bigger breaks than he is getting. The girls and I have chosen him our favorite from now on.

MARY FREZELL, Quebec, P. G., Canada

WITH GOD ON HIS SIDE

\$1.00

About four years ago, a swell fellow by the name of Lew Ayres declared himself a conscientious objector. Some of his own fans said he was a coward, a quitter, and that he was all "washed up" as a movie actor. Can those people—those same people—still call him those terrible names without turning a little crimson with embarrassment? As long as a person has faith in God, whether he be Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, he could never be a quitter or a coward.

Lew Ayres is back now, and he's better than ever. He's come back because he's had courage enough to stand up to the slander and all the rotten things that were said about him. He's back because God was, and still is, on his side.

RUTH KLEIN, Los Angeles, Calif.

DRAMATIC DOOM

\$1.00

If a star is acclaimed because of his or her ability to sing, dance or play a particular instrument, why is he permitted, in the midst of his career, to become a dramatic actor and thus meet with such dire results?

Specifically, among others, I am thinking of Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, and George Murphy. Such pictures as "Christmas Holiday," "The Clock," and "Having a Wonderful Crime" were, in my opinion, dismal failures.

It goes without saying that Ginger Rogers is the most notable exception to the rule, but I've been wracking my brains and can think of no others who fit in her category.

Lately, I've been reading that movie moguls hope to make a dramatic star of José Iturbi. José Iturbi without his piano! Even the thought gives me shudders.

DORIS FARBER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHAKESPEARE SAID IT

\$1.00

Many years ago Shakespeare philosoph-

ized that "Thoughts are things." I doubt if Shakespeare ever visualized how real the thoughts of authors, script writers, and directors could be when they became visual images on the motion picture screens.

It seems highly commendable that productions which inspire, as well as entertain, are now the trend in Hollywood. "Going My Way," "Boys' Town," "Bells of St. Mary's," "Sister Kenny" and "Anna and the King of Siam" are a few of the many great and near-great motion pictures in this inspirational category. There will be more, I am sure, for as I left the theater after "Anna and the King of Siam" I heard a man's voice saying, "That should show Hollywood what can be done without mushy love scenes."

Best of all is the influence motion picture producers may yet exert over literature. I have noted, to my regret, an unidealistic and visceral trend in modern literature. Book publishers have not learned, as yet, the movie producers' profitable wisdom. True recreation brings an uplifting sense of hope, a belief in human dignity, and vicarious experience by which we may understand or respect our fellows.

Time was when I could go to a movie several times a week if I chose. Now two small children dictate that this is a rare and cherished privilege. I expend my choice with care and I am always grateful for a "good picture" that recreates me into a more patient, tolerant, and hopeful parent.

MRS. HELEN HOUSEHOLDER, Pleasanton, Calif.

LETTER FROM BELGIUM

\$1.00

This is a letter from a stranger. I am a Belgian boy. I know my opinion about films doesn't mean a lot to you all, but it brings some words of love and warm feeling coming right from the bottom of my heart. And that means something, I think.

This very week I went to the pictures and saw Judy Garland, Tom Drake and Margaret O'Brien in "Meet Me in St. Louis." I know the public opinion didn't accept this film as a masterpiece. They said there was no real story in it. But I read about Margaret O'Brien and her playing and I wanted to see her. Now I'm glad I went. There is a kind of romantic reality and true life in it.

The story is only a fine thread which runs like a dancing fairy through the acting and behavior of the several personages. Up and down. Up and down. But please think of your own life. Think of your troubles and your happiness; the tears in your eyes and the smile on your lips. Feel your heart. Love and hate and jealousy. This means life and nothing else. People don't think about their lives. They just live them.

VAN SPAANDONCK MARCEL,
St. Niklaas, Belgium

TIMELY TOPIC

\$1.00

With America's current and apparently unending cycle of industrial disputes and labor-management strife—not un mindful of the motion pictures' own two-year jurisdictional harangue with their workers, one can't help but feel that the time is ripe for a sincere, intelligent, and unbiased movie story woven around all this. It would prove a fine thing for the country in general and for the film industry in particular. What's more, the audience appeal would be tremendous and the drama and human interest incident to the picket lines, contract negotiations, the lives and feelings of the workers as contrasted with those of their employers,

(Please turn to page 24)

Your Guide to Current Films



THE SECRET HEART—MGM

If you want to shake June Allyson when you see her characterization of the sweet little nasty girl who inherited her neurotic ways and musical talent from her father, just remember it's only a movie. Claudette Colbert, as her patient step-mother, never gives up trying to reach a mutual understanding by every means at her disposal—except telling her the truth about her father's suicidal death. And to make matters worse, Walter Pidgeon appears on the scene to create the usual triangle—loved by one and in love with the other. Complicated? You said it. But it all ends happily when brother, Robert Sterling, dares to tell the truth, thereby winning audience approval, and many fans for his sincere performance.



STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN—U.-I. Release

Anything can happen in the movies. And so, in this fantasy featuring a quarrel over a heavenly "bookkeeping" error, we have David Niven, a squadron leader in the RAF shot down over the English Channel, called as plaintiff in the case of the Technicolor World versus the Dyemochrome Other World. How David manages to survive a parachuteless dive is a mystery (which, incidentally, is never explained) to Kim Hunter, WAC wireless operator to whom he spouts poetry in what he believes his last ten minutes (one of the best scenes of the picture). And how he eludes his fate is a mystery to his Conductor to the Hereafter, a dapper Frenchman of an earlier century, Marius Goring. The love he found in the last ten minutes of his life wins David an extension of his life span—and gives audiences 104 minutes of grand entertainment.



THE MAN FROM MOROCCO—English Films

The adventures of a band of hardy Spanish Revolutionaries continuing their struggles against the Nazis give audiences plenty of thrilling action to enjoy. Anton Walbrook, competent actor that he is, flings himself with a little too much abandon into the rôle of the leader, getting himself sent to the Sahara with his comrades by Vichy-influenced official, returning with a list of Free-French sympathizers, which is lost then found with alarming frequency. Romance rears her lovely head after one look at the beautiful Margaretta Scott, who plays a Spanish noble-woman with great finesse.



Don't turn it out, Honey— you'll be back by ten!

SURELY A BUNDLE of charm like you couldn't miss out tonight. Yet just when the fun's getting started, the dance will be over for *you*.

It's so easy for even the prettiest girl to miss, when she fails to *keep* her charm safe from underarm odor.

She should remember—a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but to guard against risk of future underarm odor—Mum's the popular word.

→ better because it's Safe

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



On the "Ramrod" set: Veronica Lake enjoys between-scenes relaxation in typical sunny California fashion; below, with Preston Foster and her director husband, Andre de Toth; right, a love scene in the Enterprise "mood" Western with co-star Joel McCrea.



Fans' Forum

Continued from page 22

would make it a natural. Why, even the love theme could very conceivably find its way into the picket lines or the vice-president's office—comedy and humor, too. Indeed, the need for this sort of picture is so acute and timely and its significance so vital to our American way of life, that it most assuredly would serve as a good tonic for our perspective and sense of humor.

F. H. KENNEDY, San Francisco, Calif.

SWOON SWITCHING

\$1.00

If we don't have another James Mason picture soon, "us gals" are liable to forget his sinister charm and start swooning over Glenn Langan, the French professor in "Margarita." Glenn is also a charmer, but in a nice way. He rescues the ladies in distress, and he can suavely rise to any occasion—even when the lady loses her bloomers.

Seriously, this young newcomer will be big box office, if given the right type of rôles. He is very handsome, has a strong, likable personality, and can act. But he must stick to sympathetic parts. If he sprouts a moustache and starts to imitate James Mason, he'll be glaringly miscast. And miscasting has ruined more than one career.

RUTH KING, Cranford, New Jersey

ROZ RUSSELL'S MEMORABLE MOTTO

\$1.00

Long ago I understand that it wasn't humanly possible for everyone to have a career or, if they did have one, to be completely successful at it. Some persons were bound to lose out while others just kept on

climbing to the top and staying there. But I never knew exactly why this had to be so.

I found my answer while reading the article, "Rosalind Russell's Pattern of Life," in SCREENLAND. "Winners never quit and quitters never win"—that thought is a masterpiece. I'll never forget it as long as I live and I'm humbly grateful to your magazine for printing that wonderful story.

I buy your magazine because it teaches me how to better myself and my family. Stories about the stars who perform under physical handicaps, their early struggles, arranging wardrobes and fixing clever hairdos are applicable to all of us in some way or another.

I have never read an article in your magazine that I have not learned at least one important thought. Thank you for using such excellent taste in your articles. Your magazine is a necessity and not a luxury to me.

MRS. H. A. HAYDEN, Ponca City, Okla.

INCENTIVE TO LEARN

\$1.00

Two movies I have seen recently, "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Gallant Journey," have set me to thinking that pictures on history and biographies make exceptionally good ones for young people in schools. Let me give an example.

After seeing "Caesar and Cleopatra," I started wondering about several things. What were some of those battles mentioned in the movie? Just how did Caesar's promise to Cleo to send Mark Antony come out? Also, hadn't Cleopatra borne a child by Caesar? These questions going through my mind sent me to an encyclopedia. There I

found the answers and read the whole story about these famous people.

In "Gallant Journey," John Montgomery was supposed to be the first man to fly, yet hadn't I been taught that the Wright Brothers made their first flight in 1900, seventeen years after Montgomery made his?

I have been out of school but a few years, and much of the history I learned has been forgotten. Movies, I sincerely believe, can, and do, give the incentive to learn more about persons in history. And a movie, I think, creates a more lasting impression on one's memory.

MRS. RHEA DE LANGE, Los Angeles, Calif.

DON'T BREAK THE SPELL

\$1.00

My pet peeve (well, don't we all have them?) against Hollywood in general is one that manifested itself to the hilt the other evening. I arrived at the theater just in time to catch the last half of that wonderful picture, "Notorious." I suffered, loved, wept with the heroine and drew a sigh from way-down-here when "The End" was flashed on the screen. And then, I waited and waited and waited for exactly one hour and 25 minutes to suffer and love and weep with Miss Bergman again.

Why? Because, while the spell of this deeply emotional screenplay was still with me (but fading by the minute), I was forced to sit through four other noncommittal features, in order to find out the why, what, and where of "Notorious."

I know one is expected to arrive at the theater at the proper time to catch the beginning of a picture, but then, one can't always do so. Especially me, the mother of four little darlings, who never have or never will discover that seven o'clock is their bedtime.

MRS. H. NEUBAUER, Buffalo, New York



*"It's
going to be
wonderful
tonight!"*

AS Kathryn stood there, waiting for the boy she loved to waltz her into the glittering ballroom, she knew this was her night of nights.

Never had she felt so completely happy or looked so immaculately fresh and sweet.

Indeed that eternal freshness was one of Kathryn's charms. It was something that she strove for, recognizing it almost as a passport to the popularity she had known since her teens.

Just to look at her was to realize that here was a girl far too clever, far too fastidious to ever take chances with off-color breath (halitosis).

Can You Be Sure?

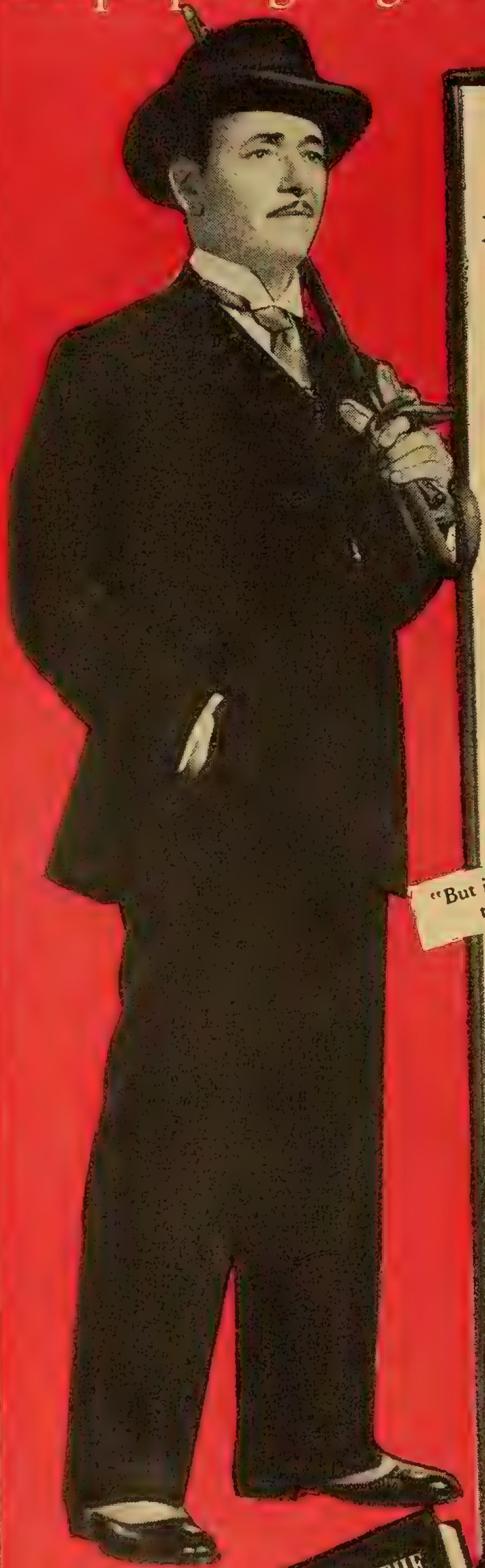
Can you say as much for yourself? Do you foolishly take your breath for granted? Well... *don't!*

One little offense (and you may not know when you're guilty) can stamp you as a person to avoid.

Follow the delightful precaution that countless popular people take... Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times when you want to be at your best. While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri

"Stop apologizing for sex, George Apley... you didn't invent it!"



He's the immovable object!
She's the irresistible force!
It's the incomparably entertaining movie!

**RONALD
COLMAN**

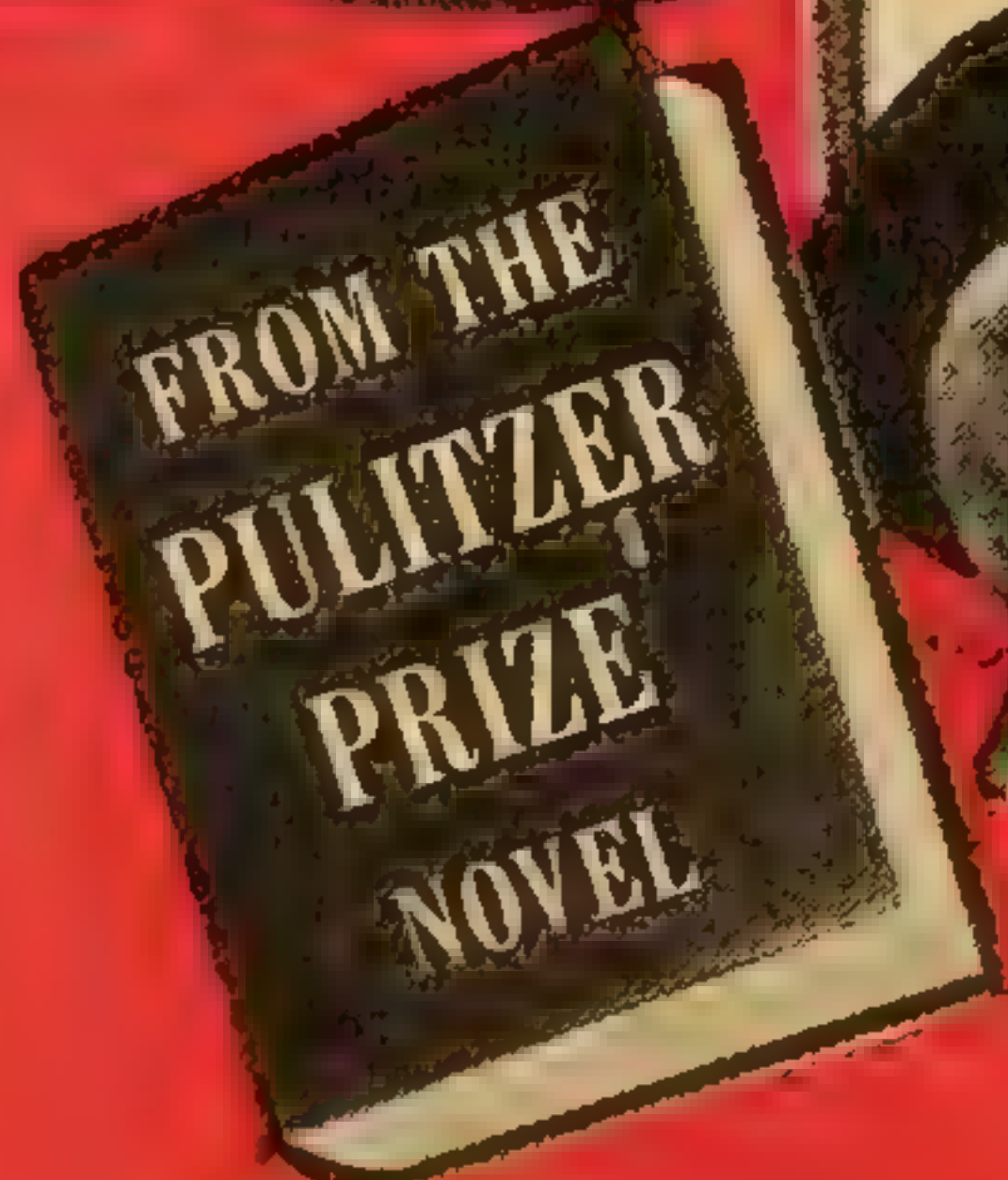
The
**LATE
GEORGE
APLEY**

"But it's better late
than never!"

and introducing
PEGGY CUMMINS

Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Produced by
FRED KOHLMAR

20th
CENTURY-FOX
TRIUMPH!



with
VANESSA BROWN · RICHARD HAYDN · CHARLES RUSSELL · RICHARD NEY

PERCY WARAM · MILDRED NATWICK · EDNA BEST · NYDIA WESTMAN

Screen Play by Philip Dunne · From the Play by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman

Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand

The Editor's Page



AN OPEN LETTER TO

FRANK SINATRA

When Sinatra sings! During recent New York engagement at Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgewood Room, Frankie drew such celebrities as Joan Crawford, top left, famed sculptor Jo Davidson, center; and Emil Coleman, right, who presented cake on Sinatra's 30th birthday.

THIS is the second letter I've written you on a sore subject. I tore up the first one, and I'll tell you why. When you barred teen-agers from your New York studio broadcasts recently, I thought, so it's true what they say about Sinatra. That you've changed; that you're spoiled; that you're, worst of all, ungrateful. Those teen-aged squealers and swooners helped make you what you are today, one of the half-dozen great entertainers. And how about that picture you starred in, with its special message: "The World I Live In," preaching tolerance toward all? How about that, hmmm? How can you do that to those kids who worship you?

Then I thought, let's hear your side of the story first. Maybe you had a good reason for that "Nobody under 21" edict. So I asked. And it seems you did have a good reason. The few noisy kids spoiled the show for the radio audience; they

didn't improve it any for the studio audience, either. Their demonstrations certainly served no useful purpose. So *all* the teen-agers were barred to pay for the exhibitionism of the few. The majority of the loyal Swoonatraites took it like good sports and, because they really like to hear you sing, stayed home and listened on their radios. It was, as you put it, with the greatest reluctance that you cracked down and no one will be happier than you when you can be sure all the kids will behave and you can let down the bars as you have in Hollywood, where bobby-soxers take celebs in their stride instead of tearing them to pieces.

So that's settled. You can draw a long deep breath and make "The Jazz Singer" in comparative peace and quiet. And I can tell kids when they write in that you still love 'em. Tolerance, it's wonderful.

Delight Evans

June 1947



By
June Haver

Queens for a Day



THE Editor of SCREENLAND said, "June, you always talk and act like every moment of your life is fun. I'd like you to write an article to make us all understand *why*."

I answered, "Just putting down what goes on will do that," and Miss Evans said I could fill the assignment either in the form of a life story or one typical day.

I'll settle for the day. Every year of my life seems more exciting and *more* fun. I couldn't write about even a month in less than a book.

Look at my current excitement! I thought up-beat for me had reached all-time high when, still a teenager, I was paired with musical comedy queen Betty Grable in "The Dolly Sisters." What a joyous whirl that was! Now, at a ripe old twenty, I'm singing, dancing and acting (a little) opposite Mark Stevens in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." While preparing for this new whirl I confessed to Producer George Jessel that my (Please turn to page 75)

In "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," June Haver enacts a three-way ballet number in which she is cast as three different Queens of history, and her childhood ambition to play a Queen was realized. Left, below, June is picked as owner of Hollywood's most beautiful feet. Right, below, love scene with Mark Stevens, her "IWWKHN" co-star.



Cutest blonde in Hollywood describes just one day in her busy life, in her own gay way





Above, the Big Haircut at Columbia Studios, supervised by Orson Welles. Rita will appear with her new bob in "The Lady from Shanghai." First, you'll see her as below, in "Down to Earth."

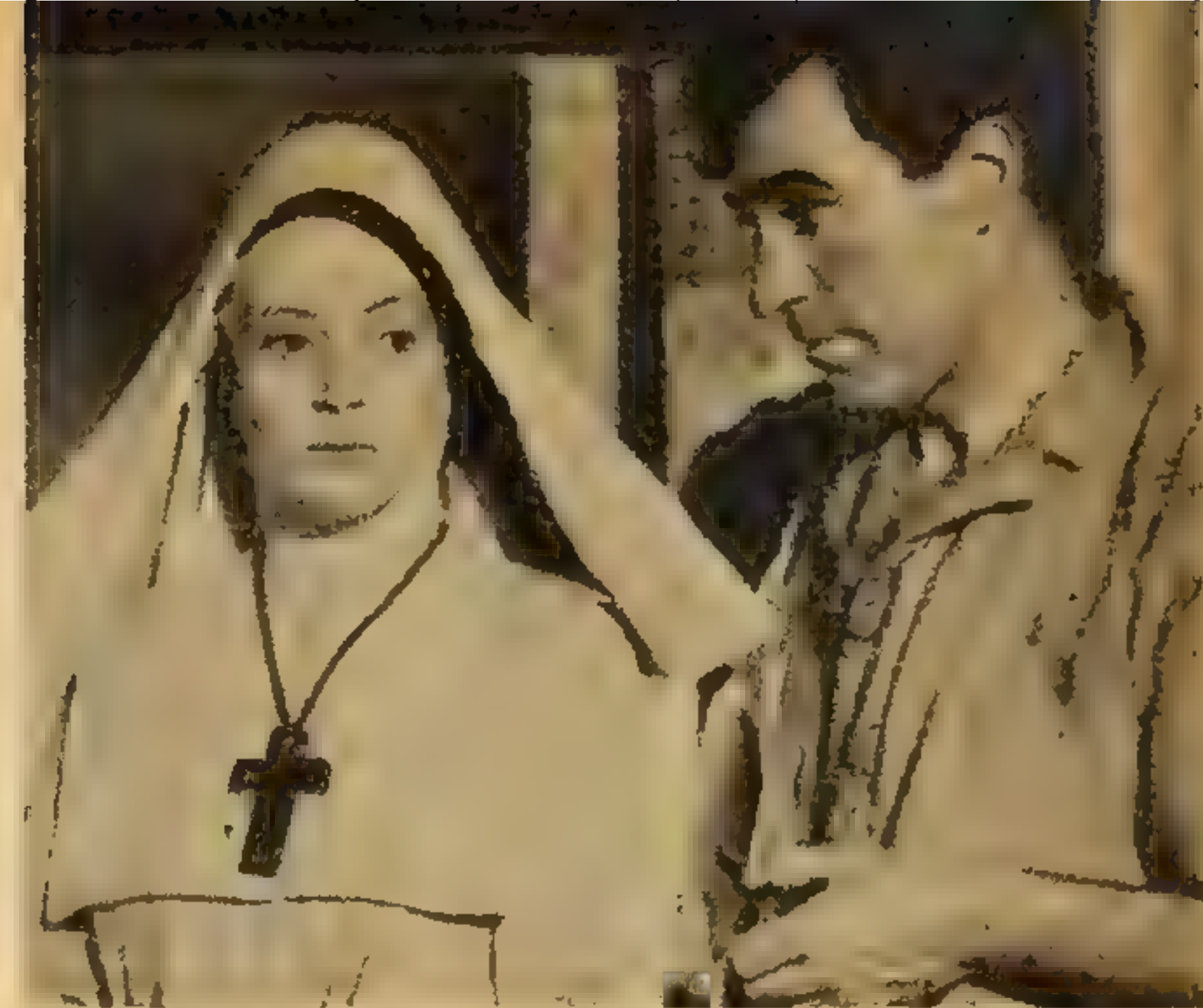
The REAL STORY of Rita Hayworth's REUNION with Orson Welles

By
Ben Maddox



LATEST arrival from Britain is Deborah Kerr, shaking her soft golden-brown curls and looking at America with speculative blue eyes. She has several big successes in British films behind her and a Hollywood contract with MGM in her purse but that isn't nearly so exciting to Deborah as the prospect of all the fun she is going to get on this side of the Atlantic. For Deborah is different from other actresses, definitely and decidedly different. She only regards film fame as something incidental, not as her greatest ambition and goal and so worth discipline and sacrifice. She is much more interested in enjoying her life in her own way. She

Deborah Kerr, right, with her husband Anthony Bartley, former RAF pilot. Far right, in her newest English film, "Black Narcissus," with David Farrar. She will be Clark Gable's heroine in "The Hucksters."



does like making movies, of course, but when the cameras stop turning, Deborah considers that's the end of it and departs to find some other entertainment.

By now you will have concluded that Deborah must be very young. So she is

in actual experience, though she's twenty-four years of age. Her life at home in London has been rigidly restricted by war-time austerities, narrowing down all her horizons, for she hasn't ever been able to travel before and so achieve the poise that comes from completely fresh contracts. Now that she is a current British export, Deborah certainly means to make up for (Please turn to page 91)

INTRODUCING *Deborah Kerr*



Latest British import is
a girl who is daring and
different. Meet her here

By Hettie Grimstead

Love, Honor and



Imagine a Hollywood glamor girl cheerfully taking

the vow to obey? Olivia deHavilland is that girl,

only sometimes her husband, Marcus Goodrich,

wonders just who is doing the obeying in the family

Exclusive home photos by Jack

I HATE to be corny, but no matter how corny it sounds, I know that I was never really happy until now. Before I was married, I persuaded myself that I was happy, contented and fulfilled. But how could I know? I had

nothing to compare my feelings by, so I thought my state of mind and heart was happiness; when it was really nothing of the kind."

That's Olivia deHavilland talking. Olivia, who until the summer of 1946,

was the most confirmed bachelor girl in Hollywood. We were sitting in her apartment in West Hollywood—a place that until recently was the most feminine "live alone and like it" bachelorette place in town but has now become transfigured

They

By Dora Albert

by the presence of Marcus Goodrich, the famous novelist whom Olivia married on August 26, 1946. His books are all over the living room, crowding the shelves and tables to their full capacity. They are even piled up on the floor. The dining room has become a study, and it too is full of Marcus' books. Olivia's dressing table contains Marcus' books of poetry and his pipe rack, with its 35 pipes. There are also jack-knives and other masculine objects on the dressing table which once held only powder boxes, perfumes, lotions and creams.

When they were married, Marcus and Olivia looked forward to buying or renting a large house, which would contain plenty of space for all their belongings. Olivia had never wanted to buy a house previously, because she felt that with the purchase of a home, a new life should begin. She wanted that to happen after she married, so that the man she married could be consulted on his taste in homes. So all the way across the country, as they traveled from New York to California, Olivia and Marcus discussed exactly the sort of home they would buy. But they were due for a rude awakening. When they tried to rent, they found that the rentals asked were all above legal ceilings. All sorts of evasions were being practised to get around OPA restrictions. Some landlords wanted illegal bonuses; others were willing to charge the legal rate provided you bought some crummy furniture from them at a price so excessive that it was obvious that this was another way of evading the law.

To all these offers, Olivia and Marcus

firmly said, "Nothing doing." "Olivia and I could pay these exorbitant, illegal prices," said Marcus, "but to do that, we felt, was surrendering to evil. It's un-American, we believe, to pay illegal rents."

The homes Olivia had looked at when she was single were now selling for prices about five to ten times what they were worth. A house that had cost \$6000 to build was selling for \$39,000. Homes worth \$10,000 were selling for \$50,000 and sometimes as much as \$60,000 or \$75,000.

Again Marcus said, "Nothing doing." Olivia agreed with him that regardless of what they could afford, it just wasn't common sense to pay \$39,000 for a house worth six or seven thousand dollars. "Five years from now, when this real estate boom will probably be over," says Olivia, "what will you have for your \$39,000? You will have a house worth less than six thousand dollars, for in those five years it will have depreciated."

Mitchell (Please turn to page 86)



Olivia's marriage, her first, is, according to her husband Marcus Goodrich, "a permanent marriage, and that means an old-fashioned marriage." Here are the Goodriches at home.



Exclusive photos are the first to show Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Goodrich in their apartment home in the Hollywood hills. They'll wait until real estate prices are more reasonable before buying a house.





IT WAS Sunday afternoon. The three of us sat listening to the radio. Originally, those Sunday sessions with Mark Stevens and his wife Annelle (followed by dinner in Mark's favorite corner booth at the Villa Nova) date back to those dear old days B.Z.D. M. (Before Zanuck Discovered Mark.) Adhering to an old Hollywood custom, at five-fifteen we tuned in on Louella Parsons and her news.

"Well, I wonder who's having a baby *this* week!" quipped Mark, as he stretched himself out comfortably in front of the fireplace. It didn't take him long to find out.

"In late September or the early part of October," announced Louella, "Mark Stevens, the new 20th Century star, and his pretty wife Annelle are expecting the stork. It will be their first child, and they couldn't be happier over the good news."

The scene that followed has never been topped by anything on the screen.

Mark's face went white as he stared at Annelle. Her face went red as she stared right back. At that particular moment, a baby was the *last* thing they were thinking about, planning on or, for that matter—expecting. It was Annelle who managed to find her voice.

"Louella Parsons can't say that," she cried. "It isn't true! What will we tell our friends? If my mother heard that broadcast in Texas, she'll be terribly upset that I didn't let her know first."

"*She'll* be upset!" exclaimed Mark, as the humor of the situation began to hit home. "What about *me* practically becoming a father right there on KECA? Don't worry about it, honey. Probably, because we've been married a year, Louella figured we *might* be having a baby, or *could* be having a baby. Anyway, it makes news."

Annelle wasn't so easily placated. "But she even said *when* I was going to have it," she replied with a worried frown.

Mark, shrugging his shoulders in typical male indifference, reached for the comic section and lost himself in the adventures of Dick Tracy. At that particular stage of his fast-moving life, his chief concern was to fully regain his health, following that recent spinal operation. "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" was about to go into production. There were dance routines to learn, song numbers to record, endless Technicolor tests and wardrobe fittings—all before actual shooting time. A mere gossip item to Hollywood-wise Mark was just part of the game. Nothing to be taken seriously.

Three weeks later at the breakfast table, Annelle announced she had an appointment with the family doctor. Mark looked up quickly from his grapefruit, a questioning, worried look in his eyes. Anticipating his thoughts Annelle hastily added: "I'd rather go alone. It isn't anything (Please turn to page 72)

First closeup of Mark Stevens in his new rôle of father, and presenting for the very first time in any interview Mark Richard Stevens, who has his pop's red hair and temper

By
Jerry
Asher

Life
with

Father Stevens

Mark co-stars with June Haver, below, in 20th's "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." At home, facing page, he's the proud husband of pretty Annelle and dad to husky Mark Richard, age seven weeks when these exclusive photos were taken.



*Linda
Darnell
as
"Amber"*

Here she is—lovely Linda in one of the colorful costumes she wears as the audacious heroine in the film version of Kathleen Winsor's widely-read book, "Forever Amber."

Paris Fashion

Casuals and Sports

Wear-everywhere-flatties that
take you merrily to the races,
the country, through city parks.

Clever, comfortable casuals and sprightly
sportsters. Choose them in basic colors
or gay accessory shades...in fine leathers.

\$4 and \$5

Write for free style booklet SU and name of your dealer.



Prominent designers are going back to the 20's
for inspiration. See what "The Razor's Edge"
has to offer in the way of ideas for streamlining
droopy garments. You'll get a lot of pointers
from the clothes worn by Gene Tierney

By Lilian Lewis



Scenes from "The Razor's Edge," starring Gene Tierney with Tyrone Power should give you bright ideas for refurbishing some of those tired clothes drooping in your closet. The scene stills are numbered. Consult our suggestions for specific suggestions to how you may adapt these costumes.

IN STYLE WITH THE

Lars

LET'S talk about dress designers, how they get their ideas, and what they do with them once they come. If we discover their secret, we can do as they do. Why not? There's no magic formula, no "underground" process for getting ideas. What you *do* with the idea is the important thing. If, for instance, you get a thought on how to bring to renewed life some of your old dresses and suits, and if you apply that thought, you'll have become a designer. It's not difficult. It's merely knowing *where* to look for ideas, *what* to look for, and *how* to adapt what you see to your own needs.

An important source of inspiration to dress designers is the motion picture. They look at a picture not only for amusement, but for ideas as well. Important productions, starring well-known actresses, are good hunting grounds for

new designs. A few seasons later, you and I will wear garments that had their origin in a beautiful period picture now forgotten. I say *several* seasons, because dress designers must work one, or two, and sometimes three seasons in advance of the one we're in. The setting of the picture we're going to consider here is the 1920's. That period is high-fashion right now. Every prominent designer is going back to the '20's for inspiration. Let us, too.

Let's see what the 20th Century-Fox production, "The Razor's Edge," star-

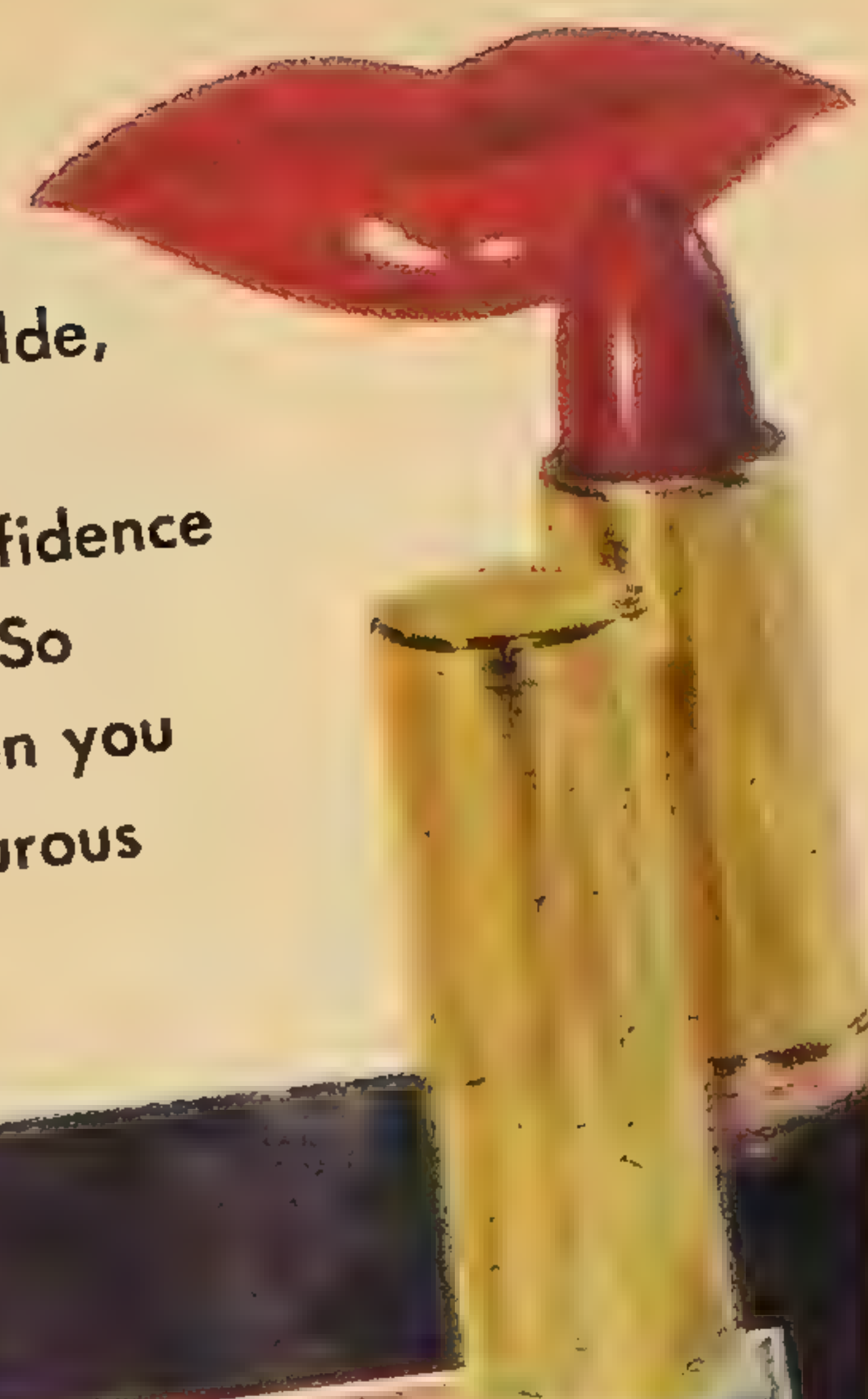
ring Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power, has to offer in the way of ideas for streamlining droopy garments. You'll get lots of pointers from the clothes worn by Miss Tierney, and, by the injection of a new cut, a new trim, a new line, you're going to get additional wear out of some of your little-worn dresses and suits.

For instance, examine the little jacket Miss Tierney wears in Illustration Number 1. It's plaid and the cut is simple. Now, take one of the old jackets you're tired of and get to work. Don't mind if the color of [Please turn to page 98]

**"You're right
Red Majesty
is the New Queen of the Reds!"**

—says MRS. CORNEL WILDE...
radiant wife of the screen star.

"BECAUSE," enthuses lovely Mrs. Wilde,
"there is something really wonderful
about Red Majesty! It gives you confidence
that your lips are looking their best. So
I think you were perfectly right when you
named it the queen of your glamorous
family of Tangee lipstick shades."



**Five Famous Glamorous Shades
by TANGEE**

-  GAY-RED
-  RED-RED
-  MEDIUM-RED
-  THEATRICAL RED
-  NATURAL

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of
Tangee and creator of
Tangee Red Majesty Lip-
stick and Petal-Finish
Cake Make-Up.

Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY **Tangee**

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

Meanest screen man of 'em all: Dan, below, opposite Joan Bennett in "The Woman in the Window"—remember?



Screen MONSTER Home Treasure

Don't judge Dan Duryea by those parts he plays. He's just a good actor.



THE part of the ingratiating butler who masqueraded as a gentleman in "White Tie and Tails" gave Dan Duryea at least temporary reprieve from rôles that had well earned him death, mostly by execution, in ten of his previous eighteen pictures. Even in gay "White Tie and Tails," you didn't see all of one of the most attractive and likable human characters who has ever portrayed positively despicable no-goods. Of course, Dan and his wife had worked out a cheerful philosophy to meet the impact of people who, because of Dan's convincing acting, confused the person with the parts. And, naturally, neither of the Duryea boys (Peter, 8 and Dick, 5) has ever seen one of their father's sub-villainous screen jobs. Nevertheless, that "White Tie and Tails" reprieve was welcome. Put yourself a moment in the place of charming, lady-like (there's no better word

for her) Helen Duryea, Dan's wife. How would you like to enter a restaurant with your husband and see people lay down their knives and forks as if they didn't care to eat any more? Or, if once you were seated at your table—you being Mrs. Duryea—a voice, doubtless carrying farther than the speaker intended, were to drift over your shoulder: "There's that horrible Dan 'Duryea!' Those and similar experiences have happened to Helen Duryea.

Before we get to Dan himself—and he's even more appealing and interesting than the masquerading butler of "W. T. and T."—let's recall a few of the long string of thoroughly repellent characterizations in which he has made audiences believe. Here are some movies and what Dan perpetrated in them to cause ordinary villains to look like noblemen wearing halos: "The Little Girl in the Red-Headed Shoes" (Please turn to page 9)



One of the nicest men of 'em all in private life: devoted husband of Helen Duryea, patient and playful pop of the Duryea boys, Peter, 8, and Dick, 5. The boys, of course, have never seen one of their father's sub-villainous movie portrayals, and they never will. But they liked their "White Tie and Tails."



Petty Hutton



A new, chic closeup of the star of Paramount's "Cross My Heart" and "The Perils of Pauline."

Color photo by Bud Fraker



Glenn Langan and his wife, Lu, pictured here in their new apartment, are two tall people who need plenty of room to move around in. They have it—thanks to that modern American spectre, lack of furniture. Bottom of page: Glenn in his dashing Captain Rex Morgan wig and costume, discussing "Forever Amber" script with Linda Amber Darnell.



There are fencing lessons in the morning and riding lessons in the afternoon, both for the part of *Captain Rex Morgan* in "Forever Amber." And since Glenn doesn't want to look like a fool in a duel, the fencing lessons are dead serious. It happens that his opponent, a young fellow named Cornel Wilde, is a formidable fencer from 'way back and knows all the tricks. It also happens that there were 149—well, call it 150—positions which Glenn has to learn for the duel, plus dialogue, plus appropriate facial nonchalance. In other words, to make out like he isn't scared Wilde will nick him with his foil or vice versa.

THE darndest things have been happening to Glenn Langan. Most of them involve exercise, a thing he has been studiously avoiding for the greater part of his life. Oh, an occasional swim in hot weather used to suit him fine, but any other physical exertion made him yawn just to think about it. Now all that has suddenly changed.

"And this riding wouldn't be so bad," Glenn said, "if the horse and I could learn to like one another. But I feel the automobile is a far superior means of transportation and I guess my horse knows it. He always manages to get just close enough to a post to scrape a little skin off my leg without hurting himself. No matter how many lumps of sugar or



bunches of carrots I bring him, his attitude is consistently unfriendly."

Apart from this enforced exercise, which he good-naturedly takes in his stride, he has been jolted out of his take-it-easy philosophy by that common spectre which has haunted many another American—eviction. Moving and shifting furniture (Please turn to page 70)



High Boy

Full-length portrait of six-foot-four Glenn Langan, of "Margie" and "Forever Amber" fame

By
Lynn Bowers



Glenn Langan



Since "The Jolson Story" you've been waiting to know all about Larry Parks. Here is a penetrating study of him.

By Dorothy O'Leary

The Parks Story



Following his hit in "The Jolson Story," Columbia Pictures rushed him into "Down to Earth," in which he dances, emotes with Rita Hayworth (left).

A DARK-HAIRED, handsome young man and a pretty blonde girl sat holding hands in a small projection room of the Columbia Pictures office in New York, watching the colorful, tuneful length of "The Jolson Story" unreel. Larry Parks, as the great "Mammy" singer, did a medley of Jolson's greatest songs as the picture reached a crescendo finale and the house lights came up. Then Larry Parks, in person, turned his intense dark eyes to his severest critic, pretty Betty Garrett, whose rapt attention in her husband's portrayal had precluded comment during the screening. "Well, honey, what do you think?"

Betty burst into tears. Tears of happiness, of pride.

"Was I that bad?" Larry teased.

"You were marvelous. You *were* Jolson!" Betty assured him, and she's a girl who knows her show business, for she, too, is a star on Broadway's musical comedy stage.

Of course, a wife *can* be prejudiced, however critical her judgment, but pic-

ture makers and the public are coldly dispassionate in their evaluations of acting, and everyone who has since seen Larry Parks' portrayal of Jolson says the same thing: "This guy Parks is Jolson down to the last gesture and facial expression. It's uncanny!"

There's Harry Cohn, boss man of Columbia, for example. He's so pleased with Larry's job that he gave him a bonus and a new Ford convertible. Thus another star has been born in Hollywood, but not over-night as you might think.

Parks isn't one of those lucky characters who made a smash hit in an initial picture; he had suffered through some thirty magnificently mediocre films before he played Jolson, and those after a solid foundation of acting in little theater, stock company and Broadway productions for several years. Nothing comes the easy way to this personable, rather serious chap with glowing eyes and dark, wavy hair. Way back in his childhood sickness left him a near invalid and only an indomitable will kept him exercising and cured him. Discouragement dogged his heels again and again after he started acting. Even his marriage, which (*Please turn to page 67*)



Portrait of a Lady

Teresa Wright, co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives" with Fredric March, Myrna Loy, Dana Andrews and Virginia Mayo.



What
The
Future
Holds
for
*Greer
Garson*





Greer's been a busy gal, what with winding up filming of "A Woman of My Own," in which Robert Mitchum, studying script with the star above, has a prominent rôle, and Richard Hart from the stage, at right, is introduced to screen audiences, opposite Miss Garson. Facing page, as Mrs. Richard Ney, at home.

Surprise! It's still in the formative stage, but it may be the not too distant future when Greer Garson will be bringing her company of players to your home town

By Paul Marsh

YOU are sitting in your local legitimate theater in Augusta or Des Moines or Seattle. You are seeing a play—with high-powered live talent—and it's quite an event in the theatrical history of your community. A striking red-haired actress in regal garb of flowing green silk thrills you with a remarkable performance as she snatches bloody daggers from her quaking husband's hands and returns them to a room in which murder has been committed.

This woman in green silk with the flaming tresses is Greer Garson playing a new rôle. You are seeing her on the stage in your town in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," in which she enacts the unfortunate over-ambitious queen. The play is one of six in her repertory.

But not all the vehicles in her repertory will be so tragic. The following night you will observe her blithely smashing phonograph records over an ardent swain's head in Noel Coward's "Private Lives." On the next evening she will be a calculating maid in a Restoration comedy. When the week has run out, you will have seen several classic dramas, a Restoration comedy, one contemporary piece, and several European dramas. It will have been a week excitingly spent for you, and you will have seen the many facets of Greer Garson's exceptional histrionic talents.

All this is in the formative stage, but if her plans work out the way she hopes they will, it may be in the not too distant future when Greer will be bringing her company of players to your home town. And you'll agree that it will be a

festive week of dramatic entertainment.

This decision to go on the road is nothing new to Greer. Even before the war she cherished such an idea. Once again she is dusting off her schedules and arrangements with the thought that now she may shift her company into a high gear of activity. She does not intend to neglect her screen career, but instead will divide the year evenly, devoting one-half to movie-making and the other half to the stage. The repertory group will open in New York City and take to the road from there.

Greer has never lost her love for the stage and now that she is firmly established as one of the motion picture industry's top players, she'd like to return to the boards in rôles which are vastly different from those she portrayed on the silver screen. Aside from the pleasure of professional accomplishment, Greer is returning to the stage in an effort to recapture the many excitements of backstage life. She misses the sound of real-audience applause, the smell of greasepaint, and the multiple noises which make the world of the legitimate theater a vastly satisfying one. Being stage-trained before she made her trek to Hollywood and world-wide fame, she cannot forget the rhythm of stage life which is so different from her work before the motion picture cameras. Picture-making, she thinks, lacks the full-bodied existence of live-stage shows.

"In Hollywood we report to the studio at nine, and at nine-twenty we are doing a scene before the camera," she explained. "When we are through, there is no sen-



sing of the reaction of applause of an audience which is enjoying the show. You realize you are living in a mechanical age when you work on a film studio set," she went on. "The story is put together piece by piece, day by day, and there is not the same feeling that stage actors have when they do an entire production and tell a complete story in several uninterrupted hours.

"I'm looking forward to the weeks of rehearsals, and the meticulousness that is necessary for the preparation of a stage play. I want to recapture the glorious sensation that comes over you as you step from the dark, anonymous offstage into a warm, brilliantly lighted stage set. I'm even (Please turn to page 89)



Exclusive photos show the Holdens at home in San Fernando Valley. Bill has just completed "Dear Ruth," for Paramount. Brenda plans to resume her screen career, interrupted by motherhood.



Bill Holden and his wife, Brenda Marshall, married in 1941, resume their tranquil domestic life together, just like so many other young American couples separated by the war.

TALL, blond and handsome, William Holden's back from the wars and rarin' to go. He's like water boiling in a kettle with the lid on. That pent-up steam's got to be used somewhere or poor Bill's going to blow his top.

The answer came at last with the start of "Dear Ruth" over at Paramount. This gay comedy is taken from the stage play by Norman Krasna, and is being directed by William Russell, beloved by all the younger players at the studio when he held the post of dramatic coach for several years.

But first there were delays. There was litigation and fuss; there were lawyers who stewed and argued with each other about the rights to the play—and you could almost see poor Bill counting the days, the hours, the minutes until he could start acting again.

Actually, he got his honorable discharge over a year ago. When he enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps

April 17, 1942, he was under contract to Paramount and Columbia jointly. So naturally when he was released, a First Lieutenant in the Air Corps, he could hardly wait to get his career going again.

"I wanted to get started as soon as I was released from the Army," he said with a kind of desperate fury. "I got hold of every script both studios had made since I'd been gone as well as all the current ones. I read every property they had, past, present and future. Naturally, the past ones had already been made. But that was all right, as I hadn't seen many pictures while I was in the Army and I wanted to catch up on what they'd been doing. The current ones were already in the making



Remember "Golden Boy" of 1939? Here he is again. Say hello to Holden

and the future ones were already cast—without me. So I waited.”

Waiting was difficult, for Bill's a very serious young man. He's nervous and high-strung and, where he used to be uncertain and doubtful, now he's certain and definite. The Army and three years away from the business of making motion pictures have taught him that.

“Hollywood and the industry were a long way off when I was in the Army,” he explained. “You've got no idea how far away this life seemed. So when I did have time to think about it, I could see it objectively. I could see clearly a lot of things I'd never analyzed before. I saw the weaknesses—the strange fact, for one thing, that you have to know the

right people to get the right breaks; that too often being in the right spot at the right time counts for more than ability. But I saw, too, the great strength of the industry, its opportunity and power to be a really significant force in people's thinking.”

Mindful of this, Bill went hopefully to the powers-that-be time after time with socially significant books, plays and stories he thought should be made into pictures that would compel people to realize the kind of world they are living in. And time after time he was turned down, gently but very firmly. For the one little thing Bill forgot was that an entertainer is put into show business to entertain.

To speak of Bill Holden is to speak of Brenda Marshall, his lovely wife. And to watch her, slim and sleek in crisp raspberry linen setting off the most gorgeous tan in these parts, is to remember her dark beauty opposite Errol Flynn in “The Sea Hawk” and her tempestuous foil to James Cagney in “Captains of the Sky.” And, contemplating her unruffled calmness, deep in the big green-and-white chintz-covered armchair, it was difficult to realize she is the mother of three.

“Oh, I just look that way because we've come back from a perfectly gorgeous week in Santa Barbara,” she said, dimples and dazzling white teeth merging in a beautiful smile. “We had a simply divine time. I forgot all about being a mother and a housewife. We danced every night, swam and played, and were lazy all day long!”

The newest Holden heir—and a beautiful, sturdy baby he is, with Brenda's dark eyes and (Please turn to page 84)

Bill's Back



Bill and Brenda enjoy fast tennis, squabble amiably over gin rummy. Bill says he hates gardening but just hand him a vacuum cleaner and watch the dust fly. Camera couldn't catch him at it, though.



Brenda is a wonderful mother, puts happy marriage always before her career. At left, the whole Holden family: Mom Brenda, Scott Porter Holden, Pop Bill, and sturdy blond Peter Westfield Holden.



NANCY GUILD and her handsome father have long been good comrades, mutual critics, and fellow admirers of the drama and motion picture sections of a certain sophisticated magazine. After Nancy had finished her first motion picture rôle, which you'll remember was that of feminine lead opposite John Hodiak in "Somewhere in the Night," her father repeatedly baited Nancy by saying, "Just you wait until you read what the critic has to say about your work. Confidentially, my dear, I think he'll slice you to ribbons. He'll pulverize you and spread you on rye bread, and then he'll gobble you bite by bite."

It would have been customary for Nancy, thus plagued, to arise in vociferous defense to point out some likely de-

feat lurking in the future of her male parent. However, such was the trepidation with which she had approached her career that she could but nod timorously in agreement. On the day when "Somewhere in the Night" was reviewed in the magazine, someone at the studio mentioned it to her in passing. Mendaciously, she nodded when asked if she had read it. Then, as fast as her battered car would deliver her, she rushed home, snatched up the magazine, and read: "Nancy Guild is 20th Century's 'find,' introduced in this picture. Very handsome, I would say, but no Ethel Barrymore." Clasp the magazine to her bosom, Nancy turned shining eyes to her father. "How generous of him," she exulted over the lukewarm praise. "How flattering, and how simply wonderful!"

Here she is at home, the charming and unpredictable Miss Guild. Upper right, facing page, 20th's star of "The Brasher Doubloon" with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Guild.

The Town's Be-Guild

Nancy has given Hollywood something new to talk about, being a beauty with humor and intellectual integrity

By Fredda Dudley





This will give you some idea of the intellectual integrity of Miss Nancy Guild, who will admit at the drop of a script that having been brought into the motion picture business with less knowledge of its working than Bernhardt knew of television, she is grateful for any kindly word that is applied to her initial performance. When another critic wrote, "Nancy Guild is the Fox answer to Warners' Lauren Bacall and Paramount's Elizabeth Scott," some of Nancy's friends mentally composed poison pen letters to the writer. Not so Nancy. She was elated to be mentioned in the same breath with two other girls whom she admires but to whom she can find in her mirror no faintest resemblance. The hair? But you can't count that, because Nancy has always parted her hair on one side and simply run a comb through it.

Until now, that is. At present writing she is parting it on the side, running a comb through it, and then confining the great double fox brush of thick brown tresses in a rubber band. Around that she twines a series of decorative clasps. One of these is her mother's charm

bracelet, on which Mrs. Guild has strung three heart lockets worn in babyhood by her three children, her husband's Phi Delta Theta pin, and the Phi Delt pins presented to her by her two sons. Nancy slides the Phi Delt pins to the rear for fear someone may think she is making a collection of fraternal emblems—horrid thought. Incidentally, Nancy herself wears the arrow of Pi Beta Phi. Another is a heavy antique gold necklace, from which a cameo is pendant. When arranged, the gold links encircle the back of Nancy's head and the cameo shines forth conspicuously on her hair. One of her first boy friends gave her a silver dollar. This has been set in a frame and attached to an Indian silver bracelet and is also worn in the hair. No matter how widely this is copied, it is hereby tagged as the personal innovation of guileful Guild.

Nancy may be pardoned for being

somewhat amazed by her career. She was born in Hollywood Hospital, grew up in the Los Feliz section of Los Angeles, and completed her secondary school work at Immaculate Heart high school, located no farther from Hollywood and Vine than could be spanned by a good still camera—on a clear day, of course. She never collected autographs, saw few movies, since she went swimming at every opportunity, and was probably less conscious of the motion picture industry than any high school girl living presently at Sabetha, Kansas. (Sabetha was not a town chosen willy-nilly for purposes of illustration. It was Nancy's father's birthplace, and a spot held in Nancy's high regard as a result.)

Having been graduated from high school, Nancy elected to matriculate at the University of Arizona, where she majored in journalism with an English minor. She was (*Please turn to page 93*)



Danny Kaye's Dream Girl



WHEN you see a Danny Kaye picture, you always expect to see Virginia Mayo as his charming heroine. Which isn't bad expectation! The honey-blond Miss Mayo has proved the perfect counterpart to the hectic cavortings of Mr. Kaye. In "Wonder Man," "Kid from Brooklyn," and now in "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," she has been Danny's dream girl. So—if anyone should know about this Danny Kaye, it should be Virginia.

With this in mind and with the sole purpose of getting inside dope on Hollywood's hottest comedian—and to find out some facts about the very zingy Virginia—I traipsed over to the Samuel Goldwyn lot for a talk with the lady.

She had been a mighty busy person, having made five pictures in two years, and had only recently played in both "Secret Life of Walter Mitty" and "The Best Years of Our Lives" with Dana Andrews at the same time. In the latter, she emerges as a vixenish siren.

But now to get back to this Danny Kaye person. Contrary to most opinions, Virginia didn't meet Danny for the first time when they made "Wonder Man" together. Their first meeting came in 1941 when they were on the same vaudeville bill, Virginia as a ring-mistress to a horse in a comedy act and Danny as a gentle singer of song specialties. Danny, incidentally, was not quite so hot in those days before his Broadway career.

"Danny was then, as he is now, a terrific worker," Virginia began. "He was trying so hard to get his material across, but the audience didn't go for him. His material and his style were for a New York spot or at least a definitely sophisticated crowd. As for myself, I was very, very impressed with him. He had the cutest little twinkle in his eyes. He still has it. I must confess it was the twinkle more than his talent that sold me on him at first. During this time, I only had chances to talk to him occasionally backstage.

But when the week's engagement was over, he came to my dressing room to say goodbye. I was terribly embarrassed, for I had no makeup on. And

Tells all!

By Jack Holland

Gorgeous Virginia Mayo, Danny's screen sweetheart, tattles on the top comedian



Virginia has been the blonde beloved of zany Kaye in "Wonder Man," "The Kid from Brooklyn," and now "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." Left, a scene in which Danny dreams himself as a champion of the old West, while Virginia looks on admiringly, in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor production of James Thurber's famous fantastic comedy.

come over from his show after the performance was over to join Eddie in the last part of 'Banjo Eyes.' He loved to get Eddie all messed up and take the show away from him. The two are, by the way, still good friends.

"I saw him last before coming to Hollywood when I went to see 'Let's Face It'

to find a girl in the cast to take my place at the Diamond Horseshoe. You see, I'd been signed by Samuel Goldwyn and was leaving for the coast. While I was backstage I ran into Danny again. After the usual hellos and how-have-you-beens, he told me he was going to Hollywood. 'So am I,' I remarked. 'What studio are you signed with?' 'Samuel Goldwyn's,' Danny answered. And you? Smiling coyly, I

said 'Samuel Goldwyn's.' We then exchanged good wishes—neither of us dreaming we'd ever work together in the same picture. At least, I had no such illusions."

While Danny made "Up in Arms," Virginia became one of the Goldwyn Girls. After that, she was put into the lead opposite Bob Hope in "The Princess and the Pirate." It was Bob who really helped her over the rough spots. By the time she made "Wonder Man" with Danny, she was already on her way up the cinematic ladder.

"I was a mighty nervous young lady on that picture," Virginia admitted, dropping the subject of Danny Kaye momentarily. "Bob seemed to realize this, so he did all he could to make things easier. He kidded me a great deal to make me feel (Please turn to page 69)

I did want to make a good impression. "I watched his progress from then on, seeing him mainly at restaurants occasionally. I watched him go from his hit at the Martinique to his solid success in 'Let's Face It.' While he was doing the latter show, I was working in 'Banjo Eyes' with Eddie Cantor and was later at the Diamond Horseshoe. I remember so well the nights that Danny used to

Susan Hayward, starring in Walter Wanger's "Smash-Up—Story of a Woman," wears these striking clothes to emphasize her highly dramatic characterization



Evidencing the return to beautiful fabrics, this negligée of pink chiffon and French lace has silver threads outlining the flower pattern of the low-cut bodice.



Dinner costume designed by Banton for Susan Hayward to wear in "Smash-Up" has white crepe blouse with deep collar and full sleeves, sweeping skirt of black faille.



Smart navy and white checked wool suit above has clever manipulation of the pattern. Susan's hat is a softly draped brown felt and she wears brown accessories.



Gracefully feminine, this soft beige suit has highly becoming side buttoning for the long, slender jacket and a very new collar of mink, topped by turban.

Susan Hayward plays a problem woman in her new picture for Universal-International, so Travis Banton has designed colorful clothes to carry out the implications of the daring rôle. At left, petticoat fashion for evening: snug top of black jersey with wide fitted girdle of velvet and full ballerina-length skirt. Deep ruffle of pink organza, huge pink rose at the waistline add spice.

Fashion Story of a Woman

★
Sculptured torso lines release the voluminous skirt of white slipper satin in the white jersey Roma evening dress modeled by Miss Hayward at left. Fashion news: the naturally rounded shoulder line and the lift of the skirt at one side caught with a huge soft bow which falls into the folds of the draped lines.



★
Susan Hayward, in "Smash-Up—Story of a Woman," displays a wardrobe designed by Travis Banton that is a story of modern design in superlative degree. Here, she wears a torso-molding evening gown with a black wool jersey top sprinkled with black sequins. The full, uneven skirt is black slipper satin.



*Photo
Previews*



Left, above, Phyllis Calvert and Stewart Granger in the Gainsborough-J. Arthur Rank production, "The Magic Bow," Manuel Komroff's story of the great violinist, Paganini. Center, Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell in "The Guilt of Janet Ames." Far right, Chester Morris and Constance Dowling in "Trapped." Lower right, Michael Redgrave and Rachel Kempton (Mrs. Redgrave in private life) in "The Captive Heart."



Shadows of things to come! James Mason, wounded and hunted as a fugitive from the police in "Odd Man Out." Other offerings from Hollywood and England

James Mason, facing page, in his strongest characterization so far—this time, expect sympathetic reaction to his poignant portrayal of a down-and-outer. Right, Dick Powell and Evelyn Keyes in Columbia's "Johnny O'Clock," the dramatic story of a gambler and his gal.

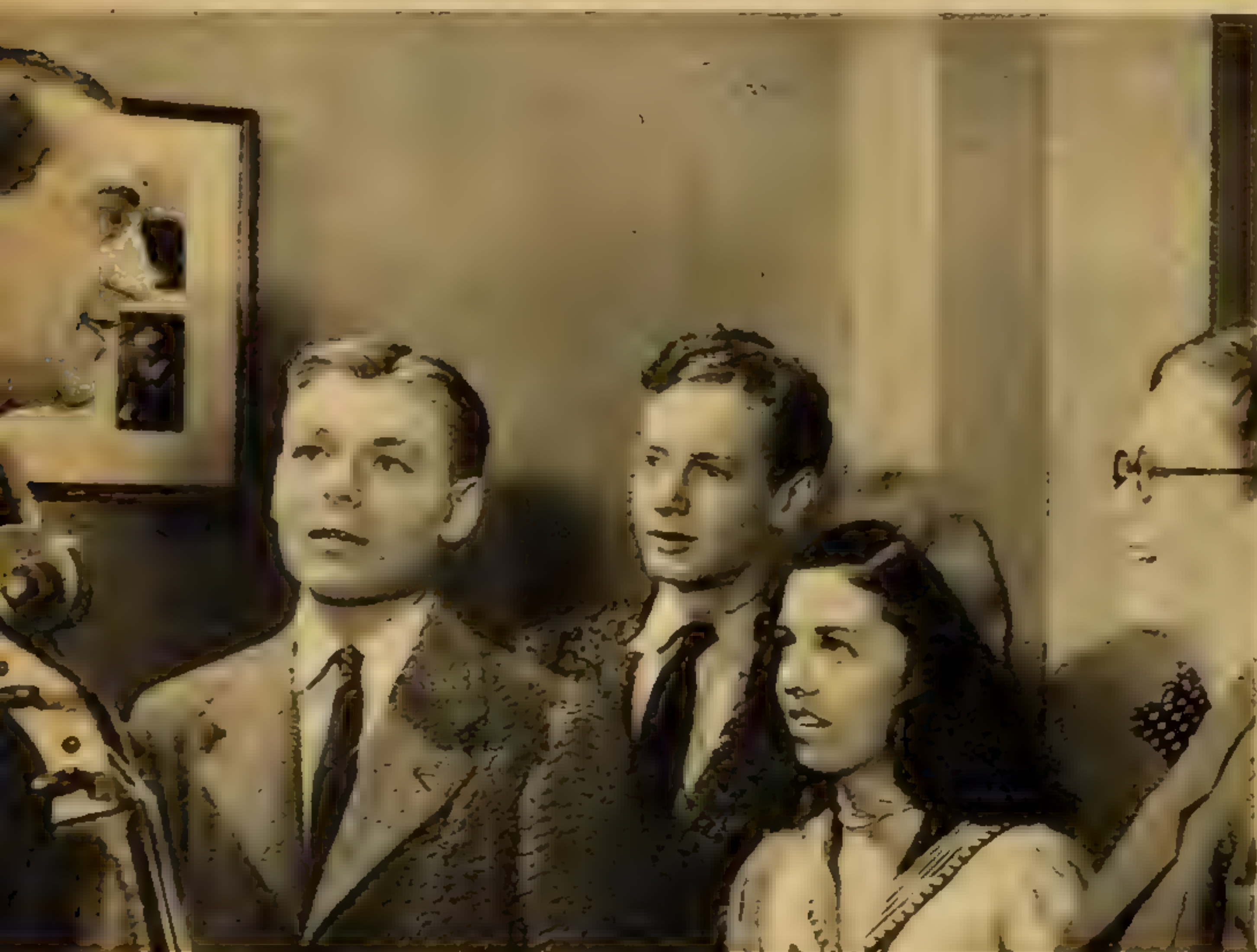




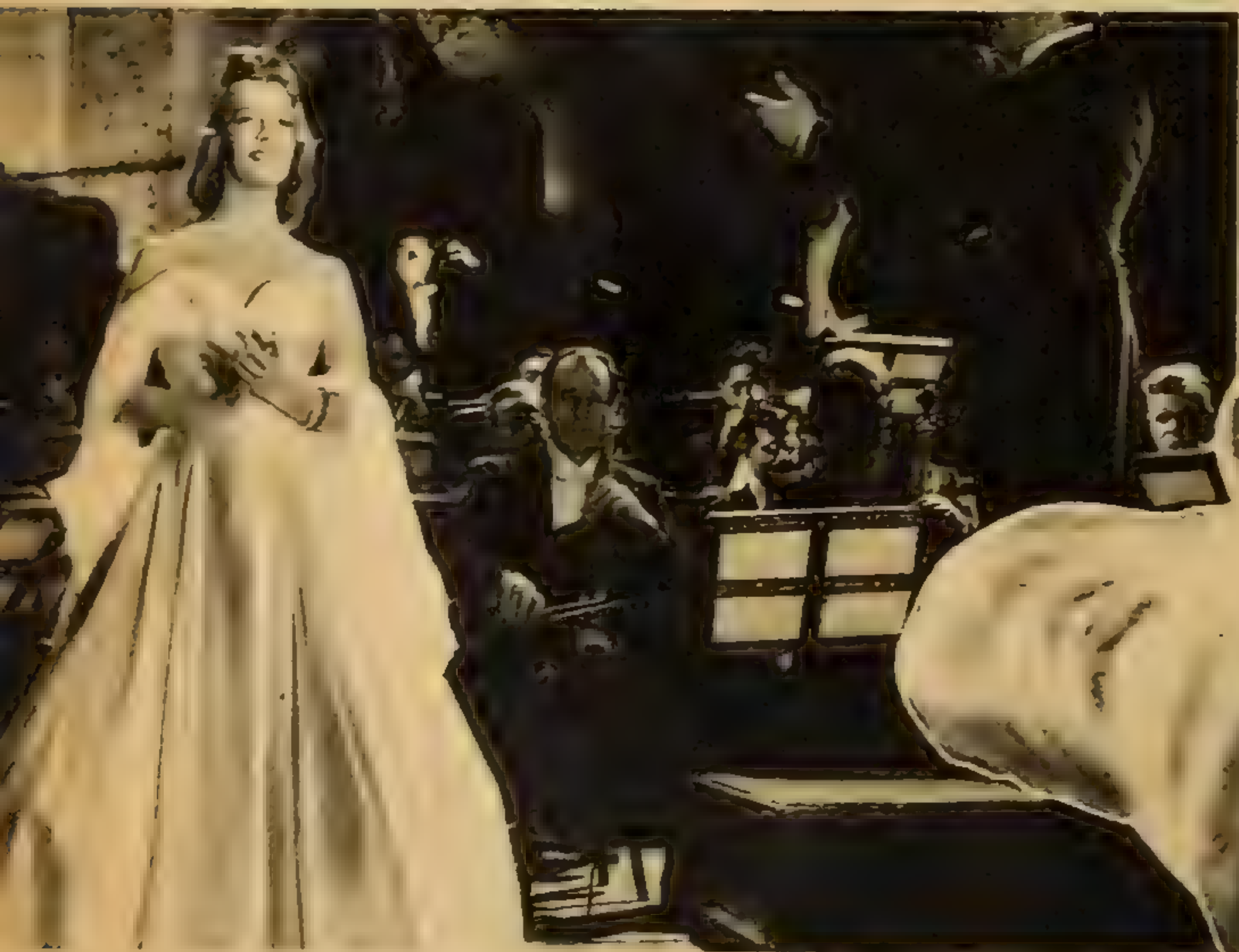
en epics may come and go, but Columbia's "Blondie" series runs on forever—movie audiences love it. Above, Jerome Cowan, Penny Singleton, Larry Simms, and Anita Louise cope with canines in "Blondie's Big Moment."



King of the Cowboys Roy Rogers holds his own among menacing villains in Roy's latest rootin' tootin' movie for Republic, "Apache Rose." Don't worry, fans—Roy will burst out with dulcet Western melodies any moment now.



Gregor Piatigorsky, the great cellist, plays his own life rôle in "Carnegie Hall," Federal Films' all-star musical featuring celebrities of the musical world.



Lily Pons, operatic and concert coloratura, is another in the long list of musical "names" in "Carnegie Hall," as is Artur Rodzinsky, the noted conductor, below.



WILD AND WOOLLY and other Photo Previews



In "California," Academy-Award-Winner Ray Milland is seen in his first Western rôle. Can he ride!



Randy Scott, below, with Dorothy Hart, in "Twin Sombros," a Western thriller by Zane Grey produced by Harry Joe Brown. Above, thriller of another type: Dennis O'Keefe and Marguerite Chapman in "Mr. District Attorney."

Two players recently elevated to stardom by Columbia Pictures: shape-ly, blonde Leslie Brooks and rugged Jimmy Lloyd, pictured above in a romantic scene from "Cigarette Girl." How do you like this new team?



Ride 'em, cowboy! John Wayne stars in Republic's "Angel and the Badman," with Gail Russell, at right above, as the beautiful heroine.

Newest, fascinating fashion note of the month is Evie Wynn's be-dangled, be-spangled hat. She's Ciro-ing with Van.



Gossip by
Weston East

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

EVERY available Hollywood bachelor has tried to date Gene Tierney since her separation. Between scenes on the set of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," the phone rings constantly. So far not one persuasive male has made the grade. Gene has a tiny new house she's furnishing. She rushes home every night to see her little girl and confer with decorators. Her sister came out from the East to make her home with Gene and the two girls are having fun just "batching" it.

DO MOVIE stars have a sense of humor? You should have seen Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, when he accompanied her on a shopping expedition. Two hysterical women discovered them in an inconspicuous corner, where Barbara was looking at dresses. The ladies stared and squealed, they made remarks in loud tones until their bad behavior was so embarrassing to the stars that Bob whispered to Barbara,

"Let's *really* put on an act for them." He kissed Barbara on the nose, then on the cheek. She kissed him back. The lovely ladies got so excited that a floor-walker finally had to escort them quietly to the other end of the room.

WHILE shooting "Captain from Castile," Tyrone Power flew up from their Mexican location to have dinner at one of Mexico City's prominent hotels. Imagine his surprise when he discovered there were cards on each table announcing he was to be guest of honor for the evening. Further checking proved the cards were there *every* night, just in case he *did* show up!

HOLLYWOOD decorators might as well relax. Van Johnson, with the assistance of Evie Wynn, is going to redecorate that new home himself. Isolated atop of Santa Monica hill, Van finally gets the privacy he's long deserved.

Drop stairs operated by a pulley cord make his bedroom inaccessible after Van is once in it. His bobby-soxer fans will have to sprout wings if they want to reach him there. Whether Evie will become a permanent "fixture" in the Johnson household, only time will tell. At this stage, certainly *they* won't.

PPETER SHAW'S name and face mean nothing to the public, but as Lana Turner's escort, it won't be long now. This isn't a romance, however. Peter, a former major in the British Army, is married. His wife is still on the other side, waiting to see what happens to Peter, who is under contract at MGM, but so far hasn't been given a part. Lana invited him to accompany her to Director Irving Rapper's house, where the brilliant composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein played the piano. Peter, who has been lonely in Hollywood, appreciated the friendly gesture.



Deanna Durbin greets British stars, Rex Harrison and his wife, Lilli Palmer, at Universal-International's party in his honor at the Crillon.



It's a date for lunch with husband Gene Markey when Myrna Loy can take time out from filming of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."

ANDREA KING and Nat Willis, one of the nicest couples in Hollywood, gave a party. The occasion? To celebrate Nat's admission into the Bar Association, as a practising lawyer. Most welcome sight at the charming party was David Niven, escorting the charming Cathy Downs. He's just beginning to find himself again after months of grieving. Whenever he's working, David has his motherless children brought on the set at least twice a week. As a friend and father and an all-round admirable person, they don't come any nicer than David.

HUMPHREY BOGART'S new fifteen year (no options) contract with Warner Bros. is delighting him in more ways than one. Aside from the amount of money involved, Bogey kids about a "Judge Hardy clause." "By that time I'll be ready for those parts," he told the big boss. When the studio insisted on the usual morality clause, the one-and-only Bogart exploded. "For the next fifteen years? You flatter me, gentlemen!"

HOLLYWOOD glamor gals should take a good lesson from Lilli Palmer, charming actress and devoted wife of charming actor and devoted husband, Rex Harrison. Arriving late at a cocktail party given in her honor, Lilli apologized: "I'm so sorry. But you see, a tooth fell out and I had to have it put back in." The actresses present who heard her honest admission were so startled they never did regain their composure.

WITH the Hollywood divorce rate hitting a new high, we point with pride to the devotion between Anne Baxter and John Hodiak. At a special showing of "The Razor's Edge" in the Academy Theater, (Hollywood's official preview house) in the midst of Anne's brilliant and heart-breaking performance,

John began to sob. Anne was so concerned about John being concerned, she began to sob too. They sat there in the dark, holding hands and trying to comfort each other. It was a mighty touching scene.

THERE'S a scene in "High Barbaree" where Van Johnson is supposed to pull back an Army blanket and look at the dead body of Cameron Mitchell. They lined up the shot. Van pulled back the blanket and instead of weeping, he roared. There staring up at him was Peter Lawford, who framed the substitution when he happened to drop by the set.

CAN you picture Bette (atom bomb energy) Davis doing nothing but knitting for the next four months? Neither can we, but it's doctor's orders. She's in perfect health, but knowing how energetic she is, they aren't taking any chances. From "Butternut," her farm in New Hampshire, comes a note from Mrs. William Grant Sherry. "Can you visualize B.D. in the rôle of a knitter-sitter?" she writes. "It's the toughest job I've ever tackled, and I couldn't be happier!"

WHEN Angela Lansbury's sister arrived from England, the blonde beauty decided to throw a party. Included on the guest list was George Sanders. He and Angela worked together in "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami" and got along beautifully. George arrived at the party, met all the guests and disappeared. He didn't turn up again for the balance of the evening. Maybe he was out in the garden trying to figure out some way of getting his estranged wife to return to him. In this case, he's anything but that widely-publicized woman-hater.

UNLESS they read it here, the big-wigs at 20th Century-Fox will never know the name of the featured singer who "tried out" with Jan Savitt's



Yvonne De Carlo renews acquaintance with Lari Parks, above. They started out in show business together. Below, Yvonne enjoys Turhan Bey's company.



orchestra in the town of Fresno, California. It was Mark Stevens, a friend of Jan's, who's been accompanying him around on his one-night stands. Mark's childhood ambition was to sing with a band. When he made "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," instead of using his voice they dubbed in that of Buddy Clark, a fine radio singer, at the last minute. So Mark is making up for it in his own way.

HE WHO laughs last is Dana Andrews. In order to borrow him for "The Unsuspected" (to be released by Warner Bros.) director Mike Curtiz had to fork over \$150,000 plus a percentage to Sam Goldwyn, who holds the magnificent Andrews contract. When Dana was unknown and struggling, an agent tried to get him a routine screen test at Warner Bros. The casting director refused to okay it.

ANN Dvorak rushed right off the set of Henry Fonda's "The Long Night" and over to the Florentine Gardens, a popular Hollywood night spot. Igor, the sexsational Russian dancer, who was Ann's dancing partner in "Bel Ami," was without his usual partner. Would Ann go on in her place? She would and she did. First, because she is a trouper. Second, because Igor just happens to be her constant companion and escort around Hollywood.

JEAN Pierre Aumont received his release from his MGM contract. As soon as they find the right story, Jean and wifey Maria Montez are going to make a picture together.

Seldom photographed Robbie Garfield (Mrs. John Garfield) takes kidding of hubby and Richard Conte, while Alexander Knox listens in.



Tony Martin kept long distance telephone wires busy when Marguerite Chapman was on location in Arizona. Is that romance? Now that she's back, they're nightclubbing again.

THE critics went for Ginger Rogers, hook, line and full columns when she visited some of the Eastern cities recently. Grateful as *Dolly Madison* was, her greatest thrill came when she met husband Jack Briggs' entire family, who live in the country outside of New York. Ginger and Jack just happened to arrive on his grandparents' 60th wedding anniversary. For that state occasion Jack's sister decided to christen her little daughter Virginia, named after Auntie Ginger.

It was a celebration none of them will ever forget.

SHE'S no longer "sweet little Donna Reed." And the reason is Frank Capra's direction plus her wonderful rôle opposite Jimmy Stewart in "It's a Wonderful Life." Back at MGM they now regard Donna with new respect, and high time, too. In "Green Dolphin Street," playing Lana Turner's sister, she shares top billing with the star.





The Dennis Morgans check their programs at an important Hollywood benefit show.



Zachary Scott and Alan Mowbray enjoy listening to Mrs. Louis Hayward's charming chatter. Below, Benedict Bogeaus, producer, with his pretty wife, Dolores Moran.



Hedy Lamarr

star of "DISHONORED LADY"
A Hunt Stromberg Production
Released thru United Artists

Depend on Deltah for neckline glamour . . .

Nothing can match the creamy flattery of DELTAH simulated pearls, glowing and lustrous against your skin. Choose them for their beauty, treasure them for their fine quality. . . Necklaces and earrings, perfectly matched, in luxurious gift cases.

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



*Once Chosen —
Always Treasured*

SCREENLAND

salutes

James Stewart

in
"It's a Wonderful Life"



enes you'll remember, above, show the budding of
nance for Jimmy and co-star, Donna Reed; their
tual interest in fellow townsmen; and their own
blems solved, finally, by a whimsical guardian angel.



And it's still the same wonderful Jimmy who makes a grand comeback in this warmly human drama of small town life. You'll laugh and you'll cry

Frank Capra, producing and directing his first picture for Liberty Films after his war service, seen at left with Jimmy Stewart, offers a fascinating answer to a statement which even you may have been guilty of making in a bleak moment: "I wish I had never been born." In showing just what a predicament that poses for his star character, he tells a poignant story of a small town boy, eager for wide horizons, but forced by circumstances to continue his father's confining work. Here is the Capra touch that sparks the spirit of good will



The Parks Story

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we hasten to report is a very happy one, has had a hurdle: he and Betty have been separated by 3,000 miles more than half of the time since their wedding. But they're young, in love, and will be together again when Betty starts a picture career, slated to be soon.

To us, the Parks story packs as much punch in its struggle-to-succeed theme as "The Jolson Story," and here it is. Born in Olathe, Kansas, on December 13, 1914, the son of Frank H. Parks, an advertising man, and Leona Klusman Parks, a former concert organist, Larry's childhood was much like that of other midwestern boys, with two exceptions. He thought his given name of Lawrence sounded sissy, so he bobbed it to Larry, and an attack of rheumatic fever and later paralysis left him a partial invalid. He was sickly and underweight until he entered high school in Joliet, Illinois, where his family had moved. Then he began to fill out, became interested in sports and despite that early physical handicap now stands 5' 11", weighs 160 and excels in swimming, skiing, tennis and surfboard riding.

Larry enrolled at the University of Illinois with the avowed purpose of becoming a doctor, but became interested in drama and collegiate theatricals were his principle extra-curricular activity. Between junior and senior years he toured Illinois with a small repertory company he organized, instead of his previously more profitable summer jobs of hauling and piling bricks, counseling in a Wisconsin boys camp or working in his father's advertising firm.

A month before graduation he wrote to fifty-four little theaters and stock companies throughout the country asking for a straw hat season job. He received eight replies, four offering salaries, and accepted the top bidder, at \$20 a week, with the Guy Palmerton stock company, known as the "Manhattan Players," in Massachusetts.

Larry was given his B.S. degree with honors, despite his tough major in chemistry and minor in physics, won a scholarship for the University of Illinois Medical School, and planned to return to Chicago in the autumn for his medical studies. "Something happened after I started doing legitimate stock work, though," Larry recalls. "I suddenly realized that acting was the future I wanted." So, instead of going to medical school, he remained with the Palmerton company through the following winter and even the next summer, touring Fitchburg, Salem, Worcester, then through the other New England states, playing every type of rôle and gaining experience which finally sent him to New York.

After the usual number of discouraging turn-downs at producers' offices he finally was given a break by the Group Theater, a small rôle as a reporter in "Golden Boy." John Garfield, Elia Kazan, J. Edward Bromberg and Robert Louis recognized his talents and not only encouraged him but helped him get big-



James Mason and his talented wife, Pamela Kellino, are dramatic camera subjects on board the Queen Elizabeth in New York. Below, the popular British star checks over photo negatives with Kathleen Ryan, who is co-starring with him in "Odd Man Out."



ger rôles in "My Heart's in the Highlands," "All the Living" and "The Pure in Heart." (Not one to forget, Larry says he still owes them a debt of gratitude.)

Just as his career seemed to be taking shape, Larry's father died and he felt he needed a more reliable income, went to Chicago and became a Pullman inspector. He hated the job but stuck with it until one day John Garfield wired him to come to Hollywood for a part in "Mama Ravioli." Larry rode a bus—he couldn't afford the Chief or the Constellation then—but a day before the picture was to go into production it was cancelled.

Larry's ensuing rounds of the casting offices was a repetition of his early Broadway days. In desperation Larry rounded up two other out-of-work actors and the trio scraped up enough cash to buy a cheap lot (fortunately that was before the real estate boom), then borrowed enough money to build a house, which they did entirely with their own blistered hands except for plumbing and electricity. Miraculously, it didn't fall

apart, they sold it, and had a \$900 profit. With a practical sense rare in actors they invested that amount in a down payment on the old Thomas Meighan house in Hollywood, found seven other aspiring actors to join their group and started a cooperative housing project.

"We had practically no furniture except beds, but there was a wonderful auditorium, complete with stage, in the house and we could put on plays right in our own home!" Larry reminisces.

Larry meantime played with innumerable Los Angeles stock companies and little theaters, without getting a nod from the talent scouts, but when he went to Santa Barbara to appear in a play there, a Columbia representative spotted him and offered him the usual stock contract. He grabbed it.

Larry did tests with just about every player on Mr. Cohn's payroll, then graduated to bit parts and later to leads in B pictures; after some thirty films he finally won a fairly decent rôle in an A—"Counter Attack." Convinced that his break had arrived, he worked like the traditional beaver for months on that

part, only to have most of his footage end on the cutting-room floor.

About that time Skolsky sold Columbia the idea of making "The Jolson Story." Good old reliable Larry Parks made the first test for the rôle of "the greatest entertainer of our time," in November 1944, then forgot about it temporarily while he made "Renegades," in which he *did* have a good part. Meanwhile, for three months, just about every male on the Columbia lot, plus outside actors, crooners, soda jerks and taxicab drivers tested for the Jolson rôle. Then some Bright Character (the record is confused on exactly who the B.C. was) said, "Let's test that first guy again," and Larry was recalled. This time he was signed. "I had the dubious honor of making the first and last tests for the rôle," is how Larry sums up that typical example of Hollywood casting.

Followed two months of rehearsals about as intensive and exhausting as the training of a heavyweight before a championship bout. Larry studied Jolson's singing and speaking voices, his walk, his gestures, the way he rolls his eyes, until the Parks lad felt "like a Siamese twin." For six months more he worked just as hard while the picture was in production, constantly asking himself, "Can I please the public on this? After all, millions of people who see this picture have seen Jolson, and I'll be compared to the original. Imitations usually suffer by comparison."

Miraculously he didn't get ulcers, although he worried enough to develop them, all of which was needless, for he's come through with Parks stock soaring, and through the toughest possible test—the rôle of a man still alive, still vividly remembered. Think how much easier it is to portray a character strictly fictional, or dead a hundred years; nobody can draw comparisons then.

"I wasn't fit to live with lots of the time on that picture, I was so completely wrapped up in work. It's a good thing Betty was in New York!" asserts Larry, thus bringing us to the other half of the Parks story, his long-distance marriage.

Back in early 1944 Larry was spending his evenings, a fugitive from his B-picture routine, working at the Actors' Laboratory Theater in Hollywood, acting and producing camp shows. He needed a leading lady for one production and heard that Betty Garrett, a very able young actress he had known in New York when he was with the Group and she with the Neighborhood Playhouse, was in town. He asked her to play the rôle and a few months later suggested that she be his leading lady for the rest of their lives. They were married in September, even though they realized their individual careers would separate them for a while. "We talked it over and decided we'd both have more incentive to work even harder at our respective jobs if we were married," is the way Larry puts it.

After a month's idyllic honeymoon at the beach, Betty had to go back to New York for rehearsals and the opening of Olsen and Johnson's "Laughing Room Only," in which she was featured. Larry managed time off to be with her there in January and February. Betty spent

the summer and fall of 1945 in Hollywood, then shuttled back to Manhattan for "Call Me Mister," in which she is starred. Larry wangled a week off last July to visit her again, and that's when Betty burst into happy tears after seeing "The Jolson Story."

That's not the part of his visit Larry likes to talk about. His favorite topic is Betty's success. Interviewing him usually turns into a story on his wife. "Betty's the most beautiful and talented girl you ever met," he'll tell you, even *without* the drop of a hat. "This is her first starring rôle—she's been featured before—and isn't it wonderful this happened to us at the same time? It's harder to get tickets for her show than any other one in New York. I even had to stand through half the performance the first night I was there because my ticket was lost at the box office and there wasn't another one available. There were parties and photographers and all that, but we managed to sneak away for a week-end in the Poconos in a hired car. We love the country and the beach."

Betty has received three rather staggering film offers since her triumph in "Call Me Mister," but she has stayed with the show. But eventually she will move to Hollywood, to be mistress of her own home. Someday she and Larry hope to build a house at the beach, but their present place has a strong element of the country, their other choice.

Only five houses away from fabled Hollywood Boulevard, albeit up Nichols Canyon at the west end of town, it is set in tall trees and heavy shrubbery. A spring runs down a hill at the back of the property and, believe it or not, raccoons prowl around at night, attracted by the spring and the neighbors rabbits and goldfish.

"Those 'coons are such thieves," laughs Larry: "They steal the bread left

out for the rabbits, and they swipe the fish right out of the pond. When we first heard them last summer when Betty was here, we thought it was a prowler, but one night we saw them. Then we caught a couple but they were such cute little guys we let them go again. After all, they aren't stealing our fish!"

Larry's mother has been living with him, but because of her serious illness Larry has had plenty of time to practice cooking, at which he's a whiz. "All struggling actors have to learn to cook if they want to eat," he modestly suggests, but the fact remains he whips up really good, full-bodied vegetable soup, beef and kidney pies and beef a la Stroganoff all fit for a gourmet. His favorite is a casserole concoction of fresh vegetables topped with pork chops and tomato sauce which he named "All In One Dish Nellie," for his mother.

Meantime, he and Betty write each other twice a week, sometimes briefly, sometimes at great length, but their telephone bills average \$60 a month, each, for their transcontinental calls, for which one certainly cannot blame them. And proof positive of their happy marriage is the fact that despite their separation, never once has any gossip columnist even *hinted* that all is not well with the Garrett-Parks merger. Also proof positive that Larry's is not a one-picture career is the fact that two weeks before he finished "The Jolson Story" he had to start overlapping his schedule as Rita Hayworth's leading man in "Down to Earth."

He doesn't want to be typed as a romantic leading man, however. He has his eye on a certain historical drama and then he'd like to do comedy. "That's for me. Comedy!" he says with warmth. Well, Harry Cohn, your studio has turned out a lot of good comedies, and leading men that can do them are darned scarce. What are we waiting for?



The boy-of-the-moment is young Claude Jarman, Jr., who makes a hit in MGM's "The Yearling." Here he greets radio audience while his rightfully proud family stands by.

Danny Kaye's Dream Girl Tells All!

Continued from page 55

more at ease. When I'd get nervous, he'd often stop in the middle of a scene and take me over to a corner to talk to me. Several times when I wasn't ready to do a scene, Bob would find ways to stall the 'take' until I was all set. And whenever I did something very well, he'd praise me in front of the entire crew. He was really wonderful!

"Then came my assignment to 'Wonder Man.' I was very glad to have the chance to work with Danny since I'd always admired his work so much. And, too, I couldn't help wondering how he might have changed since I had last seen him. Fundamentally, Danny was the same nice person. But as long as I have known him, I still can only say about him that, like the nursery rhyme, 'When he is good, he is very, very good and when he is bad, he is horrid.' Danny is a moody person—either he's very gay and peppy, or he's low and depressed. I think that's true of any person who is as high-strung as he is. He works so hard on his rôles because he's always anxious for the picture and for his own performance. He never 'walks through' a part. If a scene isn't right, he insists on another try. He's one actor who takes his work seriously, so naturally he has his moods.

"The public's conception of Danny Kaye comes out between scenes and when he's in gay spirits. He then gives imitations and sings songs for the cast and crew. He's also quite a tease. His makeup man, Walter, can verify that. Walter has a thick Austrian accent and Danny is forever calling him 'Valter' and imitating his manner of speaking perfectly. Often he'll imitate Walter's accent and call up his boss. Half the time



Jane Wyman, bedecked with ermine, attends première with handsome hubby, Ronald Reagan.



The William Wellmans turn out for première with Jimmy Stewart and his pretty date, Ellen Ross. Jimmy's the man-of-the-moment since "It's a Wonderful Life."

the poor man doesn't know if he's talking to Walter or to Danny.

"Danny likes to ape my manner of speaking, too. He likes to make fun of people—in an innocent way, of course. But when he starts in on me, he gets me to laughing so hard that I blow up in my scenes. He's especially devilish when we're doing a love scene. I really think I'm his best audience, for I laugh at everything he does.

"He *really* blew me up when I was doing a dramatic scene in 'The Best Years of Our Lives.' It was late and we were all anxious to go home, but that didn't bother Danny. He came on the set without anyone noticing him, got up on top with part of the crew, put on a Dutch cap, and said to me in a high, girlish voice, 'Hello.' It was such a surprise that it threw me completely and it was some time before I could go on with the scene. Another time, I was making stills for the publicity department, I had on a white dress that Danny liked a lot. Every time I'd be ready for the cameraman to take the picture, Danny would start petting my dress and would break up the shot. You might think this would be annoying, but when Danny is pulling such antics, you can't get mad. Instead, you simply begin to laugh.

"People have often asked me what I

think is Danny's finest characteristic. Well, to me, he's just plain Danny, a fellow who's always on hand when someone is in trouble. Whenever anyone on the set is hurt in an accident, Danny is the first person to rush in to help. He's definitely not a selfish or inconsiderate person. He's most charming, however, in my opinion, when he's not trying to act, when he's not putting on a show. When he's humble, he has a quality that no one can touch. And that's my idea of Danny Kaye. He's an all-right guy as far as I'm concerned."

Now—as for this Virginia Mayo herself, who is fast becoming an important personality in Hollywood, she went on the stage when she was very young, primarily because Aunt Alice felt she was a good dancer and should take advantage of her talent.

"I was always appearing before people and I loved it," she said to me. "But there were times when I was young that I'd be so nervous about going on the stage that for a couple of days before I couldn't eat. Fortunately, I got over that."

Her aunt saw to it that she was taught not only dancing, but singing, acting, costuming, designing and even construction of sets. Virginia then embarked on a career in high school, doing everything connected with shows. After school, she

made her first professional appearance at the Chase Hotel as a dancer.

"I had an awful time at first," Virginia went on, "learning my spot on the floor. For some unaccountable reason, I'd forget my routines. That didn't last long, or my career would have stopped right there. This job proved the beginning for me, for Andy Mayo, owner of a vaudeville act called 'Pansy the Horse,' saw me and hired me to act as ringmistress. The horse, by the way, consisted of a hide stuffed by two comedians. When I joined the troupe, I also changed my name from Virginia Jones to Virginia Mayo. It was the custom with such acts to have all members billed under the same name and so I willingly made the switch. Of all my experiences with the act, my most hectic moments came when we played at the Radio City Music Hall in New York. Our first show began at ten in the morning. I lived at the other end of the city and had an awful time getting there so early. I usually arrived at the theater just as the music was beginning.

"Once I lost my voice. Or rather I could only speak in a monotone and in a low, deep voice. Whenever I tried to give my dialogue in a high voice, only a squeak came out. At one performance, I forgot and issued an order to the horse in a high voice. You should have heard the falsetto squeak that registered. I felt like crawling under the footlights."

Virginia went along with the horse act when Eddie Cantor signed it for "Banjo Eyes" on Broadway. But no one noticed her. For a while she thought of giving up the stage since she didn't seem to be getting anywhere, but then she saw a picture called "Stage Door" one day in which Ginger Rogers played a girl who persevered and made good. So Virginia went back to her horse.

She went into Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe" next, still with the act. Rose was impressed by her beauty and told Samuel Goldwyn, who was in town, to take a look. Sam did and sent for her to come to his Waldorf apartment for an interview.

"I remember that I wore a plain felt hat to the interview, and that I was terribly nervous," Virginia commented in her smooth-as-satin voice. "I had to wait for a while before I saw him, so I sat there fidgeting. I was so hoping he'd like me. When he finally did see me, he just looked me over and wanted me to do all the talking. I couldn't think of an intelligent thing to say. But in spite of my lack of conversation, he signed me."

Virginia's career took a big leap after the "Princess and the Pirate." But for a while it looked as though she'd only be the charmer for a comedian. Realizing she had to make a change, she set out to get a dramatic rôle in Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives." Goldwyn at first couldn't see her in the part and since she was already assigned to Danny Kaye's "Walter Mitty," he dismissed the whole matter. But Virginia wouldn't stop. She got one of the photographers to take a set of pictures of her in the makeup and costume for the part. She then sent the pictures to Goldwyn. He was amazed—and gave her the rôle.

As for the Mayo facts, the most pro-

vocative item is that she has an order in for a sewing machine. That is something in this town!

"It's not that I'm much of a seamstress," Virginia said, "but I'm always making over hats and dresses. I save a lot of money this way, and with my extravagant shopping habits I should have some economies. Whenever I go shopping, I want to buy everything I see."

Virginia is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, wears a 6½ AAA shoe, has 36 size hips, 34 bust, and 23 waist—which about takes care of the physical aspects. She's a hearty eater and has no diet worries. For lunch, as a matter of fact, she likes a big thick steak with French fried onions. She washes her own hair and wears only powder and lipstick. She seldom goes to a beauty parlor. She prefers tub baths to showers and likes to soak and read for at least ten minutes. Her favorite actors are Bob Hope, George Sanders, John Garfield.



and, of course, Danny Kaye. Katharine Hepburn, Greer Garson, and Ingrid Bergman are her favorite actresses. She doesn't like night clubs or Pullman berths because they give her claustrophobia. She doesn't smoke and her only liquorish habit is a glass of wine before dinner, heavily diluted with water. Her hobby is sketching and she has a weakness for homeless dogs. For sports, she prefers riding above everything else but also swims, skates, and plays basketball. She's quite the horsewoman and has her own horse. She even rides in rodeos when she has the chance. Her aversions are automobile drivers who hog the road and never give hand signals, people who mistreat animals, and insincere people.

Virginia and I were just about to go on with our chat when Danny Kaye came over, tossed a few remarks, and the interview ended suddenly. The rest of the afternoon was completely hilarious bedlam of the Kaye variety.

Fun was had by all on Burns and Allen's radio show when Gracie asserted that her Georgie should play "The Hucksters" lead. First, Jack Carson, as "radio's top glamor boy," below, dropped in to claim the rôle. Then Frank Sinatra, left, "radio's top singer," campaigned for the part. But all arguments ended when What-a-man Gable, right, showed his qualifications.



High Boy

Continued from page 44

means exercise and Glenn gets his full share. Until recently Glenn and his Lu lived in a house they loved on Screenland Drive (spelled like SCREENLAND Magazine). It was high up in the Hollywood Hills and Glenn, a little guy of six feet four inches, had a decided affinity for altitude. Also, the house was big, with large rooms, high ceilings, a huge fireplace, an acre of lawn with fruit trees, shaggy cypress and a barbecue. It was a wonderful spot for Glenn's favorite type of recreation, resting. It also reminded him of the big white house in Denver where he lived all his young life.

The Langans had a pretty good guardian angel and were able to find a sizeable apartment on a sizeable hill with fairly high ceilings, fairly big rooms, no

fireplace and no big lawn. It's quite easy to move around in, though, because of that other modern American spectre, lack of furniture.

"We've been here three months and so far the bedroom and dining room are only partially furnished. The living room and den are almost bare. But I'm the kind of guy who's always bumping into things, so I'm able to circulate much more freely now than I will when we get the rest of our things in," he grinned. "I'm a man who needs lots of room." Glenn's wife, former showgirl Lucille Weston, understands this only too well, being a six-footer herself.

Furnished or not, Glenn's glad to have this home. In his touring days the best he had was a cheap, cramped hotel room



with a short lumpy bed or a berth on a train when he could afford it. He has a violent allergy to close quarters and drives with the top down on his small convertible even in the foulest California weather. He hopes Betsy, the convertible, hangs together until he gets that Cadillac he's been dreaming about for several years. Chico, the Langans' pooch, which they've had for ten years, thinks the seats of the car are made of dirt and digs them up at every opportunity, exposing the cotton stuffing and the springs, which have a disconcerting habit of popping out and making the riders quite suddenly uncomfortable. Chico makes Glenn uncomfortable, too. Being a rather belligerent little character, he isn't allowed to run loose so it falls to Glenn to take him on long walks through the hills. "All this exercise is making me look like the Thin Man," Glenn said, taking a hitch in his belt.

But he really has compensations for all this unsolicited muscle building and unsettled state. There were things wrong with his stock company days besides having to bend himself into a U-turn when he slept in undersized beds.

"The first three years Lu and I were married we were on the road with different shows. We'd see each other once in a while between trains in Kansas City, Omaha, or Milwaukee. It got so I'd tip my hat to Lu instead of kissing her and the kids in my show were surprised to know the lady they 'seen' me with was my wife. We really feel we're beginning to settle down now. This,"

he indicated the partly furnished apartment, "is the only furniture we've owned. And the first thing Lu ordered was a bed that measures $7\frac{1}{2}' \times 7'$. I'm so grateful to her I don't even mind when she makes me do some of the household chores. I'm pretty awful around the house—a little on the lazy side, can't fix the iron cord, break more dishes than I dry, don't know the first principles of making a bed. I string things around, too. We had some friends over the other day. I started to show them the bedroom but decided not to. I was pressing a pair of trousers by hanging them cuff-side up in the top drawer of my clothes chest, a sport coat hung over a chair, there was a shirt on the bed, and a pair of shoes on the floor. That was one of Lu's rebellious days when she'd refused to put my things away. Once in a while she lets my stuff stay where I leave it until I have to straighten up to get in the room. Most of the time she's a darling and picks up after me, the poor gal," he sympathized.

Lu occasionally puts on a dance routine for Glenn's sole benefit. "She gets all tricked out in a Spanish costume, gives herself a fancy hair-do and does a real, professional performance of the bolero. It's too bad she won't dance for anyone else," he sighed. "And she'll probably kill me if she finds out I told anyone about it."

Glenn is awfully proud of his statuesque, shapely wife. "When Lu gets her high heels on we're just about the same height. In fact she'll fetch me a whack on the back and say 'Straighten up, you

big lug! Do you want me to look taller than you?' She doesn't mind being tall. Her family very intelligently sent her to dancing school to learn grace and poise. As a result Lu doesn't have that self-conscious slouch or wear those unbecoming flat-heeled shoes many tall girls affect in the belief they make them look shorter."

Just recently Lu reverted to her natural brunette hair. She says, "When Glenn started whistling at blondes, I turned blonde." Glenn interrupted, "And was she confused when I whistled at brunettes, too." "So," she continued, "it was so much trouble to keep on being a blonde that I changed back to natural." "And you look lots younger," Glenn approved. "As a matter of fact, I had no idea I was married to such a young-looking wife." Lu looked pleased.

Glenn shifted around in his chair, stretched his long legs out to *there* on the ottoman. "Before Lu and I were married she always went around with short guys. Being taller made her feel like mothering them. Now, me, I never felt like a father to small girls but I do have trouble with them in love scenes. In one picture, for example, I got myself in more awkward poses trying to lean down and kiss the five-foot heroine. Finally I just picked her up and kissed her. The idea wasn't original with me but it was effective."

Glenn regretfully turned down two offers last season for summer stock, one with Katharine Hepburn, the other to return to his home town, Denver, to play at the famous Elitch's Gardens, where he got his start as an actor. Either of the two would have been fun because "I've worked with Katharine Hepburn before and there's nobody better. I would have loved going back to Elitch's too. Who wouldn't get a kick out of going back to the home town as a success? But I couldn't feel too disappointed because at the time the offers were made I was in a wonderful picture called 'The Home Stretch' so I'm not exactly eating my heart out because I didn't get to do summer stock.

"Then there's always the question of money," he said, shifting his long legs again. "I'm more relaxed with my contract at Twentieth Century-Fox and my radio show. (His transcontinental air show, "Mystery is My Hobby.") I think I'll be a much better actor now that I feel more financially secure. Two careers are better than one—if you flub one, you always have the other to fall back on."

Glenn didn't make much money on location at Reno with Jeanne Crain for the picture "Margie." "I didn't take much cash with me. There wasn't anything to spend it on, I thought. Then I got interested in a little game called roulette. I sent all my cash away on it and went to the company manager for a small advance. I sent the advance after the other money but none of it came back. Tell me, why is it that women always win on roulette and men never do?" He was broke but cagy after the Reno trip and admits he knows from nothing about the art of gambling profitably.

"During my leaner days in New York

I had a quarter slot machine in my apartment. It was a painless way for my friends to pay for the parties I gave. I wouldn't have been able to entertain them otherwise. Now that I'm able to entertain there's no place for them to sit," Glenn said, nodding at the unfurnished den.

If you want to keep friendly with the Langans, just don't brightly suggest any form of mental games. Glenn says, "Work hard all day, rush madly through an excellent dinner, then knock yourself out playing charades, musical chairs, or 'The Game'? Not us! The mere mention of them sends us rushing for the nearest exit."

Glenn has great respect for good food and fine wine, taken leisurely and without the annoying prospect of exercise following immediately. He and Lu are extremely fond of a very small, very good Italian restaurant called Romeo's Chianti. They love the ceremony of having Romeo suggest the food and serve the wine, to the accompaniment of recorded operatic music which lends a continental flavor to the atmosphere of the place. Another advantage, from Glenn's viewpoint, is that there's no dance floor. He *can* dance but won't unless driven to it. Something else he'd rather not do is write letters. "I've lost more friends that way, but it's a great mental hazard and a real physical chore to write even a short note. Not long ago I undertook the task of thanking a columnist who gave me a very good break in her column. When I finished I showed my literary efforts to Lu. She said, 'Gad, you're not going to send *that*, are you? She'll think you're the village idiot!' I write a sort of backhand lefthand that's completely illegible."

Glenn has never taken diction lessons and that fascinating voice is "just a gift," inherited from his father. He's a quiet-spoken guy and when he gets excited, especially on a radio show, a bit of the brogue creeps into his speech. Having received all his training on the stage he says he still hasn't become accustomed to acting for the movies. It's hard to remember that he mustn't "project" either himself or his voice.

"It isn't always easy to keep in mind that in motion picture work the camera is only a few feet away and the microphone just overhead. Everything—voice, movement, facial expression, must be played down as opposed to stage technique, which demands projection of the voice and enough physical and facial expression to reach the people in the last row of the balcony," Glenn said, nicely summing up the difference between screen and stage acting.

Glenn takes a clinical interest in his picture performances and has been heard on occasion to mutter "you ham" at his celluloid counterpart. Evidently this hypercritical sense has been good for him. The parts are getting bigger and closer together.

"I can hardly wait for the release date of a new picture. It seemed forever between 'Dragonwyck' and 'Margie.' Waiting for 'The Home Stretch' was agony. I hope I live until 'Amber' comes out."

Aside from his arresting height and the unusual quality of his voice there

are other physical attributes which have helped attract a big fan following. He has reddish brown hair, green Irish eyes, a rather small but well-shaped nose, a fine physique, and an easy-going, highly untemperamental disposition. That is, until he wants something as badly as he did at sixteen, when he started pestering the management of Elitch's Gardens for a job and kept on pestering them until they finally made him assistant stage manager. This high-sounding title entitled him to such privileges as doing odd jobs, painting, scene shifting, and sweeping out. He eventually landed juvenile parts and with such a well-rounded training behind him, felt he was ready for New York. He arrived there with only three dollars left of his nest egg—the result of a smoking room poker game—and the knowledge that as a gambler he'd make a darn fine actor, which he later proved to be.

Glenn's experience in Eastern summer stock brought him a gratifying offer to return to Elitch's in Denver. "But I had to make good in New York before they'd pay much to see me act in the old home town," he said, smoothing the small mustache he's grown for his part in "Amber."

Glenn has absolutely no hobbies but he does collect anecdotes about radio fluffs, all funny and some censorable. His aversion to writing keeps him from setting them down on paper but he trots them out for the amusement of his and Lu's friends when they come over to help him do his resting. And until all those comfortable new couches, which he paid for in advance in the mistaken assumption it would expedite delivery, are installed, Glenn's resting will probably be done while stretched out on the floor. For he's a very polite young man and sees that his guests are seated first.



Lauren Bacall has a particularly bright smile at the corny gag she's evidently just pulled on her unsuspecting husband, Humphrey Bogart. They're co-starring in "Dark Passage."

Life with Father Stevens

Continued from page 36

serious, just nerves maybe. I'll call you right after the examination."

Three hours later she opened the front door. Gutted ash trays, magazines strewn, a partly-worked jigg-saw puzzle, all evidence of Mark's anxiety, cluttered up the room.

"Where have you been so long?" he cried, as he ran toward her. "I was going crazy imagining things."

"I've been driving around, thinking," she told him.

"Driving around! Thinking!" Mark looked his incredulity. "What for? Thinking about what? Is anything wrong? What did the doctor say?"

"He said I'm going to have a baby," Annelle answered quietly. "I'm going to have it in September. Louella Parsons knew it before I did. She must have a crystal ball!"

They stood there looking at each other.

"You mean—you mean you've known for *three hours* that I'm going to be a

father and you're just telling me about it?"

"I wanted to see your face when I told you," said Annelle.

They both began to laugh—why, they'll never know. Probably nervous reaction, failure to cover up their embarrassment on such short notice. For endless hours they talked about everything, plans for their future, a larger place to live, dozens of new responsibilities that were now part of their new scheme. Actually, about four years hence they hoped to start raising a family. Times would be better (they hoped!). Building materials available for their dream house. Mark wanted annuities first, the good wardrobe he'd never owned, furs and jewels for Annelle. He wanted to gain in stature as an actor, to increase his popularity, have his future assured. Then they'd be in a position to do all the things for the family they hoped to have.

"Things usually work out for the best,"

High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!



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All dressed up in his screen finery for "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," Mark Stevens shares a song-and-dance-man pose with gorgeously gowned Martha Stewart.

Mark philosophizes. "They do if you don't try to force issues, just accept what comes along and do everything you can to help a situation. I refused to worry about the future. Several weeks later the studio called me in and gave me a wonderful new contract with a raise and bonus."

The occasion was too important not to celebrate. Mark called on Beverly Hills jeweler Bud Tobias (brother of Mark's excellent agent, Herb Tobias) and ordered a lapel pin for Annelle. He selected a rare old Early American design, an Indian head with a magnificent headpiece studded in opal, ruby and diamond baguettes. There was a second carefully-wrapped package that went with it. "For our daughter," grinned Mark.

"I wouldn't count on that too much if I were you," Annelle warned him. "However, I'll do my best to be accommodating!"

Inside the second package was a gold, heart-shaped locket, designed to hold two miniature pictures. There was a

present for Annelle every month following, toys, gags, bonds, anything to help the time go faster.

When a C.O.D. package arrived for Mark, not knowing if he was expecting it, Annelle called the studio. "I can't imagine what it could be," said Mark, completely forgetting he had written for it. "Go ahead and pay for it anyway. I'm curious. Open it and see what's inside." He held the phone while Annelle followed instructions.

"Why, it's a book!" she giggled. "A book called 'Forty Questions Answered for New Fathers.' Now *who* could have sent you that?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Mark hastily replied, thankful Annelle couldn't see his guilty expression.

There were other books too. One called "So You Want to Be a Father," sent down to the set by producer and funny man, George Jessel. Another, "Now We Are Three." Mark never learned the identity of the pranksters but he strongly suspects Dick Haymes or Cesar Romero. One Sunday Annelle

received a phone call from director Lloyd Bacon. He wanted Mark to come out and rehearse some new dialogue for Monday's shooting. Annelle must be sure to come with him.

She explained she was house-hunting, actually had a date with the Glenn Fords, who were moving into a new house themselves and selling their old one. Originally, Mark started to add an extra room and bath to their rented three room apartment, but a hitch in plans made moving a necessity. Lloyd Bacon still insisted. It seemed rather odd to Annelle. After all, it was Mark's business.

When they arrived at the Bacon ranch, a group of friends gathered. While everyone watched and, of course, wisecracked, they opened two dozen beautifully wrapped baby presents from Lloyd and the lovely Mrs. Bacon. Later on Lloyd set up a camera and despite her protestations, stood Annelle in front of it. "You can show these when your child is old enough to understand," he teased, as he photographed her from every angle.

Shortly before it was "time," they found a house in Stone Canyon. There was a master bedroom, a guest bedroom and still a third bedroom that automatically became a nursery. Quarters for Olive-Belle, their dusky culinary queen, adjoined the kitchen. In the back yard, at the base of a holly-covered hill, Mark set up his easel and started painting his first portrait of Annelle.

The strain began to tell on everyone. Her father, J. Palmer Hayes, called Annelle from Houston and begged her to please have the baby so he could "stop taking sleeping pills and get some natural rest." Her mother, Elizabeth Hayes, arrived in time to be with her. Even their favorite car-hop at Dolores' Drive-in looked disappointed when they'd stop by for a hamburger.

Mark, in the meantime, remained calm, determined not to act like the proverbial expectant father when he took his wife to the hospital. At 5 A.M., September 30th, Annelle gently shook his shoulder. "I think you'd better get up," she said, trying to sound nonchalant. "And *call the doctor!*"

Mark, dead to the world after four weeks of shooting, slowly opened one eye. "You can't have the baby today," he mumbled sleepily. "This is one of my hardest days at the studio!"

Mark Richard Stevens, weighing 6 lbs. and 12 ozs. (the perfect baby according to specifications) came into the world 13 hours later. Annelle remembers Mark held her hand. The next thing she knew he was bending over her, whispering: "Darling, you have a fine son!"

"Does he have your mouth?" she asked lazily. She doesn't know why, except that she likes Mark's mouth. Period.

Because of polio precautions, it was three days before they allowed her to see her baby. And then only because she threatened to crawl down to the nursery on her hands and knees. Even her mother wasn't allowed to come into the room. Finally, after proper disinfecting, Annelle was allowed to hold her son in her arms.

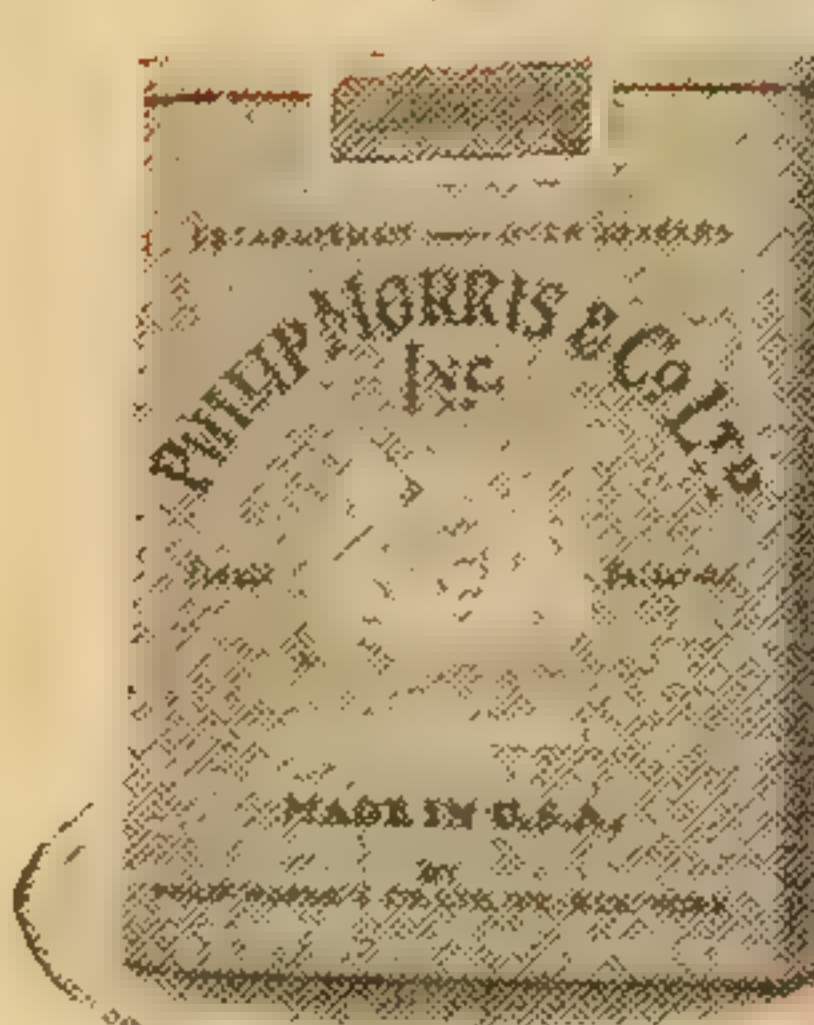
"He has Mark's red hair and dark eyes," she said to her mother over the

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phone. Just then young Mark let out a lusty yelp. "Also his father's temper," Annelle added.

Presents from friends, flowers from fans filled the room. Mark's mother in Canada crocheted fifteen sweater and bootie sets out of the finest yarns. From his business manager, Bill Faye, came the cradle that originally belonged to Bill's sister, Alice Faye, when she had her first baby.

"Maybe my son will be a singer," Mark told Alice optimistically. "I've always loved singing. Nothing would make me any happier."

The day she came home Mark gave Annelle a solid gold watch bracelet and a Mercury station wagon. Attached to the wheel was a card that read: "Thank you for making my son shine!"

To observe Mark Stevens in his new rôle of father, you'd never suspect him of taking it big. With that typical quiet, unassuming attitude, he makes every effort to hide a look of pride when asked about his son. He gave a pretty unconvincing performance, however, the day they called him back to do the retakes.

Mark walked on the set and was greeted enthusiastically by the crew. In Hollywood it's customary for a star to have his name neatly lettered on his dressing room door. Mark's name had been removed. Cast and crew had ganged up on him. Now, instead of Mark Stevens, it simply said—"POP."

"That makes it official," he said gratefully. This time there was no disguising what he felt in his heart.

3 Queens for a Day

Continued from page 29

childhood ambition had been to play a queen. He and Charlie Henderson wrote in a three-way song-and-ballet number. In that—in Technicolor, too—I'm Madame DuBarry, an *unofficial* Queen of France; Catherine, The Great, a very *informal* Queen of Russia (she cast such dangerous eyes at Gregory Ratoff, legend goes, that he left the country); and Lillian Russell, true musical comedy queen—stage only, and of course before Grable—of America. (Burn my clothes, Mother, but *please* not those glamorous costumes!)

We'll tiptoe through yesterday to music, but I'll tell it in the present tense. I couldn't write this till tonight because last night I had a date—I'll tell you with whom, later—and I wouldn't have shortened that even to ad-lib (and gosh, I love to talk!) in SCREENLAND.

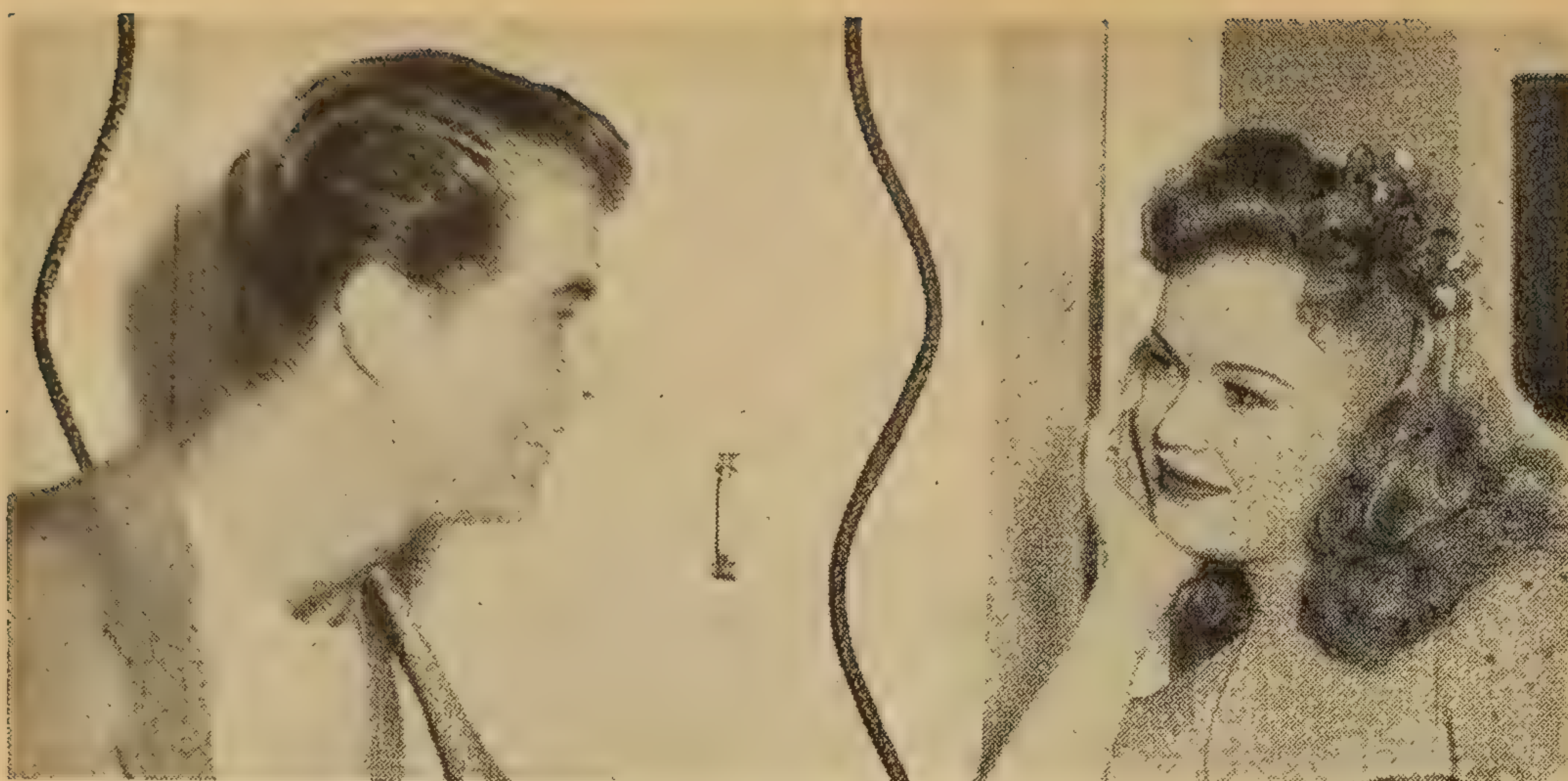
I'll put in accurate times at the start, but that system will soon get lost in the scramble. If I'd gone around all yesterday, at home, at the studio, at the House of Murphy and at a dance-spot, peering at my watch and noting down the time, I'd have looked like a Raymond Chandler murderess rigging an alibi. And probably would have ruined that double-scrumptious—don't you love a mystery?—date. Time's not important anyhow, is it? And who needs an alibi? Here we go:

5:45. Darn that alarm! But hold on,

it's not so bad. I pile out, turn off the Enemy, and push-button Dave Rose's recording of "Holiday for Strings." I play that every morning. The composition's so gay and quick, it tiptoes me (to music and how!) into a shudderless cold shower. I towel to Rose rhythm, *fast*, already feeling happy. This'll be a good day.

But it'll be hot. So I flip into my favorite costume—a darling blue-and-white-checked gingham bra, shorts and smock. Evvie (Evelyn, my younger sister, she's smart) is proud of that gift to me. Price is never proof of smartness. Evvie *hunted* for this: three pieces, ten dollars. Tie that!

Still in the tempo of "Holiday," I feed and play briefly with Christie, my collie, and Chappie, my cocker. I feed Frankie, my canary, and give him a rather severe talking-to. His singing far fails to come up to his namesake's. I plead with him. "More like Sinatra! More like Sinatra! Next comes breakfast, alone, on fruit and milk. There's no point to waking the family just because my schedule prods me at this unearthly hour. A sudden thought flashes: wouldn't it be rather nice to have a *husband* across the table—one who'd have to get up at the same time as I, or who would want to? Probably, though, the rascal would lie in bed till the last possible moment, and I'd have to add cooking his eggs and bacon to my



June Haver is proud of her own dancing discovery, talented Gene Nelson. They have three dance numbers in the 20th Century-Fox musical, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

routine! My imagination, which is heckishly lively in the morning, conjures a quick montage of faces, one after another, across the table from me—Vic Mature, Jimmy Durante, Boris Karloff, Charles Coburn, Butch Jenkins grown up. Then, unexpectedly, my evening date. But I have to cancel that breakfast parade and soon pour into my small convertible.

At 6:30—and I don't mean 6:31—I bound up short stairs into Studio Make-up, where Myrtle (Pudgy) Ford wets and sets my hair, and then parks me under the dryer for 20 minutes. Lucky girl, think I, of myself, because last week I learned the French, Russian, and English lyrics of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," for today's musical scenes. So—this is when and where an actress writes her friends. Parking an upside-down stationery box on my lap, I open my fountain pen (perfect pen, guaranteed to write under perspiration—that dryer's hot!) and start a letter to Martha Stewart, who's completed her part in our picture and is in New York readying for her Broadway debut in "Park Avenue"—me hoping her show won't open until I get there after "I. W. W. K. H. N." finishes.

Martha will want to know, of course, all news about the gang on the picture. Heavens, is there only *one* topic around here? Mark Stevens' baby, I tell Martha, is a boy and christened Mark Richard. Mama Annelle is feeling haughty because her young Stevens weighed 6 pounds 12 ounces, which medics say is the ideal arrival weight for a perfect baby. Ernie Park, our extra-special makeup man (a whizz, former vice-president of National Makeup Artists Guild) is, after being married eight years, about to become a father for the first time. If it's a girl, he'll name it after his favorite aunt, opera singer Mary Garden. "And otherwise?" I asked when I heard it, but Ernie was too excited to think up a boy's name. Gene Nelson (the very slick dancer I first saw in a mere flash of a dance at our Studio Club's annual show and recommended to Producer Jessel) and Gene's wife Miriam are also expecting *their* first baby—and so is my older sister, Dorothy. That's not a gag, friends! I should title this article "Diary of a Stork, By the Godmother of Twentieth Century-Fox."

I no sooner get Martha's letter sealed,

and head over toward Ernie Park's make-up room, than I realize I left out the most exciting set news. Writing about babies, I guess, made me finally think of marriage—what you call a *backward* mind. Anyway, Marjorie Bankston, assistant to super costume designer, Bonnie Cashin, has won a bet from me. Way back yonder, "Home in Indiana" was my first picture and Marjie's first picture. We made a bet. Whoever married first, the other would serve as bridesmaid, and would personally make the bride's head-dress. I've had to come through on that. Wonderful Bonnie Cashin designed it, of course—designed the entire wedding. (If you have a friend in this business, I've learned, you really have a friend.) Three days ago, I finished, working from a sketch by Bonnie, my bridesmaid's dress, of aqua velveteen, and just in time. Marjie's wedding is *only two days off*. (What a dope I was not to write all this to Martha Stewart—means another letter, of course!)

Incidentally, at the shower Bonnie gave for Marjie I was, I mean, all a-twitter. Superstition said that the donor of the third present opened would be the first engaged, donor of the fifth opened would be the first married, donor of the seventh would be the first to have a baby. I knew what a ribbing I'd get if never having been the fifth donor at anybody's shower, I should there turn out to be that fateful *seventh*. My present, thank goodness, was opened No. 5. And do you know—what goes on here?—Bonnie for weeks has had *my wedding dress completely designed*. That's me, everything set but the groom!

I carry all this, whirling through my head, to that makeup room of Ernie's—the gentleman who'll soon be the father of Mary Garden Park if she doesn't turn out to be a boy. Ernie applies my Technicolor warpaint in twenty minutes. Then I go in to Doris Dumont, who applies the body makeup—you know those DuBarry-era costumes—in a second twenty minutes. If my acreage wasn't so small, I reflect, the job would take Doris a good half hour instead of twenty minutes—and I'd have to get up earlier. Small packages *are* convenient.

Ernie Park has a real sense of humor, and some mornings we talk gay nonsense (an actress is with her makeup man, you know, about as much as with anybody

during the day's work), but today—maybe it's his coming baby, or the world situation—we both feel serious. We start with politics on which our opinions are of no more interest than anyone else's—roll your own, I say. Soon, though, we open the topic of religion. We talk particularly of Theresa Newman, the German girl on whom *stigmata* appear each Friday. As I guess you've read, scientists and physicians from all over the world, who didn't believe, have visited her, many going back repeatedly to observe. They can't explain the phenomenon, but, seeing, they have to believe. Religion is deeply real to me. Every day and more than once a day I return thanks to the Source where gratitude should go for all our blessings.

Doris Dumont and I just talk feminine chat and after her twenty minutes I trot back to Pudgy Ford, so she can complete my hair-do. Then I check in at Wardrobe where Ann Landers skilfully fastens me into the splendefereous costume in which I'll sing in French "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," besides dancing and making like I'm Madame DuBarry. Come with me and look at all three costumes for our triple Title Number:

Madame DuBarry—enormously-hooped, off-the-shoulder, pale pink taffeta and silver cloth and high, pink, powdered wig.

Catherine of Russia—black velvet with double golden eagles and high kid boots, all topped by a black fur Cossack hat.

Lillian Russell—elegant, extravagantly simple dress "built" by embroidering 1,500,000 tiny seed pearls on Chantilly lace. The pearls, Bonnie tells me, were taken (you couldn't get them now) off pre-war gowns, then re-washed and restrung. Five beaders worked 675 hours to sew the beads on the lace. Such clothes! Do you wonder I wisecracked, "Mother, don't burn 'em!"?

9:00, *not* 9:01! On the set and ready—and so is work, which now begins. We rehearse the number half a dozen times, for camera and lighting, before we do the DuBarry take with Gene Nelson, Dewey Robinson and the eight Kiss Chorines. Let me say again I'm prouder of having had a hand in "discovering" Gene than of almost anything I've ever done. After I saw him in such a brief appearance before our Studio Club, I only succeeded in getting him into one number in the picture. But in that, the "Dream" number, he was so good that I yelled my head off on the "I told you so, now why don't you give him a bigger chance?" theme. Result: he's dancing with me in all three parts of the finale. Metro has Gene Kelly, other studios have had Fred Astaire and new male dancers but now Twentieth Century-Fox (which had wonderful men singers but had to borrow male dancing leads) needn't ask favors of anybody—we have our Gene.

I have to do one scene over, because Dewey Robinson, as we say in this business, "breaks me up"—makes me laugh, spoiling a take. "I. W. W. K. H. N." is this powerful man's 401st movie and in every other one he has played a murderer or just a plain mugg, except the time he was *Snuq*, the lion, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Now—do you blame

me for laughing?—he's dissolute, foppish Louis XV of France, all in satins, laces and powdered wig. Dewey's my pal, and a good person to have on your side. When he was in the service the cause he wears a size 23-inch collar. If men always called him "The Neck" be- you want proof of that and that he's my friend, this very day he brings me in one of his evening collars, starched and stiff. I'm going to snip out two inches at the back (so it'll fit my waist) resew it and wear it as a belt with sweaters, set off by a man's evening black bow tie! Bon- nie Cashin says that idea rates A-Plus as a new fashion!

This seems the day for everyone to be especially nice to me. If I had time to relax and really let the spoiling that comes my way soak in, I wouldn't be fit to live around. However, the three digni- fied gentlemen who now arrive say that "being nice" or "spoiling" has nothing to do with their visit. It seems that the nurse of the doctor who treated a sprained ankle for me awhile back knows the nurse of Dr. Emmett Corbin (one of the visitors) and the nurses talked, and Dr. Corbin, with Drs. Carl Merrill and Emma Anderson, constitute the Examination and Selection Com- mittee of the Southern Division of the California Association of Chiropodists. (Whew!) Their assignment—this is on the level—is to pick Hollywood's most beautiful feet, and I am asked to stand, point, flex muscles and (thank heavens, a sandal-wearer, I had a pedicure yester- day) show my arches and toes. I feel like a pig at a fair, but Dr. Merrill says, "We need search no further." For a moment I wish someone would hand me a radio mike so I could say, "It was a clean fight, Mom—I win easy," but then dismay, even panic, hits me. Hollywood already has The Face, The Voice, The Body, etc. Will my "fame" never rise any higher than to be The Foot? It's nice, I reflect, to be perfect, even up to the ankles, but when I see on-her-toes Sonia Wolfson, publicity "man" for our picture, streak to a telephone, I know that the columnists will kid the—er, shoes off me. Suddenly a bull voice sounds right in my ear. It's my pal, Dewey Robinson, The Neck, and ribbing has begun. "You're the bottom," he cracks, "I'm the top!"

Thinking I must brag a little to my date tonight (he complimented me not long ago on how nice my *sandals* looked) I notice the grips shifting scenery and the cameramen getting ready to peer— preparing for the Catherine the Great sequence. That respite is convenient, be- cause a magazine writer has been waiting to interview me. More about what he asks, later.

They don't get that Katie the Great set-up ready for shooting before noon, so 12:00 prompt finds me in Twentieth Century-Fox's lovely commissary—Hol- lywood's most attractive, and serving the best food—for today's interview No. 2. I'm chattering away (I never think 'policy' when talking to writers—they're angels, though none look like it, and al- ways forget what I say that's too foolish) and at the same time lunching lightly on cold cuts, potato salad and strawberry

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short-cake (if you want to dispense with dieting, I recommend professional dancing) when suddenly cold potato turns, so to speak, to ashes in my mouth. What—I use that pronoun purposely—do I see? Lupton Wilkinson, whose articles I read every month in *SCREENLAND*. What is he doing? Eating a bigger lunch than I (I'll bet) and interviewing Peggy Cummins! If I wasn't like everyone else who knows her, so crazy about Peaches-and-Cream (with fire underneath) Peggy, I'd complain: "Miss Editor, how come I have to do my own pen-work and *he* writes about her?" H-m-m-m! I must remember to tell my *former* interviewer, in a nice way, of course, that dieting wouldn't hurt *him* and that he's even balder than he was last year. Won't be long now, Lupton!

1:00. Have to change to adorable Catherine costume, with Cossack hat, for second title number sequence. Am told there's no hurry, best news in an actress' day. On the set I find, waiting to watch and *hear* me go Russky, famous Director Gregory Ratoff. I think how odd, and prophetic, it was that he began to teach me Russian while he directed me in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling." He tells me it's extremely insulting to his youth (ha!) for me to say he fled Russia to escape Catherine's embraces. It seems Katy died in 1796.

Mark Stevens drops over, though he isn't shooting this afternoon. We both are photographed with some visitors, who ask if Mark dances in pictures, too. I tell them about the cake-walk in blackface that Mark and I do in "I. W. W. K. H. N." and the visitors remember I've done black-face both in "Irish Eyes" and "Dolly Sisters." June Jolson! My versatility and "fame" suddenly begin to tickle me. Everybody wants to know what I'm laughing at, and I tell them about the extra who, the first, terribly hot day of this picture, thoughtfully brought me a paper cup of water and then added, for comfort: "Just remember, at six o'clock you'll go home to your nice cool house and your sweet little baby, Miss DeHaven."

Rehearse the Catherine number with Gene Nelson and the eight dancing Cossacks. That "kasatsky" routine, dropping to a semi-sitting position, giving out with up-kicks, then being twirled right off the floor by Gene into a high somersault and landing—all this in exact time to the music—on a small chalk-mark to be precisely oke for the camera—it takes the moxie out of you. I *drip* perspiration. Ernie Park puts on new makeup for the actual take.

But—a delay. Something, now, doesn't suit the technicians. (Behind and around and in front of every actor in movies technical miracles go on that are twice as complicated, and probably twice as important, as the actor). I walk over to the rickety but perfectly tuned piano where skilful Jimmy Balderas plays "mood music"—that's his job—between takes. Just now he's playing lively, melodious "Chia Chia." Someone thinks that song was featured in the movie "Algiers," which made Hedy Lamarr American-famous. I can't remember, for sure. Neither can Jimmie! But I think he knows all the music ever written.

Publicity whizz Sonia Wolfson touches me on the shoulder. I ask her why she ran to the telephone after the chiropodists' verdict, but she avoids an answer, introduces a nice-looking man (not baldish like the specimen I saw—why name him again?—in the commissary lunching with Peggy) who has arrived for today's Interview No. 3. In two minutes the nice-looking man warms to the theme that *all* interviewers, including today's earlier two, save up to spring on me: "Why don't you get married, Miss Haver? How can you expect ever to really play a wife and mother if you haven't lived and felt the part?" I merely smile, "Call me June, please," and point out that I'm not having any of Catherine the Great's children in "I. W. W. K. H. N.," nor DuBarry's either, and that a girl named Jennifer Jones played a wonderful death scene in "Song of Bernadette" without dying to find out how. (I wonder, by the way, if these gentlemen think I'm disinterested about this marriage question. Children either! I'm not one of those girls who's going to wait till she's twenty-five or twenty-eight, nor necessarily, till day after tomorrow. The moment I *know* I've found the right man there'll be only one small detail left: to make him feel the same way about me. (Cross my fingers for luck!))

Out of the corner of one eye I've been watching another pal of mine, Uncle Leo Sulky (he's a 72-year-old character actor—but looks 55). *He's* been watching *me*, and comes over as soon as the interview's done. "Marriage again?" he wants to know, and goes into *his* routine: "I read where you've been dating your dentist. Stick to your own kind, honey, when you do marry. Better marry someone in the theatrical profession. He'll understand your problems, you'll understand his. Someone else is likely to think you're crazy." He ought to know because, in show business since 1889, he was happily married 45 years to his vaudeville partner, until she passed on. Lovable Leo's advice, familiar to me by now, makes me think of—well, never mind, at the moment.

Here's one thing *all* this marriage talk suddenly makes me think, that I *can* write about. Remember I started this day mentally playing Studio Stork? Stork, foot! (Excuse it, Mr. Chiropodist.) What I really am, at 20, I realize, is the *Old Maid* of Twentieth Century-Fox! All the girls I started here with, and some who started before me, are married—Vivian Blaine, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Trudy Marshall. Heavens, I skipped Trudy during the stork talk. Trudy has a baby, too!

Mother phones. The cut glass goblets and antique French clock (guaranteed to have belonged to pirate-patriot Jean Lafitte) that Mother found in New Orleans have arrived. She raves about how fine they'll look in Haver Haven, the shop we're opening together. That's what *Mother* thinks. If they're as wonderful as she says—right into Junie's hope chest!

At last the set's ready, technicians happy, for the Queen Catherine take. Do I say take? We do the dance scene, me singing the Russian lyrics, five, six, seven times. Wrap it up on the seventh!

Now I *am* foully tired. And here's another reason why I'm the luckiest person in town. Ann Landers, the world's most accomplished wardrobe girl, has a daughter, almost exactly my age, who's studying ballet. Ann has learned a trick she uses on me. As soon as I've finished a gruelling dance like those "kasatsky" steps, Ann, hoisting one leg high, then the other, puts me through ballet exercises that use the *opposite* muscles from those I've just worked so strenuously. Counter-exercise, I find, is for me far more restful than just sitting down "resting." (And it beats dieting, girls, it beats dieting!)

Georgie Jessel (everybody in Hollywood first-names everybody else and famous producers and directors are no exception) comes on-set to see how we've been doing today and I snoop like anything while he tells Director Lloyd Bacon ("I. W. W. K. H. N." is handsome, white-haired Lloyd's 104th picture and he was famous long before his all-time musical classic, "Forty-second Street") that the rushes on yesterday's shooting were fine. I ask George if his tiny daughter, Jerrilyn, who visited the set the other day, has had anything to say at home concerning my high, pink DuBarry hair. "Plenty!" he answers. "You told her it was pink cotton-spun candy and promised her a curl to eat. She'll be back!"

Suddenly I feel tired *all over*, and ask Lloyd, "What else do we do today?" He answers, "Chump, if you hadn't been so busy eavesdropping, you'd know it was six o'clock." I look at the wrist watch he extends and do I scoot out of there! As I reach home I hear the phone ringing. It's my date, asking when shall he pick me up. I answer, "Give me an hour," and *attack* myself, scrubbing makeup off face, neck, arms and legs. I dart a longing look at my biggest extravagance, a steam cabinet that is so relaxing after dance work, but I make a quick shower serve instead. Then I put on the necessary undies plus patent open sandals (use your good points, say I) and a wool suit—black skirt and black-and-white check jacket. This I top with a red beret and darling Evvie lends me a black patent shoulder bag. My date



The producer, George Jessel, himself, steps in to help the blonde Haver practice her songs for "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

brings me a corsage of daises—I've never seen one before—and says, "White and gold looks like you." (That's a free tip, boys!) I think the daises are adorable and intend, soon, to try a coronet of them in my hair.

Dave (how did *you*, Reader, guess my date is Dave Rose?) whirls me by the House of Murphy for my favorite Caesar salad, then we tool out to the Meadowbrook. I've told Dave I'd love to meet Benny Goodman, so I head for the powder room to slick up for royalty. When I come out, there at our table with Dave sits the wonderful bandleader-musician. Promptly I learn how fast newspapers run off the press. Benny's immediate remark is, "I'm delighted to meet The Foot."

Maestro Benny leaves to take up his baton. Dave tells me about the house he's bought from Dick Haymes. Since Dave doesn't play tennis, he's going to cover Dick's court with eighteen-inch sod and plant it in grass and vegetables. "I'll leave one square of turf cut so it will lift easily," he explains, "and I can always prove I have a tennis court." Dave questions me about my progress on "Jazz Concerto" which I'm struggling to compose (and which, on occasions when I show him snatches, he criticizes impartially), and says he wishes I could find time to practice piano. "Maybe," he adds, "you might learn to play again as well as the first time I heard you—when you played the *andante* of Haydn's Surprise Symphony for Eugene Goossens and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra." I say, "Thanks." The time Dave's talking about, I was seven years old!

I make good resolutions, inside, though. I *will* try to improve my piano *after* certain events I have in mind. A couple of nights from now, I'll be seeing Dave off to New York. I tell him that, if my DuBarry—Catherine—Russell picture is slow finishing, he'll have to stay East until Evvie, Mother, Grandmother and I (what a tribe!) can reach Manhattan. We're going for the exciting purpose of seeing Evvie start work as a Harry Conover model. I've never been to New York but once—that was when I won a Glendora Coal Company singing contest, and the prize was a round-trip ticket and \$200 cash. That cash lasted three days, and it seems to me all Mother and I saw was Radio City, and some good restaurants, but I warn Dave that this time I want to *start* with the Stork Club and go to every smart and colorful place I've ever heard of.

No doubt when you see photographs, or read about, a girl in Hollywood going out with a "big name," you wonder if it's for publicity purposes. Let me set you right about this exception—Dave is no flash-bulb date! He's a real person, never moody or "temperamental," enjoys a football game as much as a concert; never thinks I'm being sloppy if I have to work late and meet him with makeup still on; understands thoroughly about my getting home early and—well, he's a grand and gay human being and what our Latin-American friends call *sympatico*. I'm thinking of all this (while we're dancing to Benny Goodman's divine music) and also about some



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contrasts—like the recent case of a boy, whom I like, who called me up to invite me to a school dance. Said he would come for me at nine the night of the dance. When I explained that a girl in my business has to start home about nine, he thought I was stalling (as if I wouldn't have been *thrilled* to go!) and he's still putting on a hurt routine, probably sincere.

We sit down (I can almost hear my wrist-watch tick) and I say, kind of thoughtfully, to Dave: "Do you know Uncle Leo Sulky?" He answers, "Sure. Everybody knows Leo. What's on your mind, Smidgin'?" "Oh," I answer airily, "I was just thinking of something he said to me today." "Yes?" asks Dave politely. I try to narrow my eyes like Elizabeth Scott: "Perhaps I'll tell you sometime." Dave laughs. "Okay—it'll keep, I guess." (Men are really brutes, aren't they?) Then he adds, "What's that funny look you're putting on?" I'm debating whether to say, "It might prove serious

for you," when he looks at *his* wrist-watch. I will say he *does* seem sorry at what he sees. I push my beret over one notch and, after all too short a ride, it's 9:30 and I'm telling Dave good-bye at the Haver front door.

I go direct for that steam cabinet, and after—since I never can read in bed—put a blue robe over my favorite white satin and lace nightgown and curl in my favorite chair, that used to belong to lovely Jean Harlow. I write myself notes to remind me of some things I have to tend to, next day, and —no lines to study tonight because shooting all day tomorrow will be Lillian Russell song and dance number—pick up a fashion magazine. An excellent choice, because Mother and Evvie come in to gab, particularly about what Evvie will wear that New York morning she reports to famous model-master Harry Conover, in person. As they go out—10:15—Mother turns on, softly, Dave's recording of his song, "One Love." 'Night, now.

The Real Story of Rita Hayworth's Reunion with Orson Welles

Continued from page 31

her. She has to depend on her own ability rather than on the familiar aid of a director behind the camera. "He really uses radio technique for picture-making," she told me. "He's like Stokowski with the extras. He gathers them around him in a semi-circle and they deliver the dialogue in rehearsal. He has it recorded, and played-back. Then he takes each individual, as the dialogue is played back, and rehearses him on every cue. I've never known such meticulousness before. And then he gets his great sense of movement by taking both long-shots and close-ups with one scene set-up. He puts the camera on a long crane which moves in and out to give amazing flow to the action."

She didn't admit they rehearse at home, but it's evident they do because she's been so instantly right on all the preliminary tests. "Orson doesn't favor himself, either," she said. "You know, he doesn't drive a car. He says in New York no one does, and he's always had a studio car out here. But he wrote in one scene in which he had to drive, and when he took it he ran away over the marks and knocked the sound boom down." He roared the loudest in the laughter that ensued.

His explicitness as a director pleases her. "I want to work *with* people," she explained. "So I value experts who know what they want." Rita is that rarity among top stars—she doesn't think she knows it all. On the contrary, she thinks it's still a man's world and her sphere is cooperating with the particular men who touch her life. She was brought up with this attitude and in a town where so many career women are hardboiled it suits her fine. Study, self-improvement, and a pleasing disposition were ingrained in her by her family. Consequently, intense hard work has ever been a basic part of her pattern.

"Down to Earth" has 49% more love scenes (with Larry Parks) than "Gilda"

had (with Glenn Ford). But the intricate dancing numbers are what pile up the work for Rita. She rehearsed daily for four months before the cameras turned on the five-month shooting schedule the new Technicolor musical required. You'll see her as Terpsichore, the Greek goddess of dancing (or *Kitty*, they call her, for short) doing jive, ballet, tap, adagio, and waltzing. When she waltzes it's a novel threesome, with both Larry and Marc Platt. They're forever concocting new dances for her to perform. They hired a real nurse with a complete first-aid case during the roller-skating ballet. Rita had to learn speed skating with a line of forty-six chorus boys and girls, wind up with eight skating pirouettes. They handed her a flaming sword for another number, fire-proofing her dress beforehand. As splendid a dancer as she is, Rita still trains for such specialties. She learned a temple dance from India from a former student of Ruth St. Denis.

"I hope Rebecca loves dancing as much as I do," she told me. "It's always fun as much as work to me. Music relaxes me. When I was little I dearly treasured the tales my father used to tell me of my grandparents, who were always finding adventure on their many dancing tours. When they went to South America a road was thick with brigands. There was my great uncle who was dancing in Seville when the theater caught fire. He kept on, quieted the crowd." She loses weight on her dancing sequences (she even does a fancy barefoot number as Terpsichore!) so she eats half-a-pound of raisins on dancing days, between camera set-ups. She's so unshowoffy that former Sgt. J. T. Rohan, who fought the war in Central Burma and thus got out of touch with movies, got a job as a carpenter, noticed Rita among the dozens of chorines on her set, and spoke to her with all the zeal of a discoverer. "Have you ever tried to get into a New York show?" he asked her. "Well, you should!" he in-

sisted. Not until much later on that day did he learn he'd merely hailed Hayworth!

Her dancing instructor, Jack Cole, calls her Sis Hopkins because she prefers to wear knee-length blue jeans, a brief basque shirt with a midriff, tennis shoes, and a red hair-bow when she reports for rehearsals. Just don't think she does her numbers with mirrors, Marc Platt declared to me. He's from the Ballet Russe himself. "You can't fake footwork on the screen as you can on the stage," he said, in enthusing about Rita.

On her sets she's friendly, loyal, and sentimental. She's had the same hairdresser, wardrobe woman, and body makeup woman for eight years. She was tickled by the fact that the ornate grand piano Larry Parks plays as she sings "Swinging the Muses" is the identical one Cornel Wilde used as Chopin. She came across a picturesque old chair in the prop room, once used by silent star Norma Talmadge in two Oriental films, and asked for it (it's made in the shape of a peacock's tail) for a theatrical dressing-room scene. She patiently learned to paint dress material under the supervision of designer Jean Louis, just back from Paris, between other scenes. Her hardest day in "Down to Earth" was when she had to sit all day for the camera on a chaise longue. "That topped wearing a mink dress and bonnet in scorching sunlight or wispy chiffon at an ice-skating rink," Rita said.

Visitors like to crash her sets. Humphrey Bogart dropped in to show her how to sock Larry "authentically." Danny Kaye did even better; he argued Marc Platt into letting him slip into his dancing costume—pulling a head decoration well down. Danny gave the astounded Rita a three-minute kiss instead of the slight peck anticipated from the script. "Now I have lived!" Danny cried victoriously, voicing the suppressed ambition of millions of males.

Actually unsophisticated, tender, and straightforward, Rita is intrigued with her new home. It's considerably smaller than the big place she and Orson rented when they first married. She recalls it was like a mausoleum. She and Rebecca rolled around like marbles, after Orson was gone. The landlord solved her situation by becoming homeless himself; and she had to give it back to the owner. Although she was tied down to dance rehearsals at the time she thought of Rebecca as most important. She bought the first house she could. "It was on such a noisy street Rebecca couldn't sleep, so I couldn't. I had to search for another place. Eventually I found our home in Brentwood. Now we have peace—except when we're lucky enough to get a little redecorating gradually done.

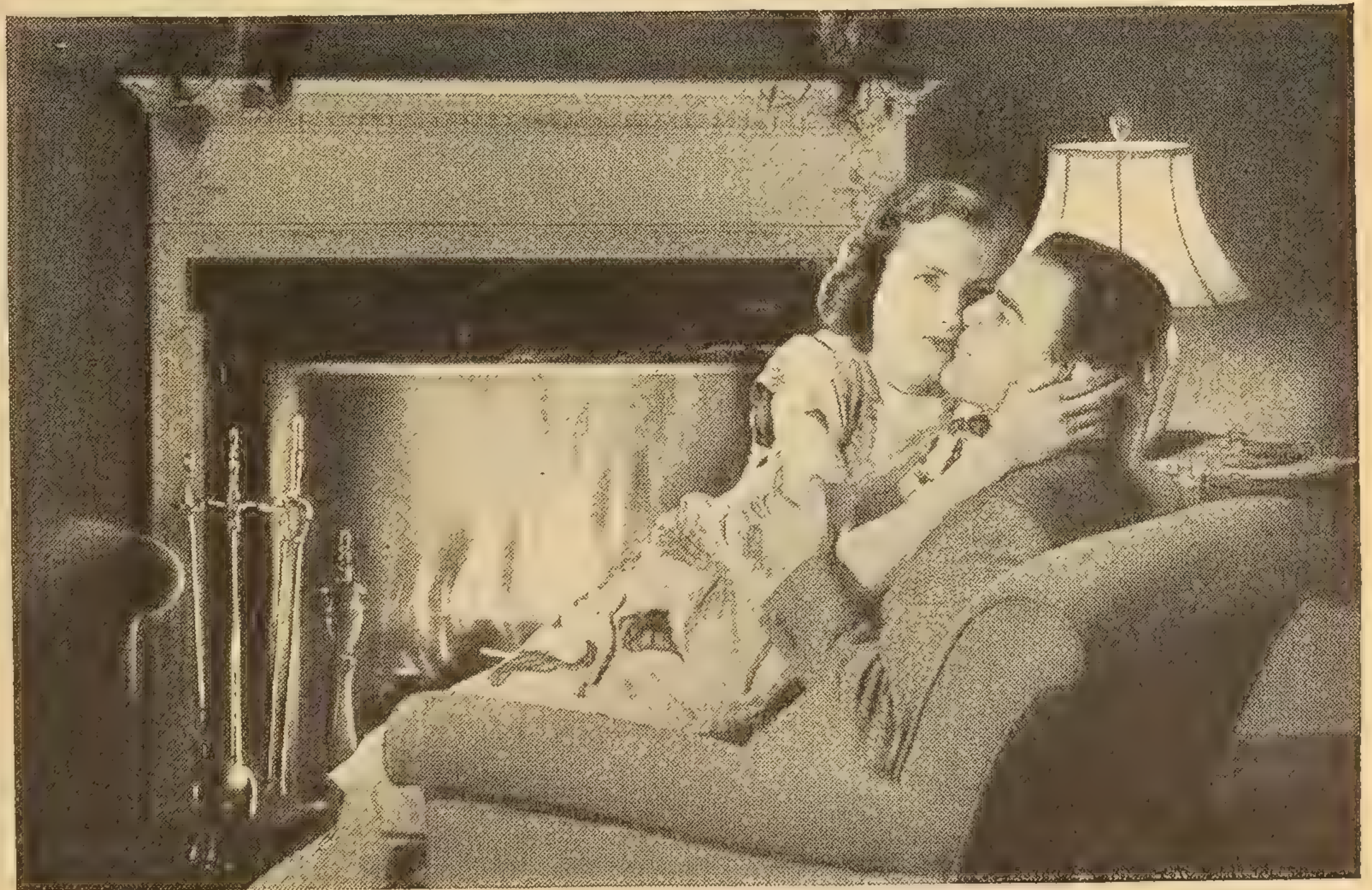
"While I was having the house painted white—it's low and rambling—a bucket of white paint was left within reach of Rebecca. She was about to dip her head in it when I got there. 'I want the milk!' she cried. 'That is *not* milk!' I had to explain. I love to talk about what she said and then what I said. I have very few jewels, but she got into my jewel box and tried to eat a topaz ring. As I removed it she cried, 'Butter!' I take



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many snapshots of her every month, and keep them all sentimentally in a big scrapbook.

"She went to her first party recently, when Lana Turner's Cheryl—age three—entertained. Rebecca, at two, was uninterested in her social debut until I spoke of the ice cream. She wore her hair in fancy curls for the first time, and of course I escorted her. Wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

One of her unpublicized heartbreaks was the death of her own mother some two months before Rebecca was born. The same mother-daughter devotion is surely being repeated. "Right now," Rita admitted, "I'm teaching her to swim in a portable canvas swimming pool we've put up in our back garden. And I've a French governess so she will learn to speak French simultaneously with English. We think one should start in on languages as young as possible. I actually had to take Spanish lessons, and I can see I'll have to brush up on my French to keep up with Rebecca."

Rita is one big star who'd be enchanted if her child wants a career. Not having become ruthless or self-centered herself, she sees no drawbacks. "Having a well-known parent is not a handicap—look at the Barrymores, at Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Keenan Wynn, and Ida Lupino. Helen Hayes' daughter has made her debut with her. The Cansino name was famous in the dancing world for generations—the tradition helped me. I'll give Rebecca every encouragement, and all the advice I can. Right now," she smiled again, "her ambition is limited to decorating the faces on movie magazine covers with red and green mustaches!"

Rebecca's already made a memorable first visit to watch her mother work. She received a little chair with her own name on it, which now high-spots her nursery, and Rudy Mate, the superb cameraman who shot Rita's first test at Fox years ago and has filmed most of her successes, has shot 16 m.m. color film of the baby. Rita's most used expression now is, "That depends on Rebecca."

The reunited Welles family is enjoying as much of a home-life as Rita, used to a family, can possibly arrange. She makes no production of her own self when at home. There she chooses comfortable slacks and sweaters, and if it's the maid's day off and she's decided to dust she'll answer the doorbell with an apron on, a dust-mop in her hand, and a bandana around her hair. She never flutters. Takes it for granted the stranger has common sense and can see what she's doing. She's one of the few stars—aren't you glad to hear it for a change?—who's never had an inferiority complex. She's still shy, but she's never been confused about basic things.

Her landscaping problem has been solved with the addition of sixty-two rosebushes at strategic points. "They're going to supply rose sachet for my wardrobe and linens. I'm going to gather the petals, dry them, and make it." She's furnishing the playroom in Gay 90's style. "I've bought one of those old-fashioned player pianos, and searched through second-hand music shops for perforated music rolls—I've only col-

lected six so far." Mechanical gadgets baffle her. Her radio-phonograph is so postwar that "I expect it will churn butter someday!" She's collecting old records by former greats of the theater, such as Lillian Russell singing "Come Down My Evening Star." In the den she has a frieze of stills from all her dancing films, and the white linen curtains are ornamented with jungle green silhouettes of Rita dancing with Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, and Marc Platt. "And in my boudoir is my severest critic," she confessed. "A three-panelled, full-length, wide mirror outlined in neon tubing!"

With Orson returned the house overflows with people. Her father is often there, of course, and her younger brothers Eduardo and Vernon, who were both in service, take turns in spending half-a-week with the Welles. Vernon's determined on an acting career and began with a bit part at Columbia. Orson invites old school friends from Illinois, political friends, or Mercury Theater pals to drop in anytime. Rita doesn't pretend to be a good cook herself, but she is a good sport and a relaxed hostess. Her dancing training enables her to physically relax. She's not a highbrow, but the place teems with all the latest books and magazines. You know she reads them because she backs up her statements with specific sources. She's never bossy, however. "The art of clever conversation," she thinks, "lies in respectfully listening to whatever man is talking."

She's individualistic. For instance, she'll continue to go barelegged. She learned to do without nylons during the war. The wardrobe women, who have to clean up after the stars, swear she's the neatest woman in Hollywood with her clothes. Never petulant, but infinitely patient, she inspires rather than tires men by never making demands on them. She has no desire ever to appear on the stage (she blithely let Orson saw her in half in the magic shows he gave during the war for servicemen) but wants to go on in pictures for a long time. "A Cansino never retires!" she said. You see her less frequently at premières now, and she uses only eye shadow and lipstick for personal makeup (no powder). She still follows her hunches, is extremely emotional. But she's not vain. Consider she accepted a cameraman quite unknown to her for her new picture with Orson. "Orson saw some of his work and liked him," she said. She has developed until she's got a vivid charm, but she's never been known to utter a single swear word.

Responsive, willing to work and wait, she said to me, "I've been here at Columbia for ten years now and I certainly have only gratitude for the way I've been given bigger opportunities. At first—before—I came here—I was terribly disappointed. Stick-to-it-iveness and resignation are more essential than any other qualities, I've discovered from life. There've been at least seven times when I considered running away. The first time was when I saw myself on the screen for the first time, in a projection room." She was sixteen and had proudly done a dancing bit in a Spencer Tracy

film after a Fox executive spotted her dancing professionally as her father's partner at a swank Mexican hotel. "I'd worked so hard for weeks to perfect that tango. It was nearly all cut out, only a few wiggles were left!

"Then I did a small rôle in a *Charlie Chan* film and saw a star in person with whom I'd been in love since I was six. He looked so old and tired I was inclined to quit before any more such disillusionment. The third time? When I didn't get 'Ramona.' I was too young, too untrained—just sixteen. But the most beautiful costumes had been designed for me at Fox. There was one of those front-office shake-ups and Mr. Zanuck, who'd never heard of Marguerita Cansino, came in. He assigned the rôle to Loretta Young. Believe me, I sat on the steps outside his office and cried in self-pity for an hour and a half! Then I went home and angered my father by giving away every one of my dancing costumes. I determined to forget dancing, to be an actress.

"But Mr. Zanuck saw no point in keeping me at Fox. I was so meek and Latin-looking." She was fired, to put it bluntly. So she stubbornly became an actress the hard way. With no pull and her ultimate sparkle dormant, she worked in quickies. She was the heroine of fourteen of them in a row. "My salary was \$150 per picture, and each picture was shot in three days. Once I worked twenty-four hours straight, and learned I'd played the feminine lead for the whole film in that time! I've had a little preparation for Orson's split-second timing, you see.

"Then I progressed to Westerns, opposite George O'Brien. What I didn't know about horses was everything! So I took riding lessons—and after half-a-dozen pictures out on the range Columbia gave me a contract." Her first appearance under it was in a "Blondie" and she got no billing because the studio wanted to see if audiences would notice her. They did! She changed her name then, taking her mother's maiden name so she wouldn't be typed as the Latin she still looked.

"I've never forgotten George Cukor's encouragement," Rita said, referring to MGM's ace director, a generous acknowledgment typical of her. "When I was loaned to Metro to do a bit in Joan Crawford's 'Susan and God' I was overwhelmed by all the grandeur there. George told me to study, study, study. So I got a dramatic coach who'd come to my house for dinner and go over my next day's scenes with me. I practiced acting in the bathroom, locking the door, turning on a little radio and trying to keep up with the dramatic radio voice—all the while 'acting' in front of a mirror.

"I was loaned to Warners for a rôle designed for Ann Sheridan. It gave me momentum. So never be ashamed at the chance to score even as a substitute. You can guess how thrilled I was when Mr. Zanuck borrowed me for 'Blood and Sand' with Tyrone Power. You really don't have to worry about life," she summed up our talk. "If you are good, people *will* notice!"

Life is full for Rita once more.

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Empire State Bldg. New York

Bill's firm chin—was coming along most of the year Bill was waiting to be cast in a picture. And that meant domestic adjustment. For the Holden house, nestling under huge, magnificent oaks in the center of swirling green lawns, guarded by gates and approached by winding drives, has only two bedrooms. And add or subtract as you will, it's a problem to distribute three children, a nurse, a cook, Duke the police-dog and Mister and Missus in two bedrooms.

First, they turned the breakfast-nook into a tiny room for Virginia Gaines Holden, Brenda's daughter by a former marriage. Then they consulted builders about adding a couple of rooms and a bath and were set back on their heels by an estimate too ridiculously high to mention. So they doubled up the two little boys and their nurse in the second bedroom and, if the seams of the house don't burst, they'll manage until prices get sensible again.

And what else did Bill do with his year of waiting? "Well, after I'd read all the stories and tried to sell ideas he went on, "I had to find other ways of putting in the time. "I'd clean and oil my guns—like to collect 'em, you know. Then I'd go down to the harbor and help Sterling Hayden work on his boat. Sometimes we'd go for a short cruise up and down the coast or over to Catalina. Some days I'd go skeet-shooting. I hate gardening and carpentering and things like that, but I'm great at housework. Just hand me a vacuum and a dust-mop and watch the dirt fly!"

At that moment a small person came into view on the curve of the driveway outside the big living-room window. It was none other than Peter Westfield Holden, whose chubby fist was clutched firmly around the nose of Duke, who, towering above the tiny figure, padded meekly behind. As the dignified pair proceeded down-view, Bill glanced around—then did a swift double-take.

"He must have taken a sit-down in the water, or else—" he muttered as he sped out the front-door. And, from the disconsolate, crestfallen wail a moment later, it was obviously Or Else.

Hal Wallis was the one who discarded Ardis Ankersen's euphonious name and called her Brenda Marshall. "I came into pictures from the stage just at the time the debutante, Brenda Frazier, was so much in the news," she explained. "So, as I was under contract to Warner Brothers and Mr. Wallis was in charge of production there then, he thought it would be a good idea to cash in on all that publicity."

"Ardis—" Bill never calls her anything but that, "—was under contract there when I first went into the Army. I was stationed at Astoria, Long Island, and it looked like the last stop before overseas. She managed to get a week off and flew East for one last wonderful time for us together in New York. You know how it is—we felt it was the end. The laugh that hides the breaking heart. We were sure I was going over, and I

knew I'd be killed. So we danced till all hours and I'd stagger up at dawn to be back at camp—and believe me, it was no life for a private! By the end of the week I was all in. Then Ardis greeted me on the last night with 'Just think—Warners let me have another week!' Well, that was fine and I loaded up on some more vitamin pills. But at the end of that week when she said, 'Just think—Warners have given me another two days!' I gave up. 'Oh, no, Ardis, my girl! No more gay life for me—I'm going to sleep!' And I did, for two whole days!"

After finishing at Warners, Brenda—née Ardis—was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox for a year. The only picture she made there was when Scott Porter Holden was five months on the way. And since she'd neglected to mention his advent, they—as she put it—"sort of lost interest" when option time came around. Right now she doubts whether she'd have the energy to fulfill another contract, but when her strength comes back, she would like to do a picture now and then on a free-lance basis.

The Holdens are of two minds about selling their house in San Fernando Valley and buying another over the hill. "Over the Hill" to Valley-dwellers means Toluca Lake, Beverly Hills or Bel-Air. In the Holden's case it means Toluca Lake where their friends Jane and Ronnie Reagan, the Richard Carlsons and John Arthur Kennedy live. But even though selling the house now at the present high market would mean a handsome profit, buying another at the same market would mean a correspondingly high cost.

"Ardis and I bought this place together in January, 1941, as an investment," Bill explained, "and we moved



Mona Freeman gets a bike ride to the "Dear Ruth" set, with Bill Holden pushing pedals.

into it to live when we were married the following July. It would be an ideal bachelor's house: — Arthur Treacher wants to buy it—or for two people—but the present arrangement is definitely unsatisfactory.”

Bill's dual contract between the two studios was part of the deal at the time Paramount loaned him to Columbia for "Golden Boy," his first great and sudden success, back in 1939. All told, he made eleven pictures in rapid and overlapping succession before he enlisted three years ago. Among them fans will remember "Arizona," in which he played opposite Jean Arthur, "I Wanted Wings," "Our Town," produced by Sol Lesser, "Invisible Stripes" with George Raft for Warner Brothers, "Texas" for Columbia and "The Remarkable Andrew," "The Fleet's In," "Meet the Stewarts" and "Young and Willing" for Paramount.

"All that meant a lot of moving around," Bill said with some dissatisfaction. "I'd be forty days in one place, then I'd pack up the grease-paint and wardrobe and move over to a different studio for another forty days. Never did have a dressing-room I could call my own!"

Now the arrangement is for Bill to spend a year at Paramount, then a year at Columbia, then back to Paramount and so on. He likes this much better.

"The plan has more advantages than just having a place of your own to put your belongings," he said happily. "There's publicity, for one thing. When you're moving from studio to studio, you never get the breaks. You're always the guy that's leaving to go some place else. I suppose it's natural to concentrate on the fellow you can put your finger on at any given moment, but I do know I've suffered for not staying in one place long enough."

When Bill flew to New York for a radio broadcast, he went from one place to another so suddenly it almost took his breath away. The call came so quickly he had only an hour to get ready to make the plane. Saying the trip was rough belongs in the Department of Understatement and—as Bill says—"Of course I was nervous and on edge about doing the show and knew that, with the best of connections, I'd barely get to New York in time for rehearsals. So when we were grounded for five hours in Kansas City, I was fit to be tied. By the time I got to New York, rehearsals were all finished, of course, but the company was kind enough to gather for a special one for me just before the broadcast."

Single rehearsal or not, he was good; he betrayed not a quiver of his inner panic. But Bill's like that, a solid performer who delivers. He has no yearning to be a Van Johnson, a Cornel Wilde, a Peter Lawford. To be mobbed by a pack of squealing bobby-soxers would probably give him the shaking jitters for a month. He wants to continue the building of his career where he stopped three years ago on the firm foundation of good work. He has no hankering to be, some future fine day, a director, a producer or a writer. He, himself, sums it up with fierce and intense loyalty to his chosen work: "I just want to act!"

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Love, Honor and Obey

Continued from page 35

Leisen, Olivia's landlord, is an understanding man. When Olivia and Marcus said, "If it's all right with you, we're camping here until real estate prices become more reasonable," he was agreeable. So now the two of them are living in the apartment meant for one.

Regardless of where they camp, life for the Goodriches is exciting, full of fun and adventure. "We have never since we were married," Olivia told me, "spent a single humdrum moment. We are never able to calm each other down. Every moment of our marriage has been adventure and excitement."

They planned to go to Bermuda for two months on their honeymoon. Olivia had recently finished "The Dark Mirror," but the studio thought she ought to hurry back to Hollywood to confer with them about a new picture. But that meant there could be no Bermuda trip. "What shall we do for a honeymoon?" Olivia asked Marcus. "Oh, I know," she answered herself. "Let's motor across the country. I've always wanted to make such a trip, but being a bachelor girl, I've never been able to do it. Don't you think it would be fun to do it together, Marcus?"

"All right," he said. "I'll go to the AAA, get the route and wire for accommodations at every town where we plan to stop."

"Oh, no," said Olivia. "Let's just start in the general direction and vagabond across the country, as you have done in the past."

Marcus warned her that if they did that, the accommodations might be horrible, and that there would be times when they would get none at all. Olivia was game. She wanted the adventure.

"I must say she stood up well," said Marcus admiringly. "Often we had no place to sleep. Sometimes we ate in lunch wagons. There were times when we were lucky enough to get a nice hotel room or accommodations at a pleasant tourist camp. At other times we had bedraggled rooms with the plaster falling on us and the beds breaking down. I said to her, 'Olivia, I'm afraid this is terrible for you, but you said you wanted to do things this way.'"

"Yes," said Olivia smiling. "I think it's perfectly wonderful." And as she spoke, bing, went another piece of plaster.

As they traveled over the country, they discussed their romance. Olivia had first met Marcus at a dinner party five years ago, and had thought immediately that he was the most interesting, the most fascinating man she had ever met. They got into a discussion of marriage, then, and Marcus said that marriage as it was practised in the United States bore little resemblance to what marriage should be, and that he, for his part, would go to the mountains of Sweden, where perhaps the people might be more sensible about marriage. "Why Sweden?" asked Olivia, piqued and interested.

Encouraged, Marcus asked to take her home. On the way home, he would have

a chance to explain why Sweden, and certainly he'd never met a prettier girl to whom to do his explaining. At this point one of Olivia's many beaux spoke up and said, "You can't take Olivia home. I already have an engagement to do that."

Which was a fib, but one which Olivia didn't care to deny. "If I had taken a firm stand then," she says, "Marcus would have known how very much interested I was, and a girl doesn't want to give herself away. So I remained silent."

The next night, when Marcus had dinner at Romanoff's, he saw Olivia enter with her escort of the evening. "Oh, there you are," said Olivia, which Marcus took to be faintly encouraging. And from time to time that evening, they would smile at each other from their respective booths, to the great annoyance of Olivia's escort.

The next day Marcus called Olivia up. Her mother answered the phone and said Olivia wasn't in. He called up twice after that, and each time her mother reported Olivia out. Since he'd left messages each time he called and no one called him back, he decided that perhaps Olivia didn't want to go out with him. Marcus, until his recent marriage to Olivia, had the reputation of being a devil with women, and he may have thought she'd heard some such report.

"You wasted five years of our lives by not calling me a fourth time," Olivia said, on their honeymoon. "I remember getting the messages that you had called; and each time I had a pleased and anticipatory feeling."

At that point Marcus hinted that she might have called him back. "Why, I never called a man back," said Olivia. "I wouldn't think of doing such a thing. But what really cut me to the quick, Marcus," Olivia continued, "was when in Washington, D. C., I passed within two inches of you, and you never even noticed me. If you had the great feeling for me that you claim, how could you have failed to realize I was there?"

It was in May, 1942, when Marcus was standing in front of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D. C. He had gone to the capitol to get together a crew of men to take to China with the amphibious forces. "You were in Navy whites smoking a pipe," said Olivia. "I had heard you were a wolf and I walked by rather hurriedly. But I watched you out of the corner of my eye to see if you noticed me. And you did not."

Marcus remembered that he had been in Washington, D. C., on that date. So Olivia and he went to the Mayflower on their honeymoon and rehearsed the whole scene to the consternation of the cleaning people and the amusement of all passersby. Olivia showed Marcus just where he had been standing and just how she had walked by. "By that time," Olivia said, "I had been warned to be careful of you—and I was careful. But I didn't expect to pass completely unobserved."

All during their honeymoon, Olivia

behaved like a very nervous bride. In New York they stayed at the St. Regis Hotel, to which Olivia had been coming for years. Her wedding had been one of the most publicized of movie stars' marriages. Still, when they got to their room, Olivia turned uneasily to Marcus. "They've known me for so long as Miss deHavilland," she said. "Do you think they know that I am really married?"

When the maids came in, with that look on their faces that maids have when they know a couple is newly married, Olivia said uneasily, "I'm afraid they think we are not married." And so she propped the wedding certificate up on the mantelpiece, where the maids couldn't help seeing it.

In her intense interest in everything that was part of Marcus' past, Olivia felt that she wanted to re-trace the route through which his family had come. Marcus himself was born in Texas, his family having come from England to Virginia, and then having gone on to Alabama, finally settling down in Texas. Olivia wanted to visit Virginia, Alabama, and Texas—and they did. They were elaborately entertained everywhere, but the greatest welcome came in San Antonio, where Olivia made a complete conquest of Marcus' family, including his mother.

"My mother fell completely in love with her," Marcus told me. "My mother is a determined old girl. For some time the whole family has been trying to get her to go to the dentist about some teeth she needed extracted. But she wouldn't do it until Olivia and she got together. Then, the first thing I knew, she and Olivia decided to go."

Olivia sat in the room with her mother-in-law while the extractions were made. That was a hell of a thing to let a new bride go through on her honeymoon," said Marcus.

"But oh, what a lesson it taught me," exclaimed Olivia. "Marcus' mother did nothing but joke through the whole thing. She wouldn't admit anything hurting her. After it was all over, I gave her some codeine and said that the doctor had advised that she take some every four hours. Then, if the pain was still too great, she was to take aspirin, too. I saw her the next morning. She had not touched any of the codeine or aspirins."

Olivia learned another lesson in San Antonio. This was one deliberately taught her by Marcus. Marcus believes in rising early. But when he tried to rouse Olivia, she would just turn over on the other side or she would say, "Oh, yes, I'll get up in five minutes." One morning Marcus, when he had difficulty getting Olivia up, picked up the phone. Then holding the top of the phone down so that the call wouldn't actually be put through, he asked for an imaginary number, and in a voice as wheedling and amorous as he could make it, he said that he wanted to speak to Clarissa. At that Olivia sat bolt upright in bed. "Whom are you speaking to?" she asked. "Oh, Marcus, you're not calling one of your old girl friends, are you?" She was thoroughly awake. Since then, she has been progressively easier to wake up each morning. "I am very possessive and jealous," she confesses.

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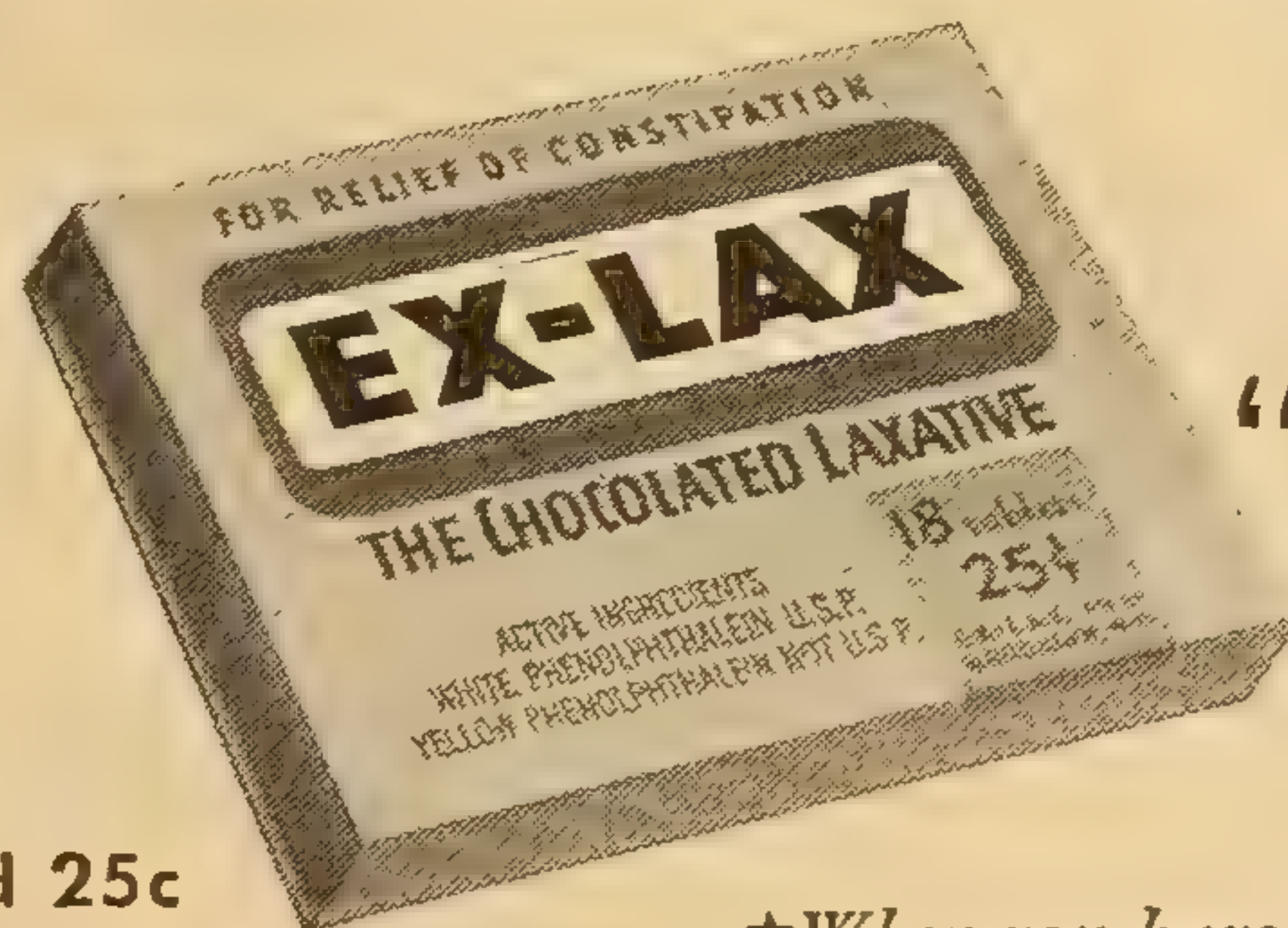


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"I like that in Olivia," said Marcus warmly. "That's what a wife should be. It's a normal mechanism to protect your marriage. I do not believe in a marriage so modern that it isn't really marriage at all. A wife has a right to expect that you will devote yourself to her exclusively. Any other arrangement is not really marriage, no matter what it's called."

"Marriage," says Olivia, "is a subject I have always taken seriously. My mother and father were divorced when Joan and I were children. I think divorce is terrible, and even worse is the thing which causes divorces—bad judgment. Romantic people are apt to make a bad choice. I knew I was romantic, and had to be doubly careful. I was determined to wait until I met someone with whom I could be happy the rest of my life. After I got to know Marcus, I knew that he was that person. As I recall, he didn't ask me whether I would marry him or not. He said simply, 'You will marry me.'"

There's been a lot of newspaper comment on the vows Olivia took. Although many women today feel that to promise to love, honor and *obey* is anachronistic, Olivia cheerfully took these vows.

"Some of the newspapers said that 'I had suggested that we leave in the word 'obey,'" laughed Olivia. "Nothing of the

sort. When Marcus said he would like me to take that vow, I said, 'what a suggestion, Marcus! This is the twentieth century. To make such a promise would be returning to feudal days.' Then I thought it over for twenty-four hours. I knew Marcus was the most intelligent man I had ever met. He is also benevolent, so he would never ask me to do anything that didn't make sense. Therefore I agreed, and told him so the next day."

Marcus explained, "Every team has a captain. Olivia and I are a team, and one of us has to be the captain, so I said, 'I'll be it.' I have studied the history of marriage—Westermarck and all those boys. I understand marriage as it existed before the 19th century. Those boys could define it. On the other hand, I have read volumes of piffle written about modern marriage but can't make head or tail of it. Even those who write about it can't define what modern marriage means. Now I value Olivia and value our relationship. We want a permanent marriage, and I think that means an old-fashioned marriage. However," he sighed, "since our marriage sometimes I have had to do a hell of a lot of smiling ironically. For I ask myself: 'Who is doing the obeying around here?' I cannot think of a single command I have given. But I can think of many Olivia has

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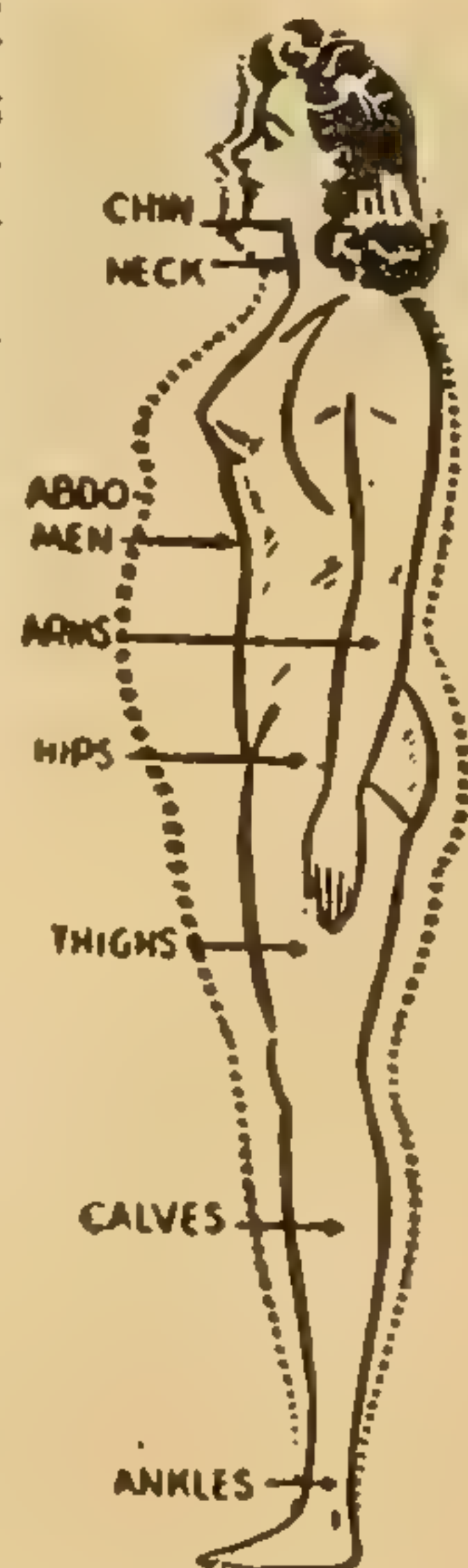


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given. A while ago I was unloading some books. I thought I was wearing a nice costume for unloading. But Olivia said, 'I am expecting some guests. Please change that awful costume.'"

"He was wearing a big loose shirt and it came down to here," said Olivia. "It was not properly starched and ironed."

Marcus smiled ironically to himself again on the maid's day off. The dishes had been piling up all day, and Olivia suggested that she could wash them, and she would like to have Marcus wipe them. At that he bucked. But before the evening was over, an unbelievable event had occurred, Marcus, the gay, irrespressible, irresistible, devil-with-women Bohemian, was wiping some dishes. "Perhaps you'd better not print that," laughed Marcus, "None of my friends will believe that the rugged but elegant Goodrich was ever caught wiping a dish."

"However," said Olivia, "he refused to wipe the glasses. He said it was incorrect form—that the proper method was to let them dry, then twelve hours later to polish them."

Olivia still swears that she is perfectly willing to obey any command Marcus gives her. "If I disagreed with him, we might have a long argument; and I would think it over for twelve hours. Then, if he still felt the same about it, I'd obey."

The only subject that so far has caused an argument is the bath towel issue. Olivia is a bath towel addict. Put her in a room with seven bath towels, and at the end of a single bath, she will use all seven, according to Marcus. On various occasions, according to his version, Marcus has remonstrated, saying that if there were seven towels, he was perfectly willing to have Olivia use six of them, but for her not to touch the solitary towel which he had set aside on a special hook for his own use. Olivia uses this towel, too, says Marcus. When he points that out to her, she says, "Oh, I did that absent-mindedly. I won't do it again." If Olivia continues to be absent-minded, Marcus wonders just how he is ever going to get himself dry.

On most subjects, however, they are in great agreement. When Marcus was courting Olivia, she learned that he had not touched a drink for twenty years. Olivia had been accustomed, as most of Hollywood is, to taking a cocktail now and then. But on falling in love with Marcus, she immediately foreswore liquor forever. Once in San Antonio, when they were planning a real binge, they decided to go dancing and Olivia said, "And Marcus, I'll have two cokes. Yes, sir, we'll really dissipate."

She wasn't kidding. When Olivia has two cokes, she can't sleep. However, they had so much fun that day and evening that they never did go out for the exciting dancing date they planned.

She still hasn't danced with Marcus in public, though she looks forward to it. On one occasion they danced together at home, to a Mexican record that sounded something like a rumba. Marcus, enjoying the rhythm of it, began to dance to the music, and Olivia, coming out of the bathtub, hastily threw on something in order to dance with Marcus. They eat all their meals together.

Olivia says sadly that she can't cook. "But," objects Marcus, "she gets into the conference with the cook, gives her a complete menu and discusses with her just what she should cook and how she should cook it. And the food is wonderful. In a pinch I'm sure Olivia could cook, or how could she describe how to do it? And Olivia has cooked some of our meals. When she made our first breakfast, she said, 'I don't know how to make scrambled eggs but I do know how to make baked eggs.' So she made them and they were delicious. I am living the life of Reilly with Olivia. It is a long time since I have tasted such good cooking. True, I mostly ate in restaurants. But since our marriage, we seldom go out to dine."

"Besides conferring with the cook, Olivia manages the house, cleans and straightens it up with the help of Lou. Of course, it's not easy, with so many books in the house. I need a great many books, since I find it much more convenient to do my research work at home than in the library. Besides, since the books are my own, I use the books themselves as notebooks."

Before Olivia and Marcus were married, Olivia, being serious as usual about marriage, asked Marcus if he were neat since she wanted to know what they were getting into and with what sort of household she would have to cope. "Oh, I'm very neat," he assured her. "I usually am, too," she said.

The third day after their return to Hollywood, the house was in shambles. Clothes were all over the floor, hanging from chairs and so on. Marcus' tobacco was all over the floor, on the bedside table, everywhere Olivia looked.

"Two very neat people," she thought to herself, and giggled. But she made no comment to Marcus. "I haven't said a word about it, have I, Marcus, up until the moment of this interview?"

"No," he admitted. "I can see that I shall learn a great deal about this marriage of ours from Olivia's interviews."

Marriage agreed so well with Olivia that she began to put on weight, until she was eight pounds overweight. At this point Marcus warned Olivia that she was putting on too much weight, and advised her to go at once to a gymnasium and start exercising. Olivia called up Terry Hunt's gymnasium and made an appointment for 9 A. M.

It looked as if Olivia really had her heart set on obeying Marcus. "But," said Olivia, "I'll have to get up at 7 to get to the gym on time and get everything organized at home. It's terribly dreary to get up alone at 7. You'll wake up with me, won't you, Marcus, and drive me to the gym?"

Marcus said he would. He has an idea that perhaps he has been slightly bamboozled. "Will you please tell me," he said, "who is doing the obeying?"

"Why, I am, of course, darling," said Olivia. Then she turned to me. "I'll have you know that I am a woman of spirit. Marcus is the only man I've ever met whom I would have promised to obey. If I had decided to take the step with any of the other men who have courted me, I would never have taken that vow."

What the Future Holds for Greer Garson

Continued from page 49

awaiting the thrill I'll get when I hear the callboy rap on my door and shout, 'Act I, 10 minutes. Miss Garson, please!' Although I'll be going through the nervous tortures of the first-night performance. But once I'm on the stage and the play is moving along, I'll love it."

American audiences know only one side of Greer's dramatic ability. They've seen her as various heroic ladies who surmount apparently insurmountable obstacles. Usually she has followed the rags-to-riches theme, or the Cinderella who eventually wins out because of sheer courage and generous intelligence. In the past several pictures she has done, she has veered from this formula, and it is perhaps this trend which has given her the desire to return to characterizations for which she was famous on the English stage before her advent in this country.

If you recall, Greer was one of the most sought-after actresses on the English stage because of her skillful delineations of light-hearted women without a shred of conscience. There was a time when she was labelled "The Gorgeous Hussy" of England! The progression of Greer's career in Hollywood is too familiar to bear repeating. Within a short time her star skyrocketed over the glamor city and she became the most popular actress in movies by 1944.

Once again Greer is at a turning point. She is not objecting to the rôles she has played in pictures in the past as much as she is delving into a sister field in which to win fresh laurels. In a way her history is repeating itself, because she will be reconquering a field which is entirely familiar to her.

Hollywood has kept her busy being such ladies as *Mrs. Miniver*, *Mrs. Chips*, *Mrs. Parkington*, and *Madame Curie*. In "Adventure" she became a not-so-heroic lady, and in her newest opus, "A Woman of My Own," she is a French war-wife who has a tremendous romantic problem to solve. Greer has enjoyed enacting her rôles to date, and even though some were laid in the same historical period, each was motivated by a conflict of different emotions. But they're done now—a definite part of the past—and she would not care to try again any parts of a similar nature.

She has a peculiar fondness for comedy, at which she excels. Her sense of humor is the more subtle variety which she can express in well-written lines and well-placed situations. And her opportunities of the past have not given her full sway to express this innate ability. Once her company is fully organized and begins its road tours, you will observe just what she can do in this respect.

Greer is returning to the stage, too, for a sort of brush-up course in acting—not that she needs it. It is her opinion that the best training for aspirants for film fame and success is an intensive period on the stage where acting must be at its highest level.

BESTFORM



"I usually shy at giving advice of any kind," she said earnestly on the set between takes of her current picture, "but I truly believe that the only place to learn to act is on the stage. Given a native intelligence, the audience will teach the player the rest. In a way, you can't learn to swim by practicing on a chair in the bathroom, or dance solely from lessons in a book; you must get into the water or struggle on the dance floor. It's the same with acting—you become a seasoned actor only after you've worked before critical and appreciative audiences."

Greer has some potent words of instruction she'd like to pass on to youngsters who hope to carve out a career in Hollywood. In most cases it's a hard, long road ahead, and if the words of advice she has to offer will help, she is happy to present her observations. She believes, for instance, that a girl should study a staple educational course first in a field which is readily marketable, such as business or teaching, upon which she can fall back if she does not make the grade at her first theatrical attempt. At the same time, this girl should join a local little theater or college group, and master every phase of the theater in which she participates. Then, if general opinion sustains her own decision, she can move into a semi-professional group or a repertory company, with the New York stage as her eventual goal.

Greer suggests the safeguard of another profession because she feels that opportunity comes several times, not merely once, and while the girl is wait-

ing for another chance, she has a training which will sustain her until she can try once again. "The New York stage seems to be the open sesame to Hollywood, and if a player decides to try this highly competitive field purely on speculation, he must be certain he can support himself financially during the waiting period," is Greer's final comment.

Greer is one of filmland's most cultured and understanding women. Her thorough education abroad serves her as a perfect background for all social situations. She is almost constantly on call at her studio, and little time remains for social activity. Rarely does she spend an evening at one of Hollywood's numerous night clubs, but she does find time now and then to attend private parties which sound like fun to her. Naturally she is in constant demand by hostesses who seek to sprinkle their guest lists with glamor. The few invitations she does accept are from close friends and then only if the party-going will not interfere with her screen work. Obviously it is difficult to give one's best before the cameras with only a few hours' sleep, and Greer does not care to risk this. She feels her first duty is to her profession.

She is curiously untouched by Hollywood gossip, and she will have no part in passing on choice personal tidbits which might come her way. Film people have learned of her aversion to idle chatter and consequently do not inflict it upon her. Successful rumor passing requires two people in every instance, and Greer will not be one of them.



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On rare occasions when she gives a party, it is in an intimate little gathering of all the folks she likes best. Butlers and maids do not hover behind chairs at an elegant festive table, because Greer keeps her gatherings small and very friendly. The chances are that she will hurry home from the studio to prepare some special recipes for her guests, and she will closely supervise everything from the table decorations to the final demitasse and liqueur in the drawing room. Usually she builds the floral centerpiece from the blossoms of her own garden, which she surrounds with a circle of small lighted candles in deep colored glass holders.

She is very conscious of the fact that pleasant surroundings and soothing background music are necessary to a good dinner, and she will choose her selections for the electric phonograph with as much care as she selects the wines she serves. Once the dinner progresses smoothly, she will relax and take part in the dinner table conversation. Like the good hostess she is, she asks questions about her guests' activities and achievements, and she enthuses genuinely at their accomplishments. Not for one moment does she behave like a spoiled great lady of the theater who demands that all attention and conversation be centered upon her. She wants her guests to have a good time, and she asks for nothing more.

She admits that if she had not become a motion picture star, she might now be occupied with a career as a costume designer, or even be engrossed in antiquarian pursuits in libraries and museums. Although she once was a highly successful advertising executive in London, she leans more to the arts of commerce. The political arena does not lure her, and she has been heard to say that a combination of poetry and farming might well be the ideal life.

She is deeply serious about her concept for the future of this post-war world and its dire need for a true brotherhood of man. It is her opinion that nations are on the brink of a spiritual renaissance or of annihilation, and that there is a vast reeducation program which must come before such a renaissance can take effect. Wars and prejudices are the outcome of a constant battle between the

good and evil and each man's heart, she thinks, and the job of shaping a new world outlook belongs directly to each individual, not to his city, state, or country. In other words, she believes re-education should begin at the bottom with the individual man—rather than at the top with a wide national policy.

For personal happiness she advocates the theory that people should do the work they like best rather than to follow established precedents or the course of least resistance. If a girl wants very much to become an actress or doctor or lawyer, she feels that girl should give it a try rather than cling to her dull security. Otherwise the question and doubt will always be with her.

Greer is not a devotee of blind luck, nor does she subscribe to the press agent's success-overnight stories. She believes people can make their own opportunities if they prepare intelligently for things to come. Too many hopeful young actors and actresses are lured to Hollywood by stories of discoveries at soda fountains, on beaches, or even in hotel elevators, but they are the 2% who succeed, in contrast to the remaining 98% who are bitterly disappointed. If more of the 98% were better prepared, it might be a different story.

Not all the time with Greer at her house is devoted to heavy dissertations on post-war problems and careers. If the evening is warm, you may take a swim in the pool, dance on the polished floor in the den, and certainly you can indulge in a gin rummy game, which is one of her favorite amusements.

There is always Gogo, the French poodle, to entertain you, the two Steinway pianos, and Greer's phonographic record collection can please even the most finicky musical tastes. Greer, incidentally, loves folk music and archaic tunes, in addition to symphonies and piano concertos. She is especially fond of Celtic and Scottish ballads.

Even when she goes on the road with her new troupe, she plans to take along her portable phonograph and her favorite records. So, if you hear the plaintive notes of a Celt ballad emerging from a music shop while Greer is playing in your town, look in. She'll be shopping for more of the same tunes.



Meet Jeffrey Lynn's lovely wife, seen here adding to the pretty scenery of Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgewood Room. How about a picture for your loyal fans soon, Jeff?

Introducing Deborah Kerr

Continued from page 33

all this lost time, and doing all those things which are the accepted part of a screen star must definitely take the second place.

Maybe she just doesn't value success over-much because it has come to her so early and so easily. She was born at Helensburgh in Scotland into a pleasant small-town family and did so well in the dancing-class at school she decided to go in for the ballet. So she duly learned her pirouettes and points at the famous Old Vic School in London, changing her name from Deborah Trimmer to Deborah Kerr—you pronounce it "car" in the authentic Scottish manner. But when war broke out, elaborate ballets became impossible so Deborah turned actress instead and did small parts on the London stage.

On her nineteenth birthday some friends took her off to a celebration luncheon party at the Mayfair Hotel. Just as she was starting on her soup, an excited little black-eyed man rushed up to the table and grabbed her arm. "You are just what I want" he exclaimed, "so fresh, innocent-looking. A rosebud with the dew still on it." Deborah shrieked and the head-waiter appeared to explain this was the great Mr. Gabriel Pascal, who made the films of all the Bernard Shaw plays.

It's what every would-be screen player dreams about, but it never seems to have occurred to Deborah as yet how amazingly, incredibly lucky she was on that summer day. Pascal gave her a studio test, which revealed that she possesses a perfect film face, her bones and features so fine it is equally good photogenically from any camera angle. So she got the little part of the wide-eyed schoolgirl in "Major Barbara" and after that a larger rôle in "Love on the Dole." Then she immediately went into the leading feminine part in "Hatter's Castle" with James Mason as her doctor-lover. That established her and she was soon sharing starring honors with Roger Livesey in the celebrated satirical comedy of three generations of English life, "Colonel Blimp." Her screen performances were so good that when her case came up before the British equivalent of the draft board, she was given special permission to go on making films and so earning foreign currency for Britain instead of having to serve in uniform with the fighting forces. So she rented herself a gay little apartment in an exclusive Mayfair street, got a dog and a housekeeper and a pair of diamond clips and set about having all the fun she could between her jobs of work. In three brief years she had become a screen star, just as easily as that.

She made "Vacation from Marriage" for Sir Alexander Korda, with Robert Donat as her sailor-husband, filming at the Denham Studios while the flying bombs roared steadily over London. Not that they frightened Deborah very much. She was far too volatile and far too busy to pause and consider them thoughtfully. Brimming over with impulsive energy,

she always goes around the studio like restless quicksilver, hating to keep still a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. She has always maintained that posing for still photographs is a form of terrible torture and avoids it as frequently as she can no matter what the publicity department advises. Deborah doesn't even want to rest in her chair between "takes." She starts to practice a dance-step or chatters blithely to another player or thinks up some practical joke to play on the director or the cameraman. As soon as she's finished on the set, she's wondering about a party or a restaurant evening or a visit to a show. If there's one thing that Deborah dislikes, it's wasting some precious hours when she might be having fun.

Some people think she doesn't appreciate the remarkable good fortune that has befallen her. They say it's unfortunate she didn't have to suffer the early struggles and poverty and work infinitely hard to achieve her place on the screen, believing that might have made her less self-willed and more co-operative now. Her refusal to take stardom really seriously has caused many headaches to British studio executives. One angry producer remarked feelingly that what Miss Kerr badly needed was a good spanking! Then he smiled wryly and asked how could you possibly spank such a pretty little kid anyway?

For there is such an amazingly unsophisticated and almost child-like aura about Deborah. You always feel she is just doing what comes naturally to her without any thought of the consequences

or of the effect on other people, like an unthinking youngster. To her friends she behaves affectionately and spontaneously, showering them with amusing surprise gifts, giving them the open door of her home, sharing anything she happens to have with them as simply as she breathes. Amused, she'll clap her hands and cry "Oh, goody! Goody!", romping with her dogs or playing parlor games or dancing till she collapses laughing on the nearest chair and throws off her slippers to wiggle her tired toes in the air.

The farewell party she gave to her friends in London before she sailed was typically Deborah. No smart hotel, but a tiny private club in a most unfashionable street, which you entered by squeezing yourself along a narrow alleyway and up some wooden steps. Inside the low-ceilinged room there were masses of forest leaves for decoration and the light came from dripping tallow candles stuck into empty beer bottles. Deborah served punch of her own concoction and played the piano while her guests sang bawdlerized versions of popular dance-hits. She declared it was so much more fun than holding a regular cocktail evening.

For Deborah is always instinctively a rebel against the conventional order of life. She just will not do any of those things which are expected of screen stars—go to formal parties and say charming things to the newspaper reporters, make public appearances to meet her fans and sign autographs, walk into the right places wearing the appropriate clothes and suchlike. Nobody in the British studios ever succeeded in making her

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change her mind, for coaxing and threats were equally futile. Deborah has true Scots tenacity, and behind her gentle face there's a steely determination and fiery temper. And quite unlike most folks who are born on the north side of the Border, she has no superstitions whatever.

She will wear the reputedly "dangerous" shade of green most cheerfully, usually going on the street in a tailored suit or a tweed outfit, hatless or with a colored scarf tied round her hair. After dark she loves to appear most dramatically dressed in black or white with enormous pieces of jewelry, sweeping low-cut models that often give her the appearance of a teen-ager who's sneaked her mother's gown, especially when she exclaims with glee and starts up her favorite face-pulling competition with her friends. Not that Deborah would ever stop to ask anybody else's opinion about her ensemble. If she likes it herself, that is quite sufficient.

So serenely independent, Deborah lived alone until 1945, when she married handsome young Anthony Bartley, an RAF pilot who fought in the Battle of Britain and whom she met while entertaining the troops. Her wedding took place while she was in the middle of making "I Saw a Dark Stranger," in which she plays a charming but completely rebellious Irish girl. Or as a certain jaundiced studio technician remarked: "She plays herself with an Irish accent." When she was arguing passionately with Trevor Howard before the cameras one morning, she got a cable from Tony saying he was flying home from India. So she had a white lace wedding-gown rushed through and married him two days later at St. George's Church in London. Now he is finally out of uniform and able to spend all his time with Deborah. He believes in having fun as thoroughly as she does.

At the Royal Command Film Performance in London, all the stars who were going there to meet King George and Queen Elizabeth in state were the guests of J. Arthur Rank at a little get-together party the previous evening. When Joan Bennett danced with Tony Bartley she remarked what an attractive silver heart ornament his wife wore on her bracelet. "That was my wedding-present," Tony answered calmly. "It was quite difficult to find one big enough to get my heart inside." Then Deborah startled her partner, Ray Milland, by explaining that Tony was completely crazy. "But then so am I," she added. "That's what makes our marriage so suitable. No ordinary kind of man would ever be able to understand me."

Naturally Tony has come to America with his wife. He was here before the war on special duties for the RAF and visited California then. Now he's enthusiastically assisting Deborah to try out the fun-providing potentialities of Hollywood and no doubt Hollywood is wondering just how best to deal with a star who's so different from the rest.

For the remarkable fact remains that this temperamental, unsophisticated girl is a magnificent natural actress, who can give a performance of rare dramatic power and sensitive understanding with-



Deborah Kerr is cameraman's delight as she arrives aboard the Queen Elizabeth.

out any apparent effort and next to no rehearsals. Producer Michael Powell says she is like a radio set, able to pick up immediately the idea in her director's mind and perfectly interpret it. Deborah made her last British film for him, "Black Narcissus," with Sabu and Flora Robson and a sensational newcomer, David Farrar. It is the story of five nuns who set up a school and hospital in a remote mountain village in India. Deborah played *Sister Clodagh*, striving for spiritual grace but troubled by the temptations of the world. It was a superb character portrait, and to watch her moving serenely and graciously through the story, it seems incredible she could ever stamp her foot and flash: "Indeed I won't. It isn't any fun."

Deborah Kerr could be one of the greatest actresses of all time if she could only be properly managed and made to grow up. She needs poise and maturity and a balanced self-confidence, primarily the kind of producer who can discern the true possibilities of this problem-child of the British studios and deftly mould her screen personality into the proper shape. None of her former producers have been able to make up their minds about her type. Each one for whom she has made a picture has presented her in a completely different kind of rôle, and although she has acted it soundly and convincingly, she has yet to find the producer who will really do her full justice.

But to polish herself to ultimate perfection and become a truly great international screen star would call for Deborah to abandon many of those ideas to which she now clings so firmly. She would have to learn the values of stern self-discipline and study, co-operating generously to build her future. And she would certainly have to realize that a film star has a definite duty and responsibility toward the public who admire her and who provide her livelihood with all its luxury and all its glamorous trimmings. Maybe Hollywood itself will teach Deborah Kerr these facts, inspiring her by the force of other women's example and stimulating her by its keen and never-ceasing competition.

The Town's Be-Guild

Continued from page 53

immediately put to work on the university daily, where she inaugurated a series of special features. She selected outstanding girls on the campus and compiled a symposium of their study methods. Cunningly, she selected only those girls who were dreamboats, but who also maintained high scholastic averages.

Because Nancy has always been deeply interested in photography, and because her reportorial beat coincided with that of a man on the Tucson Daily, Nancy came to know many professional newsmen well. This man was also the Arizona representative for Life Magazine, so when he received word from the publication's New York office that five universities were to be scanned pictorially for a story on how college girls were putting to use their souvenirs from G.I. beaus, it was only natural for him to ask Nancy to participate. The rest is history. So energetically did Nancy enter into the spirit of securing this picture layout that it was decided to focus the article entirely on the University of Arizona. One fact was kept a secret, however. Not until Nancy had come back to Hollywood on her summer vacation did she learn—by confronting herself in multicopy on the newsstands—that her picture was to be used on the cover. Nancy has never fainted in her life. She didn't faint on the spot then, either. But she attributes this only to the stamina developed by her athletic childhood.

As a result of her debut as a cover girl, Nancy received over three thousand letters from men and girls scattered all over the world. Of this number she energetically answered fifty, before the spectacle of the postman ringing not twice but twenty times a day overwhelmed her with a sense of utter futility. Nancy is still corresponding with one of the original congratulators, a man who invited her to last spring's Yale Prom. She planned at first to go, but 20th's picture schedule forestalled the trip.

In addition to her sudden flood of mail, Nancy received—on the afternoon of the magazine's newsstand appearance—a telephone call from an official at 20th Century-Fox. After a few sentences, Nancy covered the receiver with her flat hand and told her mother, "This man would like to talk to you and me this afternoon about a motion picture contract. Shall I tell him that I still have three years of university before me?"

"I think you could gain as much practical knowledge by working at the studio two months as you would get from two years of university training," she said. "At least, it's worth a try."

So Nancy signed her 20th contract late that afternoon. During the next three days she and her mother took turns explaining to talent scouts from other studios that Miss Guild regretted she would be unable to lunch that day.

Nancy's reading had been devoted mainly to fiction and biographies, so she had escaped the widely-published fact that the instant a girl is signed by a

studio she is subjected to intensive cultivation. Ordinarily, as you know, she is dieted, given diction lessons, dancing lessons, a course in interpretive technique, and sometimes rudimentary lessons in one or two foreign languages are also added. In Nancy's case, nothing was done at all, because the studio wanted to experiment with the camera values of unmodified naturalness. As a result, when she was given the script for "Somewhere in the Night," she attacked the problem exactly as if she were cramming for a final. She hopped into bed early and memorized two or three pages more than the director had assigned. She was determined to smack the course for an "A" or know the reason why. Director Joseph Mankiewicz, somewhat nonplussed by the spectacle of his "natural" actress reciting lines as if they were mathematical formulae, questioned her. After Nancy's explanation, he assured her that the lines were the least of her worries. He wanted her, not to rely upon rote memory, but to *think* her way through the dialogue and the action. So *that* night Nancy didn't study her lines at all. She just turned in very early. The next day's shooting was almost as difficult as her previous experience, because she was totally unprepared for everything that developed.

Even so, John Hodiak told an interviewer during the early days of the picture's shooting, "This new girl, Nancy Guild, is a natural. She doesn't have any idea how valid her reactions are, nor how stimulating she is to work with. I personally think that she is going to be a great actress."

The average actress, who has started her dancing lessons at the age of three, and has wrestled forty rounds with Thespis, through drama school, little theaters, spear-carrying, bit parts, and finally a lead, anticipates one great moment of triumph. The day when she sees her name in lights on a marquee marks, in-



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deed, an incandescent event. After "Somewhere in the Night" was released, Nancy was walking down Hollywood Boulevard one night when the sight of her own name attracted her attention. There it was—"Nancy Guild." She inspected her mood for the pinpoint carbonation of a sudden thrill. No reaction. This failure to respond is one of the great disappointments of her life to date.

Even though the studio was eager to maintain Nancy in her pristine dramatic state, Miss Guild herself began to have serious misgivings about the persuasiveness of her work. Without saying anything to anyone she tiptoed down to the Actors' Lab (an ambitious little theater group) and persuaded them to accept her as a student. Other enrollees at the Actors' Lab were overwhelmed by this unheard of demonstration of modesty on the part of a girl who had been given stardom in her first picture and who was promptly scheduled to appear opposite George Montgomery in "The Brasher Doubloon."

Nancy worked earnestly for a month before 20th heard of her unorthodox behavior, then it was suggested very tactfully that if she wished to report to the lot drama coach each day, mild instruction would be performed. In explaining her quest for training, Nancy said somewhat helplessly, "You see, I didn't know I didn't know anything until I saw myself and could see that I didn't know anything."

Nancy's career has effected a considerable change in her personal life. Like any girl on summer vacation from university, Nancy used to have a date every single night, and on most afternoons. Time was when she was simply crushed if she didn't participate in every important social function given by her extensive circle of friends. Although she has been accused of fickleness, she brushes the allegation aside by explaining that she likes one boy because he is handsome, another because he is clever, a third because he is a brain, a fourth because he is athletic, and

a fifth because he is a terrific dancer. To date, she has never met a man who combined all of these highly desirable qualities. That being the case, a girl like Nancy has no choice but to go out five nights a week. If she could meet a man who was a walking package deal, it would, of course, simplify matters extensively. Currently, giving up all but the most demanding of social engagements, Nancy has no dates when she is working, unless her escort agrees to have her home before nine o'clock. Even when she isn't working, one mid-week date and one week-end date represent her night life.

Her wardrobe has benefited from her career. She bought and wears constantly the plaid sports jacket and simple gabardine skirt, which you remember from "Somewhere in the Night." When she finishes "The Brasher Doubloon" Nancy intends to buy the gabardine greatcoat which represents one of the three costume changes in the picture. Originally, the script called for six costume changes, but this was simplified somewhat, to Miss Guild's disappointment.

Nancy has two older brothers. During the war one was in the naval air force and the other in the army air force. Their reaction to Nancy's becoming an actress, described in letters written from overseas, was "Get the kid! Isn't that a kick!"

Both boys are now working on their father's huge Arizona ranch, which lies sixty-five miles north of Tucson. Between pictures Nancy hurries to the Shangri-la, where she dons a plaid shirt, a pair of jeans, and her riding boots, and spends most of each day in the saddle. In between time, she swims, plays tennis, and aquaplanes on a nearby lake. At the ranch in a trophy room all her own, Nancy has placed her swimming and diving trophies and several medals she has won in riding competition. Experts at 20th Century-Fox are confident that the day will come when Nancy will have an Oscar to stand beside her other tokens of prowess.



Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart, with Frank Morgan at an Ambassador Hotel party, have a jovial time reminiscing about their early days on New York stage.

Screen Monster, Home Treasure

Continued from page 42

Foxes"—stole his dying uncle's bonds, as, to quote one reviewer, "the family's half-witted, vicious, treacherous younger son." "Pride of the Yankees"—spent almost the entire picture sneering at America's—and incidentally Dan's—favorite sports character, that great baseball player and gentleman, the late Lou Gehrig. "Ministry of Fear"—led a Nazi spy ring and when things grew too hot committed suicide, much to the audience's enjoyment, with a pair of tailor's shears. "Mrs. Parkington"—had the crust to tell his own father he had never liked him. "Main Street After Dark"—taught his two sisters how to pick servicemen's pockets. "Along Came Jones"—as a western character always shot his enemies in the stomach, because that made death more painful. "Valley of Decision"—brought in "scabs" to break up a strike. "Woman in the Window"—played a particularly obnoxious blackmailer; then, when Joan Bennett tried to poison him to get rid of him, caught wise and tried to make *her* drink the poison. When she declined he slapped her around, hard, seeming to enjoy it greatly. "Scarlet Street"—lived on the money earned by the character portrayed by Miss Bennett, who garnered her living in a manner not at all admirable; then, when a chance came to trim Edward G. Robinson, and Joan went a bit soft about helping in the Big Grab, he not only slapped her *down*, but, when she lay on the floor, kicked her!

Even before "Woman in the Window," Dan's screen villainy had rolled up a notably repellent impression in many beholders' minds. Helen Duryea received the full impact of that when she accompanied her husband to a preview of "W. I. T. W." The first moment Dan came on the screen, before he had so much as sneered or leered, a woman sitting behind Mrs. Duryea exclaimed distinctly: "That's the most disgusting man in pictures!" Dan says that Helen is too much of a lady even to have thought of bopping the speaker one, and that she's not the type to have risen and changed her seat in anger. Mrs. Duryea remembers, "Dan put a hand over mine, rather tightly. Mine were clenched."

After "Scarlet Street" Dan, who'd been screen-dashing from villainy to villainy with scarcely time to change his leer, was blessed with a whole week off, and he and Helen spent it at a small mountain hotel. The clerk who accepted their telephoned request for reservations evidently didn't catch the significance of The Name. But the one on duty when they arrived took one look and *knew*. Beyond the man's power to control, his face registered for a moment an expression the Duryeas had seen before: "Should I let this—this creature in the hotel?" Before the week was up, that clerk, like everyone who meets Dastardly Dan, had succumbed. When they left, he followed the pair out to their car. "Mr. Duryea," he said, "I want to apologize for the way I stared at you that first day. In this little town movies are

our only evening entertainment. After seeing all those parts you've played I decided you *must* be a heel in real life, instead of the swell guy you are!"

The real wonder about Dan is that so many fans *did* see through the celluloid turpitude and find his likable nature. Bobby-soxers, who hold a particularly warm spot in Helen Duryea's heart because of their perceptiveness in this regard, proved, their fan mail shows, nearly 100 percent true-seeing. But, before we illuminate that, your reporter thought it pertinent to find out just how Helen met Dan, how their romance developed and how Mr. Screen-Mean acts at home.

The couple were both born and reared in White Plains, New York, where their families had known each other for several generations. However, at the time Helen was attending a "finishing school" of the high school curriculum type, Dan was working toward his degree at Cornell. "At that stage of growing up," Helen points out, "high-school and university boys and girls are worlds apart." So, despite their families' friendship, the two were strangers in their own home town. When Dan re-arrived in White Plains, diploma in his suit-case, Helen didn't even hear about it.

Dan landed a job with an advertising firm in New York, and—as Fate sometimes throws a loop around two people—he and Helen's father used to ride out from the city each weekday evening on the same commuters' train. Eventually, of course, Mr. Ryan recognized him and offered, "Can't I drive you home? I go right by your house."

"That," Mrs. Duryea commented, as we talked in the tasteful and livable Duryea living-room, "was when Fate settled around *my* neck, too, because I happened to drive down to the train that night to meet Father. We dropped Dan off at his home and drove to our house. Dan had already phoned when we arrived and the phone tingled again before I got my hat off. He wanted a date, then, that very night."

She put him off a couple of weeks, virtually every day, about that first date. Not abrupt or too indifferent, you understand, just good excuses. She *wanted* to go out with him. "But," she phrased it when we talked, "no girl wants to appear too eager the first time a man speaks to her—especially a man who has lived in the same town with her since birth and has only noticed, this day, that she has grown out of pigtails."



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Dan was not only as instantaneous as any suitor Helen had ever heard of, he was twice as persistent. "After several months," she continued, "Mother thought it would be good for me to accept a houseparty invitation—the flock-of-girls type—from a friend who had moved to Birmingham, Alabama. Each morning I received a special delivery letter—some days two."

There must have been some talking done because all the Birmingham gallants seemed to know Helen was "spoken for." She didn't draw nearly the date attention to which she felt she was entitled. Curiously enough, when she returned home and complained about this to Suitor Dan, he seemed neither surprised nor displeased. (The villain popping out in him, already!)

Helen refrained from saying "Yes" during two years of unremitting courtship. That wasn't to be coy. She knew, she says, that with her it would be one man, for keeps, or nothing at all. For Dan's sake, as well as hers, she wanted to be sure. Asked whether out of that two years of being courted was any thought, maybe useful, that she might pass along to others, Dan's charming and thoughtful wife answered, "Well, while it doesn't bear on any conscious motive I had, here's one thing I might say to a girl: 'If you intend to be courted only once in your life, why not draw out those beau-days a little? I found them fun—don't you?'"

Dan's first professional rôle was honor-active dramatic club member, playing several leads while in high school and "starring" in two annual plays at Cornell. When, not long after his marriage to Helen Bryan, illness caused the doctors to order, "Find something less wearing on the nerves than the advertising business," he made an astonishing decision. (Helen explains it, "He just couldn't contemplate, sick or well, doing anything except something for which he felt genuine enthusiasm.") For his "rest cure" he chose his old love, acting.

Dan's first professional rôle was honorable enough (you certainly couldn't sense the future villain) as one of a stageful of G-men in "Dead End." No opening night flows serenely and this one didn't start like what the doctors ordered. Tension and confusion prevailed. In that nerve-taut whirligig the prop man carefully loaded loud blanks into all the gangsters' "gats," but forgot the F. B. I. The big scene came, where the Dead-enders blazed away and J. Edgar Hoover's boys retaliated in deadly style. The gangsters, cornered, made with the noise and flashes. F. B. I. Man Duryea, and friends, triggered in return—the kill! What happened was faint, empty clicks. Except for unwanted laughter from the audience, events were quiet indeed.

After that hilarious opening Dan settled down to 810 truly restful performances in his bit part, with nothing much to do but make sure each night that the blank cartridges were actually in his automatic. Then—presto—he jumped briefly to the play's leading rôle, working in two other plays and found himself, in the stage version of "The Little Foxes," enacting that "half-witted, vicious, treacherous younger son."



Evelyn Keyes joins the huge army of Americans helping to save the lives of starving Europeans by contributing to the SOS Collection of the Joint Distribution Committee.

It was right there, on the Broadway stage, that Dan's work grew so effective that audiences confused the man with his part. Playing father to The Monster of "The Little Foxes" was one of the theater's most beloved actors, Carl Benton Reid. He and Dan shared a dressing-room. Dan was thoroughly impressed by the fact that, during the play's run, scores of admirers and friends visited the fine actor back-stage. But Dan didn't get to see those visitors, because almost invariably they sent word ahead asking Mr. Benton to meet them outside the dressing-room. *They didn't care to meet Dan!*

Sam Goldwyn felt that no one else but the eerie Mr. Duryea could play that younger son in the movie version of "The Little Foxes," and Hollywood, with very few reprieves, typed him as Despicable Dan.

The Duryeas live in a house you might describe as homey, on a section of Mulholland Drive just outside Hollywood, that is full of comfortable homes—and those homes are amply full of children. It's not a section of "estates." Most families own a couple or three straight-down acres behind their brief back lawns. They lead down to San Fernando Valley of which the houses command a magnificent view. (On a clear day Helen can see Universal-International studio, where Dan commits his atrocities.) She said, as if talking about something that from time to time brought on previous thought: "What we could do with our vertical acres, I don't know, except maybe build a waterfall—if there were that much water around to spare." The Duryeas discussed putting in a swimming pool, because of their two boys, but found "it would cost so much we'd practically have to swap the house for the pool. A neighbor," Helen cited, "who installed one before high costs and stiff income taxes, is frequently infested with as many as forty children in one afternoon. That's what I call hospitality."

The Duryeas have carefully avoided interior decorators, because they believe that if your own responsibility and taste isn't put in your house, your house isn't a home. Their most prized piece of furniture is a very large grandfather clock that was shipped in many bits to America one hundred fifty years ago, and reassem-

bled in this country. Sharing affection, in the same room (the living-room) is a quite large and rather wonderful Dresden china clock that belonged to Helen's great-great-grandmother. The Duryea house, though, doesn't exude an old-fashioned air. There are plenty of as-of-today window-curtains, chairs and sofas, and there's a combined sun-room, script-reading-lounge and what-have-you, sprinkled liberally with rattan-and-cushion furniture.

Dan is a favorite among the neighborhood children, who, like his own, are carefully kept away from most Duryea pictures. The grown-ups, though, kid him a lot. One evening the lady from across the street brought over her six-year-old daughter. The child had squeezed a tiny ring on a finger larger than the one for which it was meant. Result—swelling, and the ring embedded. Home efforts, such as application of soapy water, had failed, when Mother remembered that Neighbor Dan was a wizard with his hands. (Helen says he should have been a surgeon.) Dan, a well-equipped gentleman, fetched from his tool chest a wicked-looking pair of wire-cutting shears, pressed down tender flesh firmly, inserted the merest point under the ring. Snip—relief! At the door the appreciative mother couldn't help turning: "You know, Dan, I paled a little when you brought out those wicked-looking shears. To think," she smiled brightly, "that I should bring my little girl to be helped by such as person as you!"

Dan only grins at the quips. He and Helen have a happy, *solid* feeling because most of his mail is from young people and the young people seem to see right through the villainous rôles. "So far as we can tell," Mrs. Duryea said, "not a single letter has ever come, confused about his real personality, from girls of the age and liveliness known as bobby-soxers. There's youth in Dan's spirit—in his whole outlook on life—and youth responds to it. Please thank the teenagers for me, for their loyal understanding of Dan."

One aggregation of teen-agers who have had a chance to *know* Dan very nearly crippled him with enthusiasm. Last summer the mail girls at Universal-International balloted to choose their "favorite man on the lot." Some very appealing masculine faces had a chance to grow red (but fellow-workers don't seem to be jealous of Dan's popularity) when *all* the ballots tallied "Dan Duryea." The voters decided to host their unanimous choice at a hilarious amusement-park party. They spun him through a galaxy of fun games—and nobody will tell whether he tried that old show-off trick of standing up on the roller-coaster. In any event, abrupt application of the brakes at the power-control down below threw one of his knees violently against the seat ahead. For twenty-four hours family and friends were horrified while doctors debated, finally determining his knee was *not* fractured. Your correspondent happened to visit the Duryea home when Dan returned from the second set of X-rays. Hobbling with difficulty to a chair, where he hoisted his heavily taped leg onto a stool, he grinningly said (probably not for publica-

tion): "That's me—ow—the hobbling hep-cat!"

"Don't think," Mrs. Duryea told the writer, "that Dan isn't the *core* of our happy married life. He is thoughtful right down to those smallest things that mean so much in a woman's life. If he's delayed at work, he's never once neglected to phone and say he'd be late for dinner. He's not the type of husband who tries to select his wife's clothes, but every time I appear in a new dress, a new hat or new shoes he makes a pleasant comment. Dan also has the rare merit of being handy, not just thinking he is, around the house, especially with hot and cold water pipes. He personally installed our lawn-sprinkler system. When we visited Boulder Dam, he asked to be taken down in the dam's inner depths, where visitors are seldom allowed. He placed his hand against one of what must be the largest pipes in the world and commented with a professional air, 'Ah, sweating a little!' A plumber at heart! But," Mrs. Duryea summed up, "Dan's real keynote is generosity. The man is so determined the boys shall have everything we can think of that we want, that my daily job is to keep myself, Peter and Dick from becoming *offensively* spoiled."

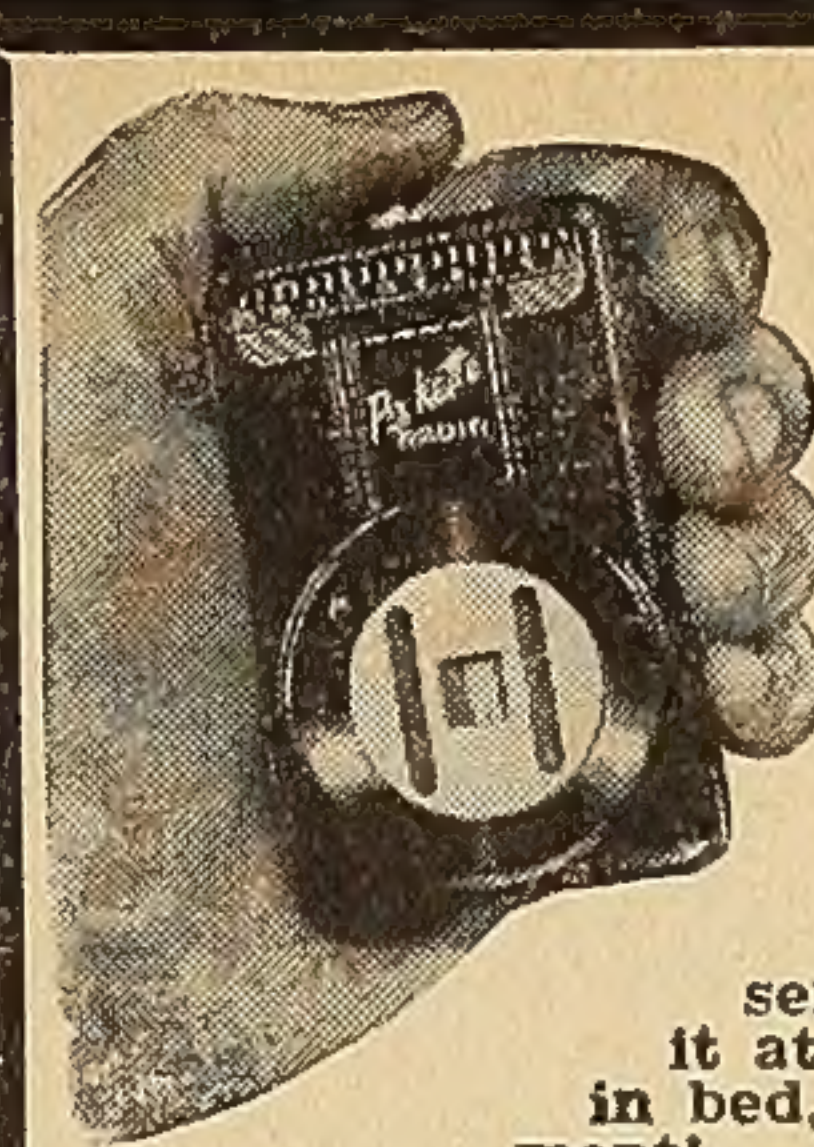
Recognition by all their friends of the unusual quality of the Duryeas' happiness occurred when the Last Frontier Hotel, famed Las Vegas, Nevada, caravansery, added forty new rooms, including what is said to be one of the world's most beautiful bridal suites. "We don't want this new wing," the hotel manager wrote his Los Angeles advertising agency, "to be christened by some gay divorcee and her fourth husband. We have more marriages up here than divorces, anyway. Make a thorough search for Hollywood's happiest married couple. Be sure you get the right one. Invite the pair to be our guests for a week in the bridal suite." That survey was on the level, and thorough. The guests were Helen and Dan.

What do you think! Just as in the case of the clerk at the small mountain hotel, the sophisticated publicity man, on this departure day, followed Helen and Dan to their car. "Gee, Dan," he wriggled, "I owe you an apology. When the ad agency sent word who was coming up, I said, 'That guy!' All I can say now is, I'd only seen you on the screen."

Evidently, the needed trick is for the entire world to go bobby-sox minded, so they'll recognize Dan's true nature no matter what type of rôle he plays.

Helen, naturally, has a simple explanation for the whole mix-up. "It's my husband's *convincingness*," she says. "Don't tell James Mason, Charles Boyer or Van Heflin, but Dan's the best actor on the screen!"

No favorable prejudice there, of course!



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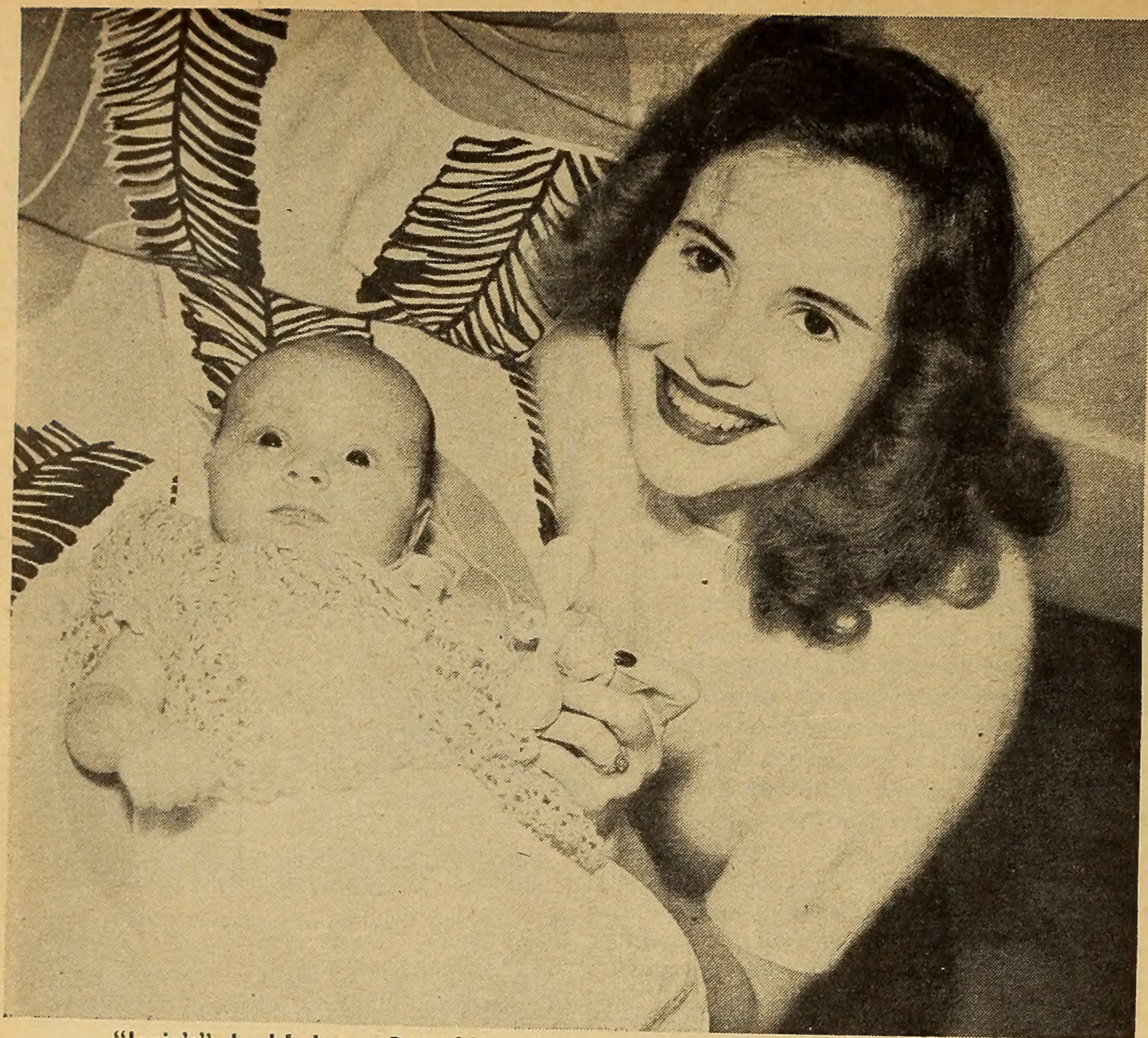
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"Janie's" back! Joyce Reynolds, who retired a year and half ago (for 7-weeks-old Joy's benefit) is scheduled to make "The Wallflower" for Warners.

In Style with the Stars

Continued from page 40

your garment isn't plaid. Any color will do. First, cut away, in a gently upward, rounded line, the front and the lapels. Notice carefully, how the line widens a little at the chest and goes up to a firm neckline. A tiny yoke can be imposed around the neckline so as to keep it as trim and high as it must be. When you cut the lower front of the jacket see that you make definite points. These points should make an almost true triangle. The back of the jacket is not more than a couple of inches below the waistline. Dart the jacket so that it fits the body. Don't over-fit, for the garment hangs softly. The sleeves are the ordinary, long, fitted type. If it's a coat you're re-making, slim the sleeves. Now see what you've got—an extra jacket that can be worn with all sorts of blouses and skirts. It's an eye-filling addition.

Next, consider Illustration Number 2, the picture of the little bolero. Does that suggest anything to you? It should. What about that checked suit jacket you're sick of? Let's revive it. All you have to do is to cut the coat short, round the edges of the garment until it is about three inches above the waistline. Add a couple of wide reverses. There is no collar to the bolero. If you aren't quite sure how to cut this, get an inexpensive pattern. If you haven't an old garment to re-do in this style, it ought to be fun to make a new bolero. You'll love it and it will add tang to your wardrobe.

All of us have a coat we're tired of, but won't throw away because the material is still good. Illustration Number 3, showing Miss Tierney's light jacket, indi-

cates how to revamp your old coat. First, cut the coat so that it comes to just below your hips. Now, pare away the front until the two sides meet easily, in a tuxedo effect. There are no button fastenings on this little topper. From the excess material form a little stand-up collar and lapels. If you want to, although it isn't necessary, copy the slit-seam design of the original model by imposing a thin strip of material in the shape of a sideways "V." This new little swagger coat will give warmth and it is full of style. It's pretty as punch, too.

Next comes a real opportunity for your clever hands. Copy the dress with the ruffled dickie and the ruffles at the wrist and on the sleeves, in Illustration Number 4. This reconversion can be made from either an old suit or a tired two-piece dress. Don't be discouraged if your weary garment is a single-breasted affair. We'll get around that.

First, then, study the picture closely. You see a low, oval neckline. You see that the jacket is cut into front points that taper to a very short length in back. You see that the front points come to about the hip bones. Now, we're ready to begin.

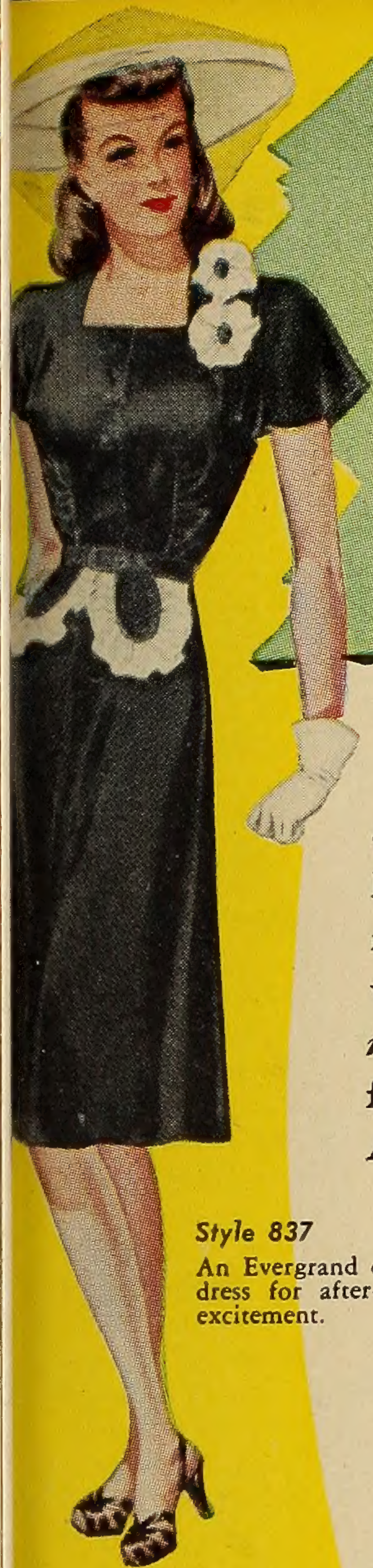
From your own garment cut out a low oval. Now, regardless of whether it is single or double-breasted, taper the jacket to the back from two points in front. The back length should be no more than two or three inches below the waist. Dart the blouse so that it fits the body neatly. You may have to dart the back also, in order to get the correct fit. Have some buttons made from the material cut

from the oval. If your jacket is double-breasted, follow the placing of the buttons exactly as pictured. If your jacket is single-breasted, put three buttons close together, in a horizontal line, at the waistline. The middle button will be sewed just over the center opening. Next, arrange another three buttons just below the breasts, as in the picture. This time the buttons are spaced farther apart. You see how the three buttons take care of the center opening and give almost the same effect as Miss Tierney's dress. As to the skirt—if it is very full, slim the back and leave the fullness in front. Pleats, sewed to just below the hipline, will be right. You may make yourself a dickie and ruffles for the sleeves, or buy some. The shops have many accessories of this type. But it will be more fun, and more variety, if you make several different types of dickies. Any kind of material will do for this, and you can buy ruffles by the yard. Well, your new dress is lovely, isn't it?

Now comes a simple one for you girls who've wondered what to do with an evening gown that's hung useless in your closet. See Illustration Number 5. People are dressing up again, now that the war's over, and everyone is looking very gala indeed. Notice the lovely lines of the simple fringed evening dress worn by Miss Tierney. Yours can be re-worked like that. First, you may have to cut away some of the top of your dress to make the proper décolleté. Now, make a soft brassiere-effect out of either self-material, or sheer velvet. Use velvet for the shoulder straps. The velvet should be the same color as the dress. The brassiere effect ends at the under-arm seam. Dart the body of the dress so that it hugs you as closely as it can. If your dress opens on the side, sew together the old opening and make a new one down the center back. Small buttons of velvet, or self-material, and loops, will be the new fastenings. The placket should end just below the hips. Fringe is high-style today. Here, fringe outlines a basque effect at the hips. However, if your own dress is waisted, and the blouse is simple, good style, leave it as is. Just slim the skirt until it is a slender sheath. Put three or four tiers of the fringe on the skirt, beginning at the waistline. Your "old" new dress should excite comment because of its originality.

You can finish off this lovely dress with a shawl cape, similar to the one in Illustration Number 6. If you're using velvet for the brassiere front, the shoulder straps and the buttons, then get enough of the same material to make a cape. This slender cape is bound with the same fringe as is used on the dress. Fasten it at the collar with an important-looking pin and presto! you'll be the belle of the ball. A yard of material, folded in half and the edges well rounded, will be the simplest way to make the cape. Indicate a neck outline and dart this where necessary to make it fit properly. Now, softly drape the ends of the material up to the neckline. There's no trick to applying the fringe.

We'd love to hear from you as to how you made out. You should have loads of fun fixing your tired clothes in style with the stars.



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